

CATHOLIC CHILD'S
LETTER WRITER.

Dr. 1108
CATHOLIC

CHILD'S LETTER WRITER

— FOR THE USE OF —

CHILDREN ATTENDING GRADED SCHOOLS,

*Hoping it may prove interesting and useful to the little ones who
find difficulty in this necessary exercise.*

— COMPILED BY —

SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH,

SOUTH ST. LOUIS, MO.

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ST. JOSEPH'S MOTHER HOUSE

6400 Minnesota Avenue

St. Louis 11, Missouri

CONTENTS. *Archives*



	PAGE.
Object of this Little Book - - - - -	1
A Child may Ask - - - - -	2
Before Beginning Ask Yourself - - - - -	5
Abuse of Words - - - - -	7
Specimen Alphabets - - - - -	10
Examples - - - - -	11-13

FIRST GRADE.

1st Letter—To Mamma from Gracie - - - - -	15
2d “ To Papa from Willy - - - - -	15
3d “ To Papa from Jerome - - - - -	16
4th “ To Granpa from Franky - - - - -	16
5th “ To Uncle Edward from John - - - - -	17
6th “ To Papa from Clarence - - - - -	17
7th “ To Aunty from Adele - - - - -	17
8th “ To Mamma from Mamy - - - - -	18
9th “ To Grandpapa from Louis - - - - -	19
10th “ To Grandma from Freddy - - - - -	19
11th “ To Mamma from Maggie - - - - -	20
12th “ To Mamma from May - - - - -	21

SECOND GRADE.

1st Letter—To Grandma from Letty - - - - -	23
2d “ To Brother Thomas from Andy - - - - -	23
3d “ To Grandma from Lucy - - - - -	24

	PAGE.
4th Letter—To Aunt Anna from Roberta - - -	24
5th " To Otho from Cousin Wallace - - -	25
6th " To My Little Auntie from Hattie - - -	26
7th " To Aunty from Lotty - - -	26
8th " To Uncle Horace from his Namesake - - -	27
9th " To Winnie from her Sister - - -	27

THIRD GRADE.

1st Letter—From a little Girl at boarding school to her Cousin at home, making arrangements for the Christmas holidays - - -	30	4th
2d " From Bernie giving his Uncle an account of his school progress - - -	31	5-6-7-8th
3d " From Paul to his Grandpa, giving him home news - - -	31	9th
4th " To Papa, from his little Boy at an asylum	32	10th
5th " From a lonely little Girl to her absent sister	33	11th
6th " From a little Niece, who writes for her Mother - - -	34	12th
7th " To an absent Papa, assuring him that his sons miss him as well as do his daughters	35	13th
8th " From Clare, who is at an orphan asylum, telling her Mamma to come to her -	36	14th
9th " To Grandma, conveying a message from Papa - - -	36	15th
10th " From a Pupil to her Teacher - - -	37	16th
11th " Bill of Groceries on Account - - -	38	
12th " From Ralph to his Uncle, conveying messages for his Papa - - -	39	17th
13th " Bill of Dry Goods Receipted - - -	39	18th
14th " An Order for Groceries - - -	40	
15th " A Note ordering Goods - - -	40	19th
16th " From little Mary to her Papa, telling of her first confession - - -	40	20th

CONTENTS.

V

FOURTH GRADE.

PAGE.		PAGE
- - 24	1st Letter—To Grandma from Josie, describing the	
- - 25	Chapel of St. Joseph's Academy on the	
- - 26	day of her first communion - - -	43
ake - 27	2d " To Harry from his Sister, on the day of her	
- - 27	first communion - - -	44
	3d " To Auntie from her Niece, away at school,	
	on the occasion of her first communion	45
	4th " To Uncle Bernard from his Namesake, who	
	has just made his first communion - -	46
	5-6-7th " Little Christmas letters - - -	48
	8th " From Louisa, giving Mamma's message,	
	concerning a " Christmas box " - -	49
	9th " A Christmas letter from Violet to her Parents	50
	10th " A Christmas letter from Sam to his Mother	52
	11th " A Note to a Class-mate, inviting her to	
	assist the writer to prepare for a Christ-	
	mas party - - - - -	52
	12th " Johnny's letter to his Mother, sending her	
	his first earnings for Christmas - -	53
	13th " Constance's first Christmas letter, from an	
	orphan asylum, to her oldest Sister -	53
	14th " From Austin, to his Grandpa in Ireland -	54
	15th " A Christmas letter, in the name of the	
	school, to the Pastor - - - - -	56
	16th " A Christmas letter to her Pastor, from little	
	Florentine - - - - -	57
	17th " From a Son, about to spend his first Christ-	
	mas away from home - - - - -	57
	18th " To Papa from his little Agnes, who is	
	spending her vacation in Oswego - -	58
	19th " From Alice, inviting her Mamma's friend	
	to Saratoga - - - - -	59
	20th " To Emma from her former school companion	60

	PAGE.
21st Letter—A letter from a ward, away at school, to her Guardian - - - - -	61
22d " A letter describing Oak Lawn - - - - -	62
23d " A note of thanks, for kindness shown a brother - - - - -	63
24th " A letter describing a visit to Bay St. Louis	64
25th " A letter to Mamma from her child away at school - - - - -	67
26th " A letter describing a trip to Boston, thence to Albany, finally down the Hudson, to enjoy the beauties of landscape gardening	68
Rules for Punctuation and Capitals - - - - -	75
Abbreviations - - - - -	77



OBJECT OF THIS LITTLE BOOK.

THE thought that prompted a CHILD'S LETTER WRITER was the difficulty we find in procuring from children written ideas. Our desire is to receive from them, as soon as they have learned to use the pencil, little letters to their relatives expressive of love, confidence and gratitude. By providing them with a number of such letters, and having them read occasionally in their classes, we feel that we can secure reproductions of the same in the pupil's own language.

"No power can be cultivated but by the exercise of that power—"

Hence, the child who would learn to write must write.

"It is what the child does for himself, not what is done for him, that really educates him."

The letters arranged in our little book may attract the child's attention, and the remembrance of the same may cause his imagination to reproduce a like composition; but, he must learn to reason by reasoning. The mind grows only by exercise.

A CHILD MAY ASK:

Q. Why must I learn to write?

A. So that you can send messages to your absent friends in letters.

Q. How shall I begin to learn to write?

A. Take your little letter-book, learn to write the first word you spoke.

Q. But that will not be a letter like papa receives, will it?

A. No; you will learn to-day to write "mamma" or "papa," to-morrow you may write your own name; the day after, "dear" and "your," then the sweet words, "I love you;" and at the end of two weeks you will know how to write, "Dear mamma, I love you.—Your Mamie." If you want to write, "Your little girl, Mamie," you have only to learn two new words. If you think it would sound better to say, "My dear mamma," then you can learn to write "my;" and so on, until you are able to write a sweet little letter, that will make your papa and mamma proud of their "little girl, Mamie," or their "little boy, Freddy." Now, will you not try? So much for the First Grade. When you are promoted into the Second Grade you will know how to write letters somewhat longer and better, too; and, perhaps, you will be able to write a few lines for "Mamma" to "Auntie;" and, only think, how pleased both those dear ones will be! A little later, and you will be able to give the following answers:

Q. *What is a margin?*

A. The space left on any side of a printed or written sheet.

Q. *What margins are used in writing a letter?*

A. The top margin, one inch and a half from the top; the side margin, more than half inch from the left edge of the paper.

Q. *What do you understand by a paragraph-margin?*

A. The space allowed at the left, where the new paragraph begins.

Q. *When do we begin a new paragraph?*

A. When we change our subject.

Q. *What is the width of a paragraph-margin?*

A. It should be one inch wide.

Q. *Should all paragraphs allow the same space?*

A. Yes; the first word of every paragraph should begin just under the first word of the paragraph above; the beginning paragraph being an exception.

Q. *What do you understand by the "heading" of a letter?*

A. The part we should write first.

Q. *What should the heading show?*

A. WHERE and WHEN the letter was written. Each child may write the heading of a letter sent from this school; then the heading of one written from their homes. In the next grade you will learn more of PARTICULAR HEADINGS.

Q. *What rules have you been taught for punctuating "headings?"*

A. A comma should be placed after every item of a heading.

Q. *Where should the heading of a letter be placed?*

A. In the upper right-hand corner, about an inch and a half from the top of the sheet.

Q. *How much space should a heading occupy?*

A. A part of one, two or three lines.

Q. *What point do we use after an abbreviation?*

A. A period.

Q. *If an abbreviated word written in full requires a comma, do we use one also after the abbreviation?*

A. Yes; for example: St. Louis Co., Mo.

Q. *What is a title?*

A. A word used with the name of a person as a mark of respect.

Q. *How should titles be written?*

A. They should begin with a capital letter.

Q. *What does the address show?*

A. To whom the letter is written and to what place it should be sent.

Write your papa's address and tell the number of items it contains:

A. It is made up of four items: 1st, Papa's name.
2d, The number of our house and the name of the street.
3d, The name of the city. 4th, The name of the state.

Q. *If you were writing to a place in which the letters are not delivered, what would it be well to use for your second item?*

A. The number of the P. O. box.

Q. When the last word of an address is abbreviated, do we use a period for the abbreviation, and another to show the close of the letter?

A. No; one period is sufficient.

Q. What is the object in writing the address of the person, to whom we write, upon the letter?

A. So that the postmaster, or any person who may find the letter outside the envelope, may know to whom it belongs.

Q. Where should this address be written?

A. It may be placed at the beginning or at the close; in business letters, the former manner is preferable; in official letters, or letters of friendship, the latter; in which case the address should begin at the left margin, on the next line below the signature of the writer.

Q. What is the first thing in the body of a letter?

A. The salutation; as "My dear Mamma," "Dearest Auntie," "My darling little Sister," and so on.

Give the rules for punctuating and capitalizing the greeting:

A. The initial of the first word of the salutation and any title used therein, should begin with capitals.

[Try to use pleasing language in your letter.]

BEFORE BEGINNING ASK YOURSELF:

- I. Why am I writing?
- II. To whom am I writing?
- III. What do I owe this person?
- IV. What would I say to him were I speaking to him?

V. If writing for a school exercise, and cannot think of anything else, simply state the fact.

VI. How am I to show where and when the letter was written?

VII. How would the person to whom I am writing like to be addressed?

VIII. How shall I express what I wish to say to this person?

IX. This done, let me examine each expression, and make necessary corrections.

X. How shall I close my letter?

XI. On reading my letter, could any one see to whom I have written it, and where the person lives; also, to what place the letter may be returned?

XII. What rules have I been taught for the margins?

XIII. Have I observed them?

XIV. Have I observed the rules of paragraphing.

XV. What is the general appearance of my letter when finished?

XVI. Have I been careful to follow the instructions given me concerning the use of capitals and punctuation marks?

XVII. How must I write the address on the envelope?

Remember what you have been taught in your Language Lessons concerning action words used before nouns; in the first part of a statement to show about what the statement is made; used to state or show what is stated. Note carefully whether the action word you use states about one object or more than one. Recall the

caution given you, when the action word is used with "I" or "you" to state what one does; also about the spelling of action words.

ABUSE OF WORDS.

Even in the lower grades great care must be taken to avoid the "abuse of words." We give a list of some of the common errors among little people:

1. *Any* for *at all*. "She does not sing *any*." Meaning: "She does not sing *at all*."

2. *Anybody else* for *anybody else's*. Say: "It is someone's else not mine."

3. Do not use *anyhow*.

4. Be careful not to use the word *at* for *by*. Say: "The city looks better *by* night;" not "*at* night."

5. Say: "At the best—at the worst;" not "*at best*," etc.

6. Use the expression "severe cold;" not "*bad* cold."

7. *Begin* and *commence* mean the same; the former is preferable.

8. Do not use *between* for *among*.

9. Avoid the needless use of *both*. Say: "They came;" not "*they both* came."

10. Be careful in the use of *bring*, *fetch* and *carry*. To *bring*, is to convey to or toward; to *fetch*, is to go and bring; to *carry*, is followed by, away or off, and thus is opposed to bring and fetch.

11. *But* is often misused. In the sentence, "I do

not doubt *but* she will come," "that" should take the place of *but*. "I should not wonder *but* you are right;" it should be, "if you are right." "We no sooner possess a thing *but* we weary of it;" it should be, "than we weary of it."

12. Write, "He is a clever boy;" not, "a *smart* boy."

13. Do not use *complete* for finish. That is complete which lacks nothing; that is finished which has had all done to it that was intended. Your task may be finished, yet very incomplete.

14. Write, "we continued our work;" not, "we continued *on* with our work."

15. Do not say "a *couple* of pins" for "two pins."

16. Use, "crush;" not, "*crush out*."

17. Write, "die of;" not, "die *with* a sickness."

18. Remember that "don't" is a contraction of do not, and "doesn't" of does not.

19. "Each other" is applied to two; "one another" to more than two.

20. Write, "I ate an apple;" not, "I *eat* an apple."

21. Do not say, "*either* alternative." Alternative means a choice offered between two things. You may properly say, "It is a hard alternative."

22. Do not say, "he is *enjoying* bad health."

23. Avoid the use of *expect* in speaking of what is past. Say, "I suppose they have gone."

24. We say, "*healthy* surroundings—climate, situation and employment;" but, "*wholesome* food, advice and example."

25. Say, "I have heard that you are expected;" not, "how you are expected."

26. Say, "iced water—iced cream."

27. "I doubt *if* we shall succeed," should be, "I doubt whether we shall succeed."

28. Say, "I am about to go;" not, "I am *going* to go."

29. "I have almost finished;" not, "I am *most* finished."

30. Do not say, "*A nice day, nice weather, nice cake,*" etc.; you can say, "She is too nice for my taste;" or, "It is a very nice idea."

31. Be careful in your use of the word, "Nicely."

32. Do not use "*ought*" for "should;" ought is the stronger term. "We ought to be honest;" "We should be respectful."

33. Say, "Where did you get it?" not, "Where did you *procure* it?"

34. "He would not believe but I went," should be "that I went."

35. Don't sign yourself, "Yours, &c."

36. Avoid the use of *will* for shall; *would* for should; *got* for received; *took* for obtained; of adverbs ending in *ly* after "taste, smell, look, appear, etc."

37. Be careful to use the proper action word after each of the three persons; also after one and more than one object. Remember that "is, was, has and does," imply one; "are, were, have and do," more than one.

CATHOLIC CHILD'S ALPHABETS.



EXAMPLES.

Mamma	Maggie	May
Papa	Clare	June
Grandma	School	July
Uncle	Teacher	Aug.
Uncle	Brother	Sept.
Grandpa	Sister	Oct.
Cousin	St. Louis	Nov.
Niece	Troy	Dec.
Grandchild	St. Paul	Market St.
Son	Chicago	Main St.
Daughter	Peoria	Third St.
Mammy	Kansas City	Fifth St.
Bonnie	Marquette	No. 1047
John	Jan.	No. 1042
Charley	Feb.	No. 29
Bobby	March	Mr.
Eddy	April	Dr.
Minnie	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10	

CATHOLIC CHILD'S
EXAMPLES.

My dear Mamma:

Your little girl,

Helie.

My darling Papa:

Your son

Rustin.

Dear Brother:

Your loving sister,

May.

Dear Grandma:

Your own little boy,

Eddy.

My loving Mamma:

Your child,

Mary.

My own dear Grandpa:

Your loving boy,

Patrick.

EXAMPLES.

My dear Uncle:

Your namesake,

Michael.

My dear Auntie:

Your own little niece,

Bella.

St. Patrick's School:

St. John's School.

St. Lawrence's School:

St. Xavier's School.

St. Mary's and St. Joseph's School.

St. Vincent's School:

St. Bridget's School.



⇒ First Grade. ⇐

NO EARTHLY JOY CAN COMPARE WITH THAT
FELT BY FOND PARENTS ON HEARING THEIR
INFANT'S FIRST ATTEMPT TO LISP THE SWEET
NAMES OF PAPA AND MAMMA. CAN THE PLEASURE
BE LESS WHEN THE SAME LITTLE DARLING, A
FEW YEARS LATER, LEARNS TO READ AND WRITE
THE SAME?



LETTERS.

[1ST LETTER, 1ST GRADE.]

*Denver, Colo., Jan. 26, 1886.**My dear Mamma:*

I am seven years old to-day. Will you be glad to get this little letter? Sister made me write it so many times. I love you, Mamma, and I love Papa and Eddy and our baby. I shall try to be,

*Your good little girl,**Gracie.*

[2D LETTER, 1ST GRADE.]

*St. Lawrence's School,**St. Louis, Dec. 17, 1885.**My dear Papa:*

Mamma says I may send you a little letter in hers. We miss you very much, and hope you will soon come home. Franky hurt his foot last night, and he had to

stay from school to-day. He sends you a whole heart full of love. Belle is crying because she cannot write to papa. It is cold, but Christmas is coming. Come home soon, dear papa, to,

Your little,

WILLY.

[3D LETTER, 1ST GRADE.]

CATHEDRAL SCHOOL,
KANSAS CITY, Dec. 23, 1885.

My Papa—I want a pair of skates and a sled for my Christmas gifts. Will you get them for me? I shall try to earn them by being a good boy. We are all well at home, and want you to come back to us as soon as you can get away from your work.

Your son,

JEROME.

[4TH LETTER, 1ST GRADE.]

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 30, 1885.

Dear Grandpa—I am nearly eight years old, but I am not in the second reader yet. I was sick in September, and when I went to school I could not take my place in class. If I pass the examination, I shall be in the Second Grade next month. This is my third letter to you. I have the one you sent me put away in my box. Will you write another to me? Papa and mamma send love.

Your little grandchild,

FRANKY.

[5TH LETTER, 1ST GRADE.]

HASTINGS, MINN., Dec. 8, 1885.

Dear Uncle Edward—Will you come to see us next Sunday? Mamma said if I could write well enough I might write a letter to you and say whatever I wished; my first wish is to see you. You tell us so many nice things, and you are so good to us that I love you next to papa. Mamma says to give you her love. Tom and Maria want you to come, too.

Your nephew,
JOHN.

[6TH LETTER, 1ST GRADE.]

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES INST.,

BROOKLYN, June 20, 1884.

Dear Papa—I am seven years old to-day. Mamma said I might try to write you a little letter. I am sorry you are not at home, for I love you so much, that I miss you when you are gone. Mamma is well. Charley went to grandpa's last night. Ally and Rose are at school. My Sister told me she would not count me absent for this afternoon, so I am to have a party at 4 o'clock. My seat-mate and cousins Aggy, Willy, May, Theo. and Mary are invited, then Ally and Rose. We shall have a good time, I am sure. I wish papa was here.

Your own little
CLARENCE.

[7TH LETTER, 1ST GRADE.]

OUR LADY OF MERCY,

BROOKLYN, Dec. 20, 1885.

My Dear Aunty—We are to have a Christmas tree

this year, and mamma wants me to tell you that she cannot trim it without you. She is baking cake now, and she said if I could send you a little note that you would be able to read, she knew you would come this afternoon to help her. I hope you can read this for I want you to come so much. There will be something on the tree for you, but you can not guess what it is. If you bring the baby with you I will take care of him.

Jamie will bring this to you and will wait so that you may come in the buggy. I hope it will not be stormy for then you would not bring Josie, and I want to see the little darling.

I am, your little,

ADELE.

[8TH LETTER, 1ST GRADE.]

CARONDELET, Mo., Dec. 7, 1885.

My Own Dear Mamma — Will you be surprised to get a letter from your little girl? I am glad to be able to write to you, though my writing is not very good. Sister said yesterday we must all write to some one at home, and I would rather write to you than to any one else.

Mamma, I want to be a very good little girl, because then I know I am doing God's will, and he will take care of me and love me. Sister often tells us about the Infant Jesus when He was living with his beautiful mother at Nazareth. I wish I could be like Him.

Now, mamma, you will forgive me for all the naughty things I have done, and I will try to be better in the

future. I send my love and a kiss to my dear papa, and the next time we write letters, I shall send mine to him. Good-bye, mamma. Your dear little girl,

MAMIE.

[9TH LETTER, 1ST GRADE.]

ST. STEPHEN'S SCHOOL,
CHICAGO, Dec. 18, 1885.

My Dear Grandpapa—Aunt Mary told me to write to you, for she knows you will be glad to hear from your little Louis. Grandpapa, are you coming to spend Christmas with us? Oh! I hope you will, for you give us so many nice things, and tell us such pretty stories. I wish you could stay with us all the time. Mamma was very sick yesterday; to-day she is better, but can not sit up. We have to keep very quiet. Aunt Mary has to be mamma now. Papa has just come home; he says to give grandpa his love, and to say that he feels very old since he has a son that can write a letter. Will you answer this, grandpapa? I want to hear from you so much.

Your,

LOUIS.

[10TH LETTER, 1ST GRADE.]

OUR MOTHER OF SORROWS,
PHILADELPHIA, PA., Aug. 15, 1885.

Dear Grandma—Papa said I could write well enough to ask you to come to see us. He thinks you will be pleased to get a letter from your only grandchild. Every

one says I look like you; do you think so? I love you so much because you say I am your pet, and you love me more than you loved papa when he was a little boy like me. Papa says this is not true, but I know it is; grandma would not say so if she did not mean it. Papa wants you to like him best, but I know you don't. Mamma says to give her best love to you, and she has your room ready for you to come and stay with us a long, long time. I shall show you all my picture books when you come, and my sled, and my skates and rocking-horse.

Your little boy,

FREDDY.

[11TH LETTER, 1ST GRADE.]

CAHOKIA, ILL., April 7, 1885.

Dear Mamma—This is my first letter. Sister says I can write just as well as any one else. Do you think I can, mamma? It seems a very big thing to me to write a letter, when I am only seven years old. I am in third quarter of Second Grade. I write my examinations every three months. I make a great many mistakes, but Sister says every one makes mistakes sometimes. I try to learn all my lessons. You know all the prayers I can say, and, mamma, I heard such a pretty story about the Blessed Virgin; I'll tell it to you when you have time to listen to me. Oh, I am going to be the Blessed Virgin's little girl as long as I live; she is so good, so beautiful.

I love you, too, mamma; O, more than I can ever tell!

I send love to papa, my big brother, Will, and the sweetest kiss I have to my mamma.

Your little baby girl,

MAGGIE.

[12TH LETTER, 1ST GRADE.]

ST. JOSEPH'S AND ST. MARY'S SCHOOL,
CARONDELET, May 16, 1885.

My Dear Mamma—I am so glad I can write to you. Sister says that I tried very hard to learn to write. I love you more than any one in the world. I think you are a dear good mamma—just like the mammas Sister tells of in her stories. I love papa, too, oh, ever so much! because he is the best papa ever was. Papa says I ought to love you most, and I think I do. I will take care of baby every night until he goes to sleep. When he cries I know how to sing to him. This is my first letter. I am afraid it will be hard to read it. Good-bye, mamma.

Your loving,

MAY.

By practice we become perfect.

Industry refreshes the brain.



→ Second Grade. ←

"SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME
UNTO ME, AND FORBID THEM NOT; FOR OF
SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF GOD."

"AMEN, I SAY TO YOU, WHOSOEVER SHALL
NOT RECEIVE THE KINGDOM OF GOD AS A
LITTLE CHILD, SHALL NOT ENTER INTO IT."

—*St. Mark, Chap. X, 14-15.*



[1ST LETTER, 2D GRADE.]

*Denver, Colo., May 2, 1885.**Dear Grandma:*

This is my birthday. I am seven years old. I have finished my first reader, and I shall be promoted Monday. (Robby and Clare send their love. Mamma is well and wants you to come and see us. Papa is at home again. I wish you were here to see all the pretty things I received for my birthday.) I love you very much, and I hope you will be pleased with my letter. Good-bye, dear Grandma.

*Your little,**Betty.*

[2D LETTER, 2D GRADE.]

*ST. MARY'S PARISH SCHOOL,
DUNKIRK, NOV. 4, 1885.*

My Dear Brother Thomas—I was promoted yesterday into second grade. I am as high as Harry now, and I

shall work to keep up with him. Sister thinks I write a pretty good letter for a little boy only eight years old. I am glad I studied letter-writing last year. I miss my other teacher, but Sister A. is very kind to the boys, and they all like her. I am sitting with my play-fellow, Charley Anderson. We are great friends. Mamma and papa are well, and hope you are taking good care of yourself. Will you be home for Christmas? I want to see you.

Your little brother, ANDY.

[3D LETTER, 2D GRADE.]

Dear Grandma—The other little girls are writing to their mammas, but my mamma is in heaven, and you have taken her place. I often wish mamma were with me, or that I were good enough to go to her; but, grandma, I love you, and I know that you do everything for me that mamma could do.

I am sure you miss mamma more than I do, for she was your own little girl and she loved you so much. I hope I shall be like her, so that you may feel God has sent me in her place.

I know you will be pleased to see my attempt at letter-writing, and I shall try to improve every day.

Your little, LUCY.

[4TH LETTER, 2D GRADE.]

PHILADELPHIA, May 15, 1885.

Dear Aunt Anna—Mamma thinks that, as I am learning to write letters, she will employ me to write for her.

My first letter for mamma is to you, and she wishes me to say that Uncle Lawrence is to be here next Sunday, and if you can manage to come on the early train, you can all go to high mass to hear our new archbishop preach. Oh, auntie, he is just splendid! and he is always smiling. Everyone loves him. Papa says that he is sorry for the people in St. Louis, for they must miss their former bishop very much. If some of them come to see him here, they will find out that we love him too, and would not let him go back to St. Louis for all that great western city could give us. Will you come, auntie?

All are well. Mamma says to bring the baby; we want to see the little darling. I wish Aggie would come, too.

Mamma sends love to uncle, the children, and to her dearest sister, Aunt Anna.

Your loving niece,

ROBERTA.

[5TH LETTER, 2D GRADE.]

ST. BRIDGET'S SCHOOL,
ST. LOUIS, Dec. 10, 1885.

My Dear Otho—Papa is to call for you next week to bring you here for the holidays. My! won't we have a jolly time! Bring your skates. My sled is the best in town. I hope papa will let us take Sam, for our cutter is painted new, and if the sleighing is as good then as it is now, we shall have the finest kind of a time. Papa says I am a good driver, so you need not be afraid I'll pitch

you out. Bring anyone with you that you think a great deal of, for I am sure all the boys cannot go to their own homes for Christmas.

Your cousin,

WALLACE.

[6TH LETTER, 2D GRADE.]

ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL,

ST. LOUIS, May 28, 1885.

My Little Auntie—Just think, you are only one year older than I am, and yet you are my auntie. Everyone laughs at me when I call you by this title, but you ARE my auntie, are you not, Alice? Mamma wants me to say that she would like to have her baby-sister bring grandpa down to our house next Saturday; she knows Alice can get anything she asks her dear good father, and mamma will look for you Saturday morning. Mamma says if Uncle Austin is away that papa will go after you, and grandpa, but you must write to let her know. I shall be delighted to see you both, and so will Edgar and Lou.

Your niece,

HATTIE.

[7TH LETTER, 2D GRADE.]

ST. XAVIER'S SCHOOL,

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 30, 1885.

Dear Auntie—Papa has set me to write you the good news. Grandpa and Uncle Edward reached our house last night. Grandpa can not go to see you to-morrow, as he is so tired, and Uncle Edward says he knows you will

come up as soon as you get the word. Grandpa is splendid, and uncle is just as full of fun as he can be; he teased Alfred and me last night until we almost cried, though we knew he was making fun. Will you bring Agnes with you when you come? She will love grandpa as much as we do. Your niece, LOTTIE.

[8TH LETTER, 2D GRADE.]

NEW ORLEANS, LA., Dec. 8, 1885.

Dear Uncle Horace—Grandma is not as well as usual, and she would like to see you. She asked me to write to you and tell you this. She says she thinks of you all the time, and if you can come, even for one day, she is sure she will be satisfied.

Mamma is afraid grandma can not live much longer. Poor, grandma! We love her so much, and yet she loves Uncle Horace more than all of us put together. Papa says he is jealous, but grandma only laughs, and says, "Horace was always a good boy."

I am so sorry that it is grandma's serious illness that is to bring you to us, but we shall be glad to see you. Grandma says to send word if you can come. All send love. Your namesake, HORACE.

[9TH LETTER, 2D GRADE.]

ST. PATRICK'S SCHOOL,

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 5, 1885.

Dear Winnie—Are you to remain away much longer?

We all miss you very much. Mamma has so much to do now, that she does not find time to read to us, and our beautiful book is still where it was when you left. Joe says to tell you that his cuffs and collars need you here, and if you stay away much longer, he will have to look for another housekeeper. He said this would bring you home quicker than anything else.

Papa wants me to tell you that the piano will be rusty when you come home, and he will have to pay the tuner's bill. Emma is so lonesome for you that she cries when we speak of you. She says not to tell you, but I will. Mamma gives this message: "Winny, be careful not to take cold; you know what mamma has you do when you are at home, do the same now. Have a pleasant time, and come home well."

Franky is sound asleep, or I am sure he would send his big "sis" a kiss.

Come home soon to,

Your little,
IDA.

Received payment,

Mrs. J. Smith.

Per Minnie.



→ Third Grade. ←

"CHILDREN, FOR YOUR PARENTS' LOVE,

GIVE THEM HONOR DUE;

LET YOUR CARE THEIR SOLACE PROVE,

HE WHO SEES YOU FROM ABOVE SHALL BRIGHTLY SMILE ON YOU."



[1ST LETTER, 3D GRADE.]

HEADING.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY,
FLUSHING, L. I., Dec. 20, 1885.

ADDRESS.

MINNIE STEWART,
No. 356 Vesey St., N. Y. City.

SALUTATION.

My Dear Cousin —

BODY OF LETTER.

Mamma was here this morning and says she promised auntie that I might go to New York for the holidays. A little friend of mine, Emily Langton, is most anxious to see your great city, and mamma says she knows auntie would be glad to have my little companion accompany me. Will you see to this, Laura, for I would not think of asking Emily without hearing from auntie, nor would the Sisters allow her to go with me unless she were invited? Let me know to-morrow, so that we may be ready when uncle comes for us Wednesday.

I am so delighted with my prospects for Christmas that I can think of nothing else—so soon to see you all, and to be with you a whole week.

With love to auntie, uncle Paul and your dear self,

COMPLIMENTARY CLOSING.

As always, your loving

LUCIDA.

[2D LETTER, 3D GRADE.]

CARONDELET, Mo.

My Dear Uncle John—The other boys are writing to either of their parents, but it looks strange to write a letter to your father or mother and meet them at home a short time after. It is examination, though, and we must write to some one, so as you are nearly a thousand miles away I will write my letter to you, and if it be good, Sister says I may send it.

You are my godfather, so you know I will be ten years old next month. I am now in the fourth quarter of the Third Grade, and if I pass this examination I shall be promoted next week. I do not attend school very regularly, because I am often sick, but I practice writing and reading at home, and papa has me to write letters for him, sometimes just to keep me up to my class. Sister says I would be nearly through the Fourth Grade now if I were not absent so much. We write a great deal in school. We use three exercise books: one for Object and General Lessons, one for Spelling and Definitions, and the third for Letters and Language Lessons.

If you answer this letter, I shall send you another and tell you all about home.

Your loving nephew,

BERNIE.

[3D LETTER, 3D GRADE.]

BAYSIDE, L. I., Dec. 15, 1885.

My Dear Grandpa—I know you will be glad to hear that I have been to confession. It was very hard at first,

but Father Howard was so kind that now I could go every day.

You know, grandpa, I am eight years old, and I have been at school two years. The first year mamma sent me to the public school, but when Father Howard spoke to her about having me prepare for confession, mamma thought the Sisters were the best to instruct me. I am trying to be very good, so that in three years I may be ready to make my first communion.

Papa has not come back from Michigan yet; he is enjoying very good health there, and may remain for the summer. We miss him, but mamma says we ought to be glad that he is so well.

Maria is at school now, and is pleased with every thing there. Mamma is very anxious to hear from you, for she is afraid the cold weather may bring back the rheumatism. When you are able, mamma hopes you will come to see her, your little Maria, and

Your dear namesake and grandchild,
PAUL.

[4TH LETTER, 3D GRADE.]

ST. JOSEPH'S ASYLUM,
ST. LOUIS, Sept. 8, 1885.

My Darling Papa—I have been here since last Thursday. Auntie came with me, and told Mother Felicity all about mamma's death, and how sad our home was since God took our dear mother.

There are a great number of boys here, some have their mothers, some their fathers, to come to see them, and five of the boys have both parents. The Sisters are very good and kind to the boys, and Mother Felicity does all she can to keep us from being lonely. I wish you could see her, papa; she is a tall Sister, with great black eyes and a long face. Sometimes we think she looks cross, but when she smiles and says: "Poor boy has no mother," it makes us love her just as we would our own mother. She is around with us most of the time and often gives us cake and candy, and sometimes pretty playthings.

I hope you will come to see me soon, dear papa. I pray every day for mamma's soul, that God may take her to heaven. I am sure He will for she was so good.

Good-bye, dear papa. Come soon to

Your little

WILLIE.

[5TH LETTER, 3D GRADU.]

ST. JOHN'S CONVENT,

PHILADELPHIA, April 4, 1885.

Dear Maria—I cried so to-day and yesterday that mamma said if I bothered her any more she would have to send for you. I know you wish to spend a whole month at auntie's, and Julia says it is very selfish in me to want you back when you expect such a good time.

I do not mind so much during the day, but when night comes it seems so lonely not to have my own dear sister

Maria here to put her little girl to bed, and then kiss her a happy good-night. In the morning Lucy dresses me, but I do not like her, because she pulls my hair and hurts me so much when she washes me.

Poor little birdie misses you too; he does not sing half so well as when you were home. I know mamma is just as lonely as can be, but she does not tell every one she wishes you were home again, as I do. Then you know, dear Maria, that I am your pet sister, and I love you so much, and do want you to come back.

Your lonely little sister,

AGGIE.

[6TH LETTER, 3D GRADE.]

TORONTO, C. W., Aug. 15, 1885.

My Dear Auntie—Mamma received your letter yesterday, and as she is quite sick, she wishes me to answer it. Mamma went to the lecture last Thursday night, and the doctor thinks she took cold there, for she has not been well since.

When your letter reached her, papa thought it better to write to you that mamma could not go, but mamma thinks she will be able to start Sunday, because she does not want any one else to be baby's godmother. Papa will go with her, but he must come back Sunday night. I hope the baby's name will be pretty, and be that of a great saint. Papa, Joseph, Regina and myself are very well, and send you all much love. Mamma is sleeping now, and as the letter-carrier will be around in a little while, I must put this into the box.

Good-bye, dear auntie ; give my love to cousins Clare,
Josie, Agnes and Lida ; accept a kiss for your dear self
and Uncle Will.

From your loving niece,

LIZZIE.

[7TH LETTER, 3D GRADE.]

ST PAUL, MINN., NOV. 21, 1885.

My Dear Papa—You have been away from home nearly two weeks now ; the girls have written to you several times, and they think I am a very ungrateful and unloving boy not to have sent you an account of myself before this. I hope you do not agree with them, for I am sure I miss you as much, if not more, than any of the girls ; so, too, does Robbie ; though he never says a word, only looks out to the front gate and says with his big blue eyes “O, dear ! I wish papa were home ; I am so lonely.” We miss you at meal time, most of all ; every one seems to be looking for something he can not have. We shall all be glad when your business will bring you home again ; I suppose we may look for you a week from Thursday.

I have been at school every day, and I am very anxious about the February examination. Sister says I do better in Object and General Lessons, than any one in my class. From you I have learned the names of the trees, shrubs, and many of the flowers, also their average heights ; all this helps me in those lessons.

Now, dear papa, come home soon to

Your affectionate son,

CHARLEY.

[8TH LETTER, 3D GRADE.]

ST. VINCENT'S ASYLUM,
ST. LOUIS, July 2, 1885.

My Own Dear Mamma—I was very much disappointed yesterday when the day passed and you did not come. I hope you are not sick, or that nothing has happened, but I shall be uneasy until I hear from you.

I am very well, dear mamma, and sister says I am doing well in my lessons; my mending was among the best done yesterday. I know you will be pleased to hear this. I am trying to improve my time and to do all that the Sisters tell me. Sometimes when I think of the pleasant home we had before papa died; of our little baby sister, dead too; of poor Harry so far away from us, and of you, dear mamma, working so hard to bring us together again, I become very lonely and I cry until I am sick.

Sister says this is wrong, but it seems to me I cannot help it. Of course God knows best, and if we pray He will take papa to heaven where everyone is so happy.

If you cannot come to see me, mamma, write some word, for I must know soon how you are.

Your loving little,

CLARE.

[9TH LETTER, 3D GRADE.]

ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT,
WHEELING, W. VA., August 20, 1885.

My Dear Grandma—Papa was called to New York this morning, where he will be obliged to remain two

weeks. As he was taking a cup of coffee before starting, he sent for me and said: "Rose, write to grandma at once; tell her I have gone, and how sorry I am that I could not see her; a telegram came last night and I cannot delay a moment. Enclose this, and Frank will see that your letter is registered. Tell grandpa to take good care of papa's dear old mother, and not to let her go to mass on wet mornings. Take Grace to Milburry on Saturday, and Sunday, after mass, Frank will drive there, so that he can take you all to the springs in the afternoon. The ride will do grandma good, and she will be glad to have my little ones with her. She will have a letter from me Sunday morning, God willing, and you must read it for her, and then answer it."

See, grandma, I give papa's own words. I am so glad I shall see you soon, and we all hope that you are as well as can be expected.

Receive papa's warmest embrace, mamma's best wishes, a kiss from each of the little ones, and a heart full of love from me.

Your dear grandchild,

ROSE.

[10TH LETTER, 3D GRADE.]

ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT,

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y., Sept. 15, 1885.

My Cherished Teacher—I have written letters several times to papa and mamma, and as I owe you the most gratitude next to them, I shall send this letter to you. My parents think I have improved more this year than ever before in the same length of time. They are very

glad that I have so much writing to do, for they say this has done me so much real good.

At first I thought I could never remember those scientific terms, but having them written in my exercise book is such a help to me. It is a great pleasure for me to come to school when every one is so studious, and our dear Sister is pleased with us. I think I should feel lost now were I to go anywhere else, or have any other Sister take your place.

I like our instruction hour best of all. Every night I try to repeat the stories you tell us, and papa says he was never told such interesting things when he went to school.

Now, this is only a little girl's letter, and you will not expect much in it. I am very thankful for all your kindness, and hope the good God will reward you.

Your grateful pupil,

EDITH.

[11TH LETTER, 3D GRADE.]

PHILADELPHIA, PENN., May 3, 1885.

Mr. J. C. Stuart,

Bought of KELLY & MOREY,

25 pounds	Coffee Sugar	-	-	-	-	@	.10
4	" Y. H. Tea	-	-	-	-	@	.62½
28	" Mackerel	-	-	-	-	@	.07
7 gallons	Molasses	-	-	-	-	@	.50
46 yards	Sheeting	-	-	-	-	@	.08
30	" Bleached Shirting	-	-	-	-	@	.15
6 skeins	Sewing Silk	-	-	-	-	@	.05
8 dozen	Buttons	-	-	-	-	@	.20
<i>Ch'g'd in acc't,</i>							\$20.54

JAMES BROWN,

Per WM. LEE.

[12TH LETTER, 3D GRADE.]

FLUSHING, L. I., June 25, 1885.

Dear Uncle John—Papa asks me to write to you, as he is called off sooner than he expected. He says it is all right about the horse. Keep Charley as long as you need him. Papa will write to you from New York, and if he can, will run up to your place before he comes home.

Mr. Logan did not call. Mr. Williams is still unable to leave his room, but the doctor says he will be all right soon. Mamma is well and sends love; so do the girls. Ed is too busy with the book you sent him to think of anything else. Come to see us soon.

Your nephew,

RALPH.

[13TH LETTER, 3D GRADE.]

BUFFALO, N. Y., Oct. 15, 1885.

MRS. WM. GRADY,

Bought of JOHNSON & SON,

7 yds. Broadcloth,	-	-	-	@ \$3 60	\$25 20
9 " Satinet,	-	-	-	@ 1 50	13 50
6 " Flannel,	-	-	-	@ 75	4 50
5 " Bleached Muslin,	-	-	-	@ 12	60
30 " Merrimac Calico,	-	-	-	@ 12½	3 75
					\$47 55

Received payment,

JOHNSON & SON,

By JOHN FRANKLIN.

[14TH LETTER, 3D GRADE.]

MR. J. STAED:

Will you please send mamma the following groceries:

10 lbs. Crushed Sugar (light brown).

8 " Green Tea (same as sent before).

1 Ham (about 12 or 15 lbs.)

3 doz. Eggs.

5 lbs. your best butter.

By sending, at your earliest convenience,

You will greatly oblige,

925 Collins Street.

MRS. JOHN RYAN.

[15TH LETTER, 3D GRADE.]

ST. GENEVIEVE, Dec. 15, 1885.

MR. B. HERDER,

No. 17 S. Fifth Street.

Mr. McWilliams called at your store a week ago and priced some church articles. He asked you to set aside some which he thought of taking; those he now wishes sent to

REV. P. LAMBERT,

Pastor, St. John's Church,

Send bill of same to

Hannibal, Mo.

J. J. McWilliams,

St. Genevieve, Mo.

[16TH LETTER, 3D GRADE.]

ST. ANTHONY'S FALLS, MINN., Nov. 21, 1885.

Darling Papa—How I wish that instead of writing I could put my arms around your neck and kiss you again

and again. O, papa, I am so happy to-day, so very happy! Why are you not home so that I could share with you.

You know, dear papa, how much I dreaded going to confession. Well, it is over now, and I was somewhat ashamed when I saw such very little children about to perform a duty that seemed so hard to me. If I had been living in the city all the time I should not have waited until I am 10 years old to make my First Confession. As soon as I had finished saying the prayers given me as penance, I thought of you, and wished you were home so that I could tell you how very happy I am now. I shall go into the First Communion Class next month, and if I do as well as Sister hopes, I shall be allowed to make my First Communion next May. Then, papa, you must be home, because that day is to be the happiest of my life, and how could it be if my papa were not in the church to see his little girl receive Our Lord the first time?

I shall watch for you Saturday evening. Until then,
pray, dear papa, for

Your own little

MARY.



→ Fourth Grade. ←

"Jesus, the only thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast,
But sweeter far it is to see,
And on Thy beauty feast."

"Cold in His cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Savior of all."



[1ST LETTER, 4TH GRADE.]

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY, CARONDELET.

My Own Dear Grandma—I was so disappointed when mamma came last night and I did not see you with her. I prayed earnestly that you might be able to travel, but Sister tried to console me by telling me God willed things just as they are, so that you might see what a good description of the morning I could write. As I want to be very happy on the day of my First Communion, I managed to convince myself that all is for the best, and now (3 o'clock), I am writing to you instead of sitting on the little stool at your feet, where I could see how interesting and how pleased you were with your little Josie's recital.

Well, dear grandma, you know what a beautiful chapel we have here, and to-day it is arranged as I think dear grandma would decorate it herself—all natural flowers, geraniums, pansies, roses, lilies and leaves of every description. Hanging baskets filled with begonias, forget-me-nots, lilies of the valley, and three or four different vines are placed in the high alabaster vases; the grand candlesticks hold candles ornamented as ours, and like them, except in size. The sanctuary carpet is uncovered, so also are the chairs; they appear more elegant to-day than ever before. The velvet carpet covers the aisle, and everything in the body of the chapel is rubbed up to the finest polish.

The boarders, numbering about sixty, and carrying the banners of different sodalities marched in front of the

fifteen communicants, but in the chapel they separated, so that we passed between the ranks. Sister played as we entered, and then the solemn high mass began. We knelt on the sanctuary steps to receive Holy Communion, conducted there by four little "angels." While we were receiving, the Sisters sang a beautiful hymn to the Blessed Sacrament, and everything was so solemn that mamma says she cried until mass was over.

My dress fits very well and my shoes too. Mamma will bring my veil home so that you can see it, and I shall send my candle to you. This is telling you only how things look. But, oh, dear grandma, I can never tell you how happy I felt—such a sweet, quiet happiness! When I thought of you, I could not help wishing you were here, but then I put that out of my mind and asked Jesus to to give you everything you need. I told him how good you always are to me, and how much I long to do everything I can for you.

I suppose I cannot see you now before the Christmas holidays. I am trying to learn to read well, so that when your eyes ache I can finish your reading for you.

Good-bye, dear grandma. I shall pray for you every day, and I know you will always love

Your own little

JOSIE.

[2D LETTER, 4TH GRADE.]

WESTON, Mo., May 16, 1885.

My Dearest Harry—I know you will be glad to receive a letter written by your little sister on the day of her

First Communion. I shall never be able to tell the sweet joy I feel—but you remember your own First Communion, and from that can imagine my happiness.

Sixty of us received Holy Communion to-day for the first time. The church was decorated beautifully; the grand organ sounded forth a sweet march as we entered, and when we knelt the choir sang, “Jesus, the Only Thought of Thee.” Everything was so still around the church that we could not help praying fervently. My only distraction was wishing Harry were with me. I prayed for you the first after I received the Blessed Sacrament, and I am sure the dear Jesus, who deigned to enter my heart, will give my big brother all I asked for him. In two weeks we shall have the yearly mass for papa. I wonder if he knows I made my First Communion to-day? I prayed for him fervently during my thanksgiving. How good he must have been, for mamma never tires praising him.

All at home send love, and I send the joy and happiness that is in my heart.

Your affectionate sister,

AGNES.

[3D LETTER, 4TH GRADE.]

SULPHUR SPRINGS, MISS., March 25, 1885.

My Dear Aunt Mary—The day of my First Communion has come at last, and I am now enjoying all the happiness you have so often promised me. The Sisters have been very kind to me, dear auntie; I do not think I can express my thanks to them. I found learning my

tasks in catechism very difficult, and for a long time I was inattentive to the instructions. I know now that this was annoying to the Sister, and yet she was always so very patient. I told all this to our dear Lord this morning; I begged his forgiveness and implored Him to keep me from being troublesome to anyone hereafter.

Have you heard from papa? He has not written to me since last June, and I am very anxious to know where and how he is. If mamma had lived, papa would not be away from his children as he is now. I offered my Holy Communion for him and asked God to give him all he needs to make him a good Catholic. Poor papa has had so much trouble!

I shall be ready to go home in two weeks, and then shall leave nothing undone to be everything that my dear aunt Mary wishes.

In this way you will be repaid for your goodness to
Your motherless niece,

ANNE.

[4TH LETTER, 4TH GRADE.]

DAY OF MY FIRST COMMUNION,
BUFFALO, N. Y., June 20, 1885.

Dear Uncle Bernard—I have often asked my mother to allow me to write to you, but she always answered that I must wait until I made my First Communion, and on that day she would tell me a secret about you. This morning, as she kissed me before I went to the school-room, she said, "Bernie, I shall tell you that secret when

you come back. In the meantime, while Jesus is resting in your heart, you will pray fervently for my intention. Will you offer this, your First Communion, for your uncle Bernard? Tell the good Jesus He knows all; and beg Him to grant mamma's daily prayer." I did offer my Holy Communion for you, and I have heard the secret. Perhaps you will not be pleased that mamma should have told me, but I love you now more than ever, for I know what a great, noble man you must be. But will you always remain so displeased with grandpa that you cannot forgive him? It was very bad to be treated so harshly when you are innocent; but, uncle, maybe God wants you to be a great saint like those we read of; or better, perhaps, He wished to treat you as He allowed His own dear Son to be treated. If you would only come to see grandpa—just think, uncle Bernard, you are his only son, and were he to see you again he would almost die of joy. Mamma says grandpa is living for this; and he is sure God will send you back before he dies. If you do not come home before I finish going to school, I shall ask mamma to allow me to spend my first earnings in going to where you are. I have always loved you, uncle, but now you are dearer than ever to me, and I shall write to you every week, whether you answer my letters or not.

I have been attending the Sisters' school for five years, but now that I have made my First Communion, and am in my thirteenth year, the Sisters advise me to go to a college conducted by some religious order. Mamma does not like to have me leave home so young, and I shall miss

her tender care ; still, I must go some time, for papa will never allow me to attend the public school.

When you write, dear uncle, will you tell me what you think I ought to do? Of course mamma will be pleased with whatever you advise.

I shall watch for a letter from you, and when it comes you may be sure no boy in Buffalo will be prouder than,

Your affectionate namesake,

BERNARD M. LEE.

[5TH LETTER, 4TH GRADE.]

Sister is holding my hand while I write "Happy Christmas" to my dear papa and mamma.

From their little

NETTY.

[6TH LETTER, 4TH GRADE.]

Merry Christmas! papa and mamma. I hope Santa Claus will bring you all you want, and not forget my new sled. Will wants a pair of skates, and Lulu says she must have a new doll. I want to go to grandpa's Christmas, because he always gives me money. I know what I shall buy then.

I am sure there will be something on the tree for

LITTLE FREDDY.

[7TH LETTER, 4TH GRADE.]

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR
TO THE LOVED ONES AT HOME!

I have just made my First Confession and I feel very

happy. I shall try to be very good, and I hope the Infant Jesus will give me what I want for papa, mamma and all my brothers and sisters.

We are writing Christmas letters, and Sister says we may begin like the letter on the board, but each one must say just what she wants to say. I hope the Infant Jesus will bless papa, mamma and all of us.

Your little
EMMA.

[8TH LETTER, 4TH GRADE.]

COHOES, N. Y., December 19, 1885.

Dear Uncle and Aunt—As usual, I am mamma's little letter writer, and will write just what she says: "Tell uncle and auntie that I received their last letter some time ago, but as it was so near Christmas I waited to send them 'the box.' The watch-chain, made of father's and mother's hair, is for my dear sister; the smoking-cap and slippers for Joseph; the "Following of Christ" is marked for him also. The "Mental Album" is Mary's, from her uncle; the breast-pin and ring are my presents to her. The "Book of Travels" is for Alfred, and the doll for my baby-niece.

Tell Aunt Alice that I have not heard from our brother since I wrote her last, and if she has received any word from him to let me know. I am anxious to hear how Alfred is doing at college. Should everything be satisfactory there, I shall send Richard after the holidays. I hope auntie and uncle will be here as usual for the anniversary mass offered for our dear parents, and that little

Lora will be well enough to come with them. Of course the others will be at school, and I would not have them lose a day of that precious time. Now, my child, you may say something for yourself."

What can I say, except that I wish you a very happy Christmas. I know Blanche, Edward and Lilly will receive a great number of presents, and this will make them happy. The baby will be delighted with the tree, and, Auntie and uncle, you cannot but be happy, seeing the little ones having such a joyful time.

Accept love and the best wishes of the season from papa, mamma, Richard, and

Your fond niece,

LOUISA.

[9TH LETTER, 4TH GRADE.]

ACADEMY ST. FRANCIS DE SALES,
STE. GENEVIEVE, MO., December 21, 1885.

My Dear Beloved Parents—The approach of the great birthday, so universally celebrated, gives me the fourth opportunity of writing you a Christmas letter.

Many of my school companions seem to consider it a difficult task to go through the formalities of this duty; but to prevent myself from a like feeling. I shall write this just as though I were saying the words, rather than writing them:

What a truly happy time Christmas always is at our dear home. With papa and mamma repeatedly there, the children loaded with the choicest gifts, uncles and aunties often visiting us at this season, bringing with them dear

cousins and pleasant companions, who could but enjoy Christmas at such a home? As I grow older, the thought often comes, shall we ever have to pass this beautiful feast without the dear ones who make it so happy? But it is foolish to be dreading clouds when our sky is so clear.

Among the many gifts our dear parents bestow on us, there are none we prize more highly than our Christmas presents. I think this is very reasonable, for I have often noticed how much papa and mamma plan to know what to get for the little ones. I have all my Christmas presents yet, and shall keep them, unless some of my brothers and sisters should ask for them. When I look at these gifts, and think of the love our dear parents must have for their children, I wonder if we can ever repay them. I imagine I hear you saying: "Yes, darling; be good, be obedient, and serve your dear Heavenly Father, who has given us to one another. This will reward us here and hereafter."

We will try, dear parents; indeed we will. Freddy and I shall offer our holy communion for you, and George, Katy and little Nell have told over and over again all they intend to ask the Infant Jesus for dear papa and mamma. As God listens to the prayers of innocent children, I am sure the little ones will obtain all they ask.

Wishing you again and again a very happy Christmas, and all blessings for the coming new year,

I remain, dear papa and mamma,

Your loving little girl,

VIOLET.

[10TH LETTER, 4TH GRADE.]

STE. GENEVIEVE, MO., Christmas Eve.

Dear Mother—I know I am a "great rough boy," as the girls say, but I love you as much as they do; and, though my letter may not be trimmed up as fine as theirs, it will tell you that next year I shall try not to give you any trouble, and to do all I can to help you.

Papa promised to pay me for all the "chores" I do, and with that money I can get you a nice birthday gift. I am sorry for all the trouble I have given you, and I hope you will pardon me. I will try not to be so rough with the girls.

This does not sound like a Christmas letter, but I know it will make my mother happy, and that is what I wish her—a happy Christmas!

Your loving son,

SAM.

[11TH LETTER, 4TH GRADE.]

MONDAY MORNING.

My Dear Lida—Mamma has concluded to give me the Christmas party I have been waiting for so long, and you know I can do nothing without the aid of my dear classmate. Ask your dear, kind mother to allow you to spend Wednesday and Thursday with me. Papa will send the buggy for you, should your answer be favorable.

We shall have all the enjoyment we can wish, and your attendance on the occasion will be another great kindness done.

Your devoted classmate,

1460 Clark avenue, St. Louis.

NETTY.

[12TH LETTER, 4TH GRADE.]

ST. LAWRENCE'S SCHOOL,
TROY, August 28, 1885.

My Dearest Mamma—Enclosed you will find ten dollars (\$10), which I have earned by going errands for Mr. Long. I am very happy to have this to give you, and I know it will please you, because it is my first earnings. Next year I hope to be able to do a great deal for you. I wish I were a man, so that you would not have to work any more. I am sure God will make your Christmas happy, because you are so good.

Pray, dear mother, for

Your son,
JOHNNY.

[13TH LETTER, 4TH GRADE.]

ST. BRIDGET'S ASYLUM,
ST. LOUIS, Mo., December 18, 1885.

My Own Constance—I have been crying all day, and even now the tears are falling on my paper while I am composing my Christmas letter.

Oh, dear Constance! Only think, a year ago papa and mamma were with us preparing our Christmas gifts, arranging our tree, planning little surprises for us, trying to hide things until the great morning, and now, darling Constance, you have to be father and mother to us. Thank God that we have such a sister! But we cannot keep away the loneliness that must make this Christmas a very sad one. I know, dearest sister, that you will miss our loved parents more than any of us; and we shall prove

to you, that we love you enough not to add to your sorrow on the coming holidays.

Now, more than ever, the Blessed Virgin must be our mother, and I am sure she will be particularly good to you, since you have to make all the home-sunshine for the rest of us. I wonder if papa and mamma will see us Christmas morning? So often I feel that mamma is looking at me while I am doing my work or preparing my lessons. Dear, good mamma and papa! May God give their sweet souls peace and rest.

I am sure my schoolmates would think this a very sad Christmas letter, but Sister says we write as we feel, and I know our dear sister Constance would not have me write any other way. Of course you will be here to see me, and bring Eddy with you. In another year I shall be confirmed, and then sister thinks I can do something to help you. How I long for the time!

Wishing you, my darling Constance, all the happiness so good a sister deserves, and leaving your reward to the sweet infant Jesus, pray often for,

Your orphan sister,

BLANCHE.

[14TH LETTER, 4TH GRADE.]

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY,

SOUTH TROY, N. Y., December 4, 1885.

My Own Dear Grandpa—It makes me very proud to be engaged to send a letter across the great Atlantic, and that, too, to my dear mamma's fondly loved father.

Mamma has often said that when we grew older she

would ask papa to take her to Ireland to see you and Uncle Peter, and we say among ourselves: "I wonder if they will take any of us with them." I am the oldest boy, and might stand a good chance, but girls are always ready for trips, and will, no doubt, put in a first claim.

All our relatives think I resemble you, and mamma often tells me she hopes I will be like you in character. I am twelve years old now, and am attending the Sisters' school, but next year I shall go to the Christian Brothers' academy. Lizzie, who is two years older than I am, will complete the Eighth Grade this year, and Maggy, the eldest, expects to finish the Advanced Course in two years. Walter, the baby, is eight, and very proud of being in the first class of the Second Grade. Papa is still book-keeper at Nim's; his eyes trouble him now, and mamma wants him to rest for a year or so; to this he always answers: "Wait, mamma, until we go to see grandpa." Mamma is well and is the best mother in Troy. We are still in St. Joseph's parish; mamma thinks she could never feel at home in any other church, and Father Baxter says she must not move on any account, now that the "dear Sisters of St. Joseph are here."

Grandpa, do you think you will ever come to America? If you should, I know you will be delighted with the scenery from New York to Albany, especially if you come up on the boat. What a grand, hearty welcome we should all give you! May God grant that we may spend at least one Christmas together, is the heart's desire of

Your namesake, AUSTIN.

[15TH LETTER, 4TH GRADE.]

ST. ANTHONY'S CONVENT,

MARYVILLE, December 24, 1885.

REV. J. M. ST. CYR, D. D.:

Our Much-Loved Pastor—Sister has given me the honor of writing you the Christmas letter for our room. I am very anxious to have it all that you would wish it to be. We have sixty boys in our room now, and we all passed the November examination, except poor Tommy White, who had to stay at home to take care of his sick mother. Sister Patrick is very proud of her boys, and it pleases us to see her satisfied with our endeavors. We are very glad, too, when you say: "My boys are the best in town," though we know we are not near as good as we should be.

Now, we ought to say something about Christmas and New Years. We shall all pray that the Infant Jesus may give you all that you wish. He knows what is best for you, and if we pray fervently I am sure he will hear us.

We wish you a Happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

The boys who have made their First Communion will offer their communion for you that morning, and we shall join them in their prayers.

With best wishes for all that you need, and asking the Infant Jesus to bless you,

We are, dear reverend father,

Your loving school boys,

"No. 3."

[16TH LETTER, 4TH GRADE.]

MATER CONSILII CONVENT,

December 23, 1885.

REV. B. M. DONNELLY, PASTOR,

CHURCH "IMMACULATE CONCEPTION:"

Rev. and Dear Pastor—To-day has been set apart for the writing of Christmas letters, and Sister told us we might write to whomsoever we wished. Papa's and mamma's letters are finished, but I am not satisfied. I want to send a letter to you and, somehow, I think my little letter will please you.

I know I do not write as well as some of my classmates—and you like nice writers, but when I do the very best I can, I am sure you will not mind it.

I am glad we are to have a few days' rest from school, though I do not like to be absent during class time. I have attended regularly since school opened, and I hope shall continue to be punctual throughout the year. We are always glad to have you come into our room, for you look so kind and good; but it is better still when you come to our house. I hope the Infant Jesus will tell you to come oftener than you do. Mamma and papa are well. The boys are as noisy as ever. I do not know what to wish you for Christmas, but I hope you will get everything you want.

From your little girl,

FLORENTINE.

[17TH LETTER, 4TH GRADE.]

SALINA, N. Y., December 23, 1885.

My Own Dear Parents—Here I am, nearly one

thousand miles away from you, among strangers and in a strange city. It requires all the strength I have prayed for, to keep back the tears that are ready to fall at any moment. I have just been to confession; to-morrow so many will be going that I was afraid to wait.

Oh, how much the Catholic child owes to Almighty God! Away from those I love dearer than life, what could give the consolation that now fills my soul in the reception of the sacraments? To the loving Jesus, who, I trust will enter my poor heart on Christmas morning, I can make known every want, and to the same tender Lord and Master I can trust my own dear ones. In His sweet heart we are ever united, and there alone is our love for one another fully understood. Kneeling before the altar of my Heavenly Queen, I will feel that I am home again, and the Immaculate Mother of the Child Jesus will know how to console your lonely child. In the tender care of Jesus, Mary and Joseph, I leave the loved ones of my cherished home.

Your son,

FRANCIS.

[18TH LETTER, 4TH GRADE.]

OSWEGO, N. Y., July 20, 1885.

My Darling Papa—You are now gone from us a week, and, though this beautiful place has many attractions, we miss you greatly. The first few days I do not think the lake air did mamma much good, because she seemed lost without you. Now, as the time for your return is nearing, she grows more like herself, and is improving in spirits, and consequently in appearance.

Auntie is very well and does everything to make our visit pleasant. Uncle took us riding yesterday down by the lake. Oh, it was grand! The breakers were so high, and followed each other so rapidly, that I felt as though I were losing my breath, but auntie and mamma laughed at me.

Mamma received a letter from Harry yesterday. He is enjoying his stay on the mountains to his heart's content. Uncle Will is so entertaining, and then you know, papa, he thinks more of Harry than any of us. They are to stop here on their way to Montreal, so that Harry will have two great treats. I hope the vacation will improve his health. Mamma sends fond love, and says you must take good care of yourself. Come soon to

Your devoted child,

AGNES.

[19TH LETTER, 4TH GRADE.]

UNITED STATES HOTEL,
SARATOGA, N. Y., May 16, 1885.

MRS. A. F. MONTGOMERY,
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.:

Dear Friend—Mamma has just been interrupted in writing a letter to you, and, as she wants the message to leave on the morning mail, she commissions me to send a few lines for her. We reached here a week ago. Mamma is delighted with the place, and thinks the waters will be of great benefit to her. This note is to fulfill a promise, that, should Saratoga be all that she expected to find it, she would write you to join her next week. This will reach

you Friday evening, and we shall look for you in Saratoga next Tuesday. We have an elegant hotel, and by coming soon you can select your sleeping rooms.

Hoping to see you within a week, and assuring you that you cannot but like everything in this beautiful watering-place, with mamma's best love,

I am,

Your little friend,

ALICE.

[20TH LETTER, 4TH GRADE.]

BINGHAMPTON, N. Y., June 16, 1885.

My Dear Emma—I am so lonely without you and my other classmate, that I can do nothing but think of you. We are now pretty fairly settled in our new home. Binghampton is, without any exception, the most beautiful city I have ever seen, and had I been here all my life, I do not think I could ever satisfy myself elsewhere. Everything in the city makes you feel that you are living in a grand park, where perfect order must be observed, and where the beautiful of nature and art can gain admittance. I like the place—who could help doing so? But I am very, very lonely. Papa does not find much business here, but as it is a rest he wants now, he could not have chosen a more suitable home. He says he feels he has improved even in this short time. Mamma has been very busy getting the house fitted to her liking, and now you would be ready to believe that we were in our old home again. If my dear companion, Emma, would only run in now and play our duets with me, and then tell me

everything that has happened since I saw her last, I should be ready to believe myself back in dear Saratoga again. Now, Emma dear, you must write to me as soon as this reaches you, I am so lonely. Tell me everything about our class. Give my love to all the girls; I shall write to Mabel and Grace to-morrow.

You know, dear Emma, that you have the fondest love and truest friendship of

Your loving companion,

STELLA.

[21ST LETTER, 4TH GRADE.]

ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT,
HANNIBAL, MO., September 24, 1885.

MR. THOMAS CARDEN:

My Dear Guardian—A week has passed since you left me in the care of the dear Sisters of St. Joseph. I have been lonely, but resigned. The Sisters are very kind, very attentive—even anxious about me. I cannot say that I have done much in my lessons, for my every endeavor is bent on dispelling homesickness. My health is good.

I see that I have forgotten my scrap-book, and as it contains much that I can use here, I should be glad to have it sent. Tell John to keep mamma's and papa's graves green.

Knowing that you will be glad to hear of my welfare,

I am, dear guardian,

Respectfully yours,

ODELIA LIVINGSTON.

[22D LETTER, 4TH GRADE.]

ST. LOUIS, MO., September 8, 1885.

MISS LIZZY HART:

My Very Dear Friend—No doubt, you think me very unkind in not answering your welcome letter, but I know you will banish all such unfavorable thoughts when I tell you that I have just returned from a visit.

Finding your letter awaiting my arrival, I hasten to answer it, at this, my first opportunity. I enjoyed my visit very much, and thinking an account of it may prove interesting, I shall proceed to particulars. As you are aware, I had long promised my school-friend, Mamy O'Neill, a visit, and at the same time to escape from the many inconveniences attending city life during the summer. Well, her home is situated about fourteen miles west of St. Louis, and is called "Oakland," from the many oaks by which it is surrounded. Of course, the ride is a long one, and would be tiresome, were it not for the many interesting objects which present themselves on all sides. About three or four miles out of the city we pass the new college of the Christian Brothers, which is a large, magnificent building, situated on a hill, and can be seen from all the surrounding country. Here and there, along the road, may be seen, peeping through the trees, now a stately mansion, then a tiny cottage, and at last we reach our journey's end. The first thing that attracts our attention is the beautiful display of flowers of every variety, laid out in beds on each side of the walk, which leads to a cosy little house, small in comparison

with the lofty trees around it. The grounds are one hundred and six acres in extent. The orchard is quite large; in one corner of it are two trees which are so close to each other that there is only room enough left for a pretty rustic chair; this was my favorite spot.

Mamy is as delightful a hostess as you could desire, and made my visit a series of pleasures. I could not but regret the promptings of good taste which told me my visit was long enough.

Reaching home, another treat awaited me—your dear, welcome letter. Hoping that you will give me an assurance of pardon for my seeming neglect, by writing soon, and with prayers and best wishes for your present and future happiness,

I remain,

Your loving friend,

MAMY WATSON.

[23D LETTER, 4TH GRADE.]

ROCHESTER, N. Y., September 8, 1885.

MRS. T. MYERS,

ST. PAUL, MINN. :

Respected Friend—Mother wishes me to thank you for the great kindness shown to Albert during his stay at your house. We were uneasy about him for some time, but when he wrote of the family with whom he was so fortunate as to be placed, mother knew that God had heard her prayers, and had sent her boy the kind, wise friend, so necessary to shield him from temptations

attending that period of life through which he was passing.

Mother's daily prayers is: "May God reward the kind lady, and give to her children, in case of need, the friend she proved to my Albert."

We all feel acquainted with you, and trust your promised visit to St. Louis will not be delayed.

Most gratefully yours,

LUCY KELLY.

[24TH LETTER, 4TH GRADE.]

ST. TERESA'S ACADEMY,

KANSAS CITY, October 15, 1885.

MRS. C. MONTGOMERY:

Mamma's Best and Dearest Friend—To-day counts the third year that we are motherless, and it is also the first of my return from Bay St. Louis. Aggie made her First Communion the second Sunday of May, but the ceremony of that occasion being the second I witnessed while there, its impressions are not so vivid as these I am eager to relate to you. Bay St. Louis is the most delightful spot I have ever seen. I shall not attempt giving you anything like a description of it, as you can imagine what a village is, with the most homelike little cottages, making you think of those seaside villages of which the poets write. Indeed, no poet could exaggerate the enchanting beauty of Bay St. Louis. The church and convent, both bearing the title of "Our Lady of the Gulf," are situated in the prettiest portion of the village, and as a looker-on sees the long procession of young lady

boarders, attended by their devoted teachers, file out of their sweetly nestled convent into the parish church, he cannot but feel that here is quiet, peace and happiness. But the occasion of which I am to make mention is one of particular solemnity. May 1st is a memorable date for all the children of the Catholic church—the opening of that sweetest of months, the “Month of Our Mother.” But there we were in the sunny South, with the cool air from the gulf preventing us from grumbling about the heat, and the delightful scene of church and convent just before us.

The church bell broke the stillness, and at the same moment the front door of the convent was thrown open, and six tiny girls, representing angels, prevent the long and richly adorned banner from trailing on the gravelled walk. On this banner is painted a striking image of the Immaculate Queen, which, as the perfumed air turns it from side to side, seems to delight in the lovely train by which it is followed. The young ladies were dressed in white; wore long illusion veils; each carried in her hand a floral offering for her Spotless Mother, while their sweet and well trained voices sang, “Hail Virgin, dearest Mary!” reminding me of the virgin train that “Followeth the Lamb, whithersoever he goeth.”

Having entered the church the act of consecration was read, after which was sung the sweetest of Mary's hymns, “Virgin Mary, Still Remember!” Then followed the benediction of the most Holy Sacrament. The *Te Deum*, sung in grand chorus, terminated the afternoon ceremony.

Thinking the procession would return to the convent by the way we have just described, we placed ourselves in a position to obtain a good view—but a further treat awaited us. A door on the side of the church leads into the convent grounds, and to this outlet the procession turned. Now the little acolytes preceded the banner, bearing a cross. These were followed by four of the young ladies, carrying a statue termed, "Our Lady of the Woods," the others taking their respective places.

We, too, followed in the same direction. Into the woods we went in very deed, and having reached the thickest, wildest parts of it, we came to a rustic little chapel, into which the statue was borne and placed on the altar prepared for its reception. The procession now turned toward the convent along a wide gravelled walk, shaded on either side by the beautiful evergreen spruce pine. This fine tree, reaching a height of fifty or sixty feet, with a diameter of about eighteen inches, the branches taking a handsome conical shape, their long, flexible leaves arranged in pairs, made me wonder why it never before did such justice to its loveliness. The enchanting walk measures nearly a quarter of a mile in length and is fifteen feet wide.

The bridal wreath and the virgin bower, in the full beauty of their bloom, twining around the various out-buildings; the many varieties of magnolia trees, the immense live oak, an occasional dead tree re clothed with the dark-colored leaves of the ivy—

"That staunchest and firmest friend
That hastens its succoring arm to lend;"

the Carolina jasmine hanging its beautiful yellow flowers on the very tree tops, and scenting the air with their delicious perfume; these and many others of the special beauties nature gives the South, added not a little to the soul-inspiring scene that was passing before us. Never before had "Our Lady's Litany" sounded so devotional; never before had Mary's month greeted me with such solemn grandeur.

Papa intended to have me return home with him the Sunday following, but the Mother Superior very kindly requested him to leave me for a few weeks, that I might have the benefit of the salt-water baths. I was completely fascinated with everything in Bay St. Louis, but darling papa wanted his little housekeeper home, so commissioned a friend of his to call for me on his way from New Orleans. This, dear Mrs. Montgomery, is not an answer to your prized letter, but to-morrow will accomplish that duty, and in the meantime you have an explanation of delay from,

Your most devoted friend,

JULIA IRVING.

[25TH LETTER, 4TH GRADE.]

WATERLOO, ILL., October 15, 1885.

My Dear Lonely Mamma—Papa will be dead one month to-morrow, and I know how you will feel. I asked sister to allow me to write a few lines, not that I think they can banish your grief, but they will prove that your little girl does not forget you. Eddie came here yesterday. He is to clerk in a drug store and go to night

school. Emily has obtained the long sought position in the school. Mrs. Martin called last evening and said that she could not accompany me home for the holidays, so I must secure some other companion. You will see to this—will you not, mamma? I am well, now; my throat has not troubled me since my return. I have a new music teacher again. Mother H. will have the mass you told me to have offered for papa, said in the Sisters' chapel, and the Sisters will offer their communion for the repose of his soul. Uncle Peter has just called, and while he has gone to get some little treat, I hasten to finish this, so that he may take it to the office. All are well at uncle's. John left last night for California.

Good-bye, darling mamma. Ask God to bless your
Most loving child,

MAMIE.

[26TH LETTER, 4TH GRADE.]

SACRED HEART SCHOOL,
FLORISSANT, MO., August 15, 1885.

Dear, Dear Grandma—According to your suggestion, papa sent his three daughters to seek their vacation in different places, and to note what appeared to them most interesting and most striking. In this way papa and his best of mothers are to see what tastes we possess, and how careful we are to use the same to the best advantage. I, being the eldest, will send the first account to grandma, at the same time assuring her that I have questioned myself well as to whether I have followed my own tastes, or have studied those I believe my dear ones most admire.

I can truthfully say the following accounts shows your Isabella's character as she herself knows it:

Uncle Robert, Aunt Pauline, Cousin Eddie and myself left St. Louis, July 9th. The weather was pleasant, and, save a sadness that seems inseparable from "home-leaving," we went off with the brightest anticipation.

As usual, we saw very little from the railroad, except the thickly wooded hills; these I watched with great interest. Even with the train moving thirty miles an hour, I could distinguish the young trees, airy and delicate, those in their prime, stately and majestic, those in old age, venerable and picturesque; the various forms, sizes and developments adding greatly to their charm and beauty.

What would our homes be without trees? Well might it be said, that they are a drapery which cover an ungainly figure, and while it conceals its defects, communicates to it new interest and expression.

We reached Boston Saturday morning; Uncle William met us, and after riding through a considerable portion of that beautiful city, we arrived at his very pretty home.

Aunt Alice, with a houseful of little cousins, was on the front porch to greet and welcome us. That day passed with the usual preliminaries. Uncle's house is built in the Italian style. A terrace with balustrades surrounds the hall door, giving an air of importance to the front entrance. The hall is about thirty feet long by perhaps ten feet wide. The imposing stairway, with its balustrade of heavy, black walnut, adds much to the

grandeur of the hall ; while the soft, mellow rays, coming from the tinted sky-light, gives every object beneath it a most delicate appearance. In the ceiling of this central hall is a circular opening in the second story, forming a gallery above, which communicates with the different chambers and ventilates the entire building.

The library was for me the most charming apartment in the house. A comfortable size—fourteen feet by twenty-six, and sixteen feet high, and fitted up in auntie's own tasteful manner. It contains books of every description. Seated by the bay-window, with a fine view of the cape, and a welcome fanning of its refreshing breeze ; books selected for the day before me ; a prospect of an evening's ride along the sea shore ; an ear listening for the welcome step of the letter carrier, who will surely bring me "a letter from home." No wonder that uncle's library was the sweetest spot in Boston for me.

The third week of our stay Uncle William invited me to accompany him to New York city. The invitation I gladly accepted. Nothing could have pleased uncle more than the delight he watched in my face when any particular beauty of nature was presented. Along a great portion of the road the train advanced slowly, owing to the bridges placed over the many sparkling brooks, whose murmuring fell upon our ears in some of the quiet secluded spots at which we stopped.

The soft and trembling shadows of the surrounding trees and hills, as they fell upon an occasional quiet sheet of water, the brilliant light which the crystal surface

reflected in the pure sunshine, sometimes mirroring the snowy whiteness of the over-hanging sky, gave an almost magical effect to the charming little valleys that were my special delight.

The peculiarities of every tree had an attraction for me. Here were groups formed by trees of different ages and sizes, at different distances from each other; often mixed by those of the largest size with others of inferior growth; there were similar groups full of openings and hollows of trees, advancing before or retiring behind each other—all full of intricacy, of variety, of deep shadows and brilliant lights; new combinations, new shades and inlets, presenting themselves in succession.

There, too, were the variety of trunks and forms. The rounded-headed oak, ash, beech and walnut, with the numerous breaks in the surface of their foliage, causing irregularity of sky-outline; the young trees appearing elegant; the old, majestic and picturesque. The spire-topped, whose foliage is evergreen — here I could distinguish many of the pines, the spruce, the fir and the cedar, while the larch, though not an evergreen, resembles those I have mentioned in shape and outline. How much life and spirit I thought these trees added to the force of the round-headed ones. There were heads of foliage more dense than the latter, differing also from spire-topped trees, in having upright branches instead of horizontal ones. Among these was the Lombardy poplar, relieving and breaking into groups large masses of woods. And last, but to me by far the most pleasing, were the

drooping trees—the elms, the birches, the weeping willow and others.

Oh, how beautiful are God's works—how harmonious, how wonderful! Even in the coloring of the verdure, how much variety! From the pale, mellow green of the maples, to the darker hues of the oak, ash or beech, and finally to the somber tints of the evergreens.

One spot in particular pleased uncle, and as we both gazed on it, he said: "Would it not be a most delightful acquisition to our Boston home, could we pick up this lovely spot and place it back of our rural cottage?" "Why, uncle," I replied, "would you not convey your lovely house to the foot of those magnificent hills?" "Ah, my child, the love of home is stronger within me than that of nature. I would bring this place to Boston."

Uncle then related his longings for wild picturesque surroundings, and said his trip now was taken to give him an insight into landscape gardening, as it is to be found in the middle portion of the Hudson. He brought me with him because he found me ready to admire everything in the great vegetable kingdom, and he felt that some good suggestions might escape me on this account. Uncle knew this compliment would please me. We spent one night in Albany, and the following morning we took the splendid boat, bearing the name of the well-known capital. I can safely say I never saw such grandeur in the fitting-up of any apartment as I found in the elegant salons of "The Albany." The natural scenery, which soon took our thoughts from the luxury within, is indeed

of the finest character. The constantly varying forms of the water, shores and distant hills, give the admirer widely different kinds of home, landscape and distant views. While the boat rested at some of the landings, we could see the soft foreground of smooth lawn, the rich groups of trees ornamenting the most romantic homes, to which the lake-like expanse of water and the fine range of wooded mountains, have given an appearance that I dare not attempt to describe. No wonder that tourists have seen on the banks of our delighted American stream, beauties that even Switzerland does not possess.

We visited Hyde Park, and the following description, which I read after visiting it, tells my ideas so well that you must allow me to quote it:

"Nature has indeed done much for this place, the grounds are finely varied and beautifully watered by a lively stream. The views are inexpressibly striking from the neighborhood of the house itself, including as they do the noble Hudson for sixty miles in its course, through rich valleys and bold mountains. The efforts of art are not unworthy such a locality, and while the native woods and beautifully undulating surface are presented in their original state, the pleasure grounds, roads, walks, drives and new plantations have been laid out in such a judicious manner as to heighten the charms of nature. For a long time this was the finest seat in America, but there are now many rivals to this claim."

The park attached to the manor of Livingston is perhaps the most remarkable in America, for its simple

character and the order in which it is kept. The turf is everywhere short and velvet-like, while the mansion is a chaste specimen of the Grecian style. We also visited Blithewood, the seat of R. Donaldson, Esq., near Barrytown, and the Montgomery place.

Returning home we again spent a night in Albany, and while there we heard so much of the grandeur of the Rensselaer Place, that uncle was persuaded to visit it. This estate is ten or twelve miles square, including the village of Bath. Having enjoyed the variety of this seat for the greater part of the day we returned to the hotel in Albany, and as business hastened uncle home, we took the night train for Boston. Here papa's letter, calling us to St. Louis, was read, and as the party were only waiting my return, we left Boston the following day.

When I see you, dear grandma, I shall tell you more of my vacation, and you know nothing could gratify me more than to feel that you are pleased with the manner in which your eldest grandchild has spent the summer months. With the most affectionate embrace, I remain, dear Grandma, your loving child,

ISABELLA STEWART.

RULES FOR PUNCTUATION AND CAPITALS.

1. Every sentence begins with a capital letter. (This is true even when in the form of a question or a quotation it is introduced within another sentence.)
2. If a sentence asks a question it ends with a question mark (interrogation point). If it does not ask a question it ends with a period. (Exception—No. 9.)
3. Write the words "I" and "O" with capitals.
4. The names of persons and places should begin with capitals.
5. The name of the person spoken to, with the words belonging to it, should be set off by commas.
6. When the exact words of another are used they should be enclosed with quotation marks.
7. Words referring to God should begin with capitals.
8. Titles of office and respect should begin with capitals.
9. An exclamation should end with an exclamation point. (This includes exclamatory sentences and interjections, except O, oh, eh and hey.)
10. The place of letters omitted is shown by an apostrophe or a dash.
11. The caret shows where words or letters are to be inserted.
12. Every abbreviation should be followed by a period.
13. Put a period at the end of a subject or title, or any term complete in itself.

14. The hyphen is used at the end of a line to show that a word is divided.

15. The hyphen is used to connect the parts of a compound word.

16. The hyphen may be used to separate the syllables of a word.

17. If a word is repeated for emphasis, it should be separated from the rest of the sentence by commas.

18. A comma should be placed after every item of the address, except that which requires a period.

19. If the title be placed after the name, it should be separated by a comma.

Oh, how glad the papas and mammas of our child readers will be when they receive the plainly-written, carefully-spelled, neatly-arranged letters of their darling little boys and girls! And surely they deserve all the happiness their children can procure them. Learn now to give those loved ones all the comfort you can, and when you grow to be men and women, miles and miles away from your home, you will not cause a loving mother's heart to ache with anxiety, because she has not heard from her absent child, perhaps, for years.

Most of the pleasure we receive on earth comes from our own family circle. See how much of this you can bring to your relatives by knowing how to send your sweetest sentiments in a charming little letter.

ABBREVIATIONS.

<i>Abp.</i> Archbishop.	<i>Fr.</i> France.
<i>Abr.</i> Abridged.	<i>G. P. O.</i> General Post Office.
<i>Af.</i> Africa.	<i>Gram.</i> Grammar.
<i>Ala.</i> Alabama.	<i>H. B. M.</i> His (or Her) Britanic Majesty.
<i>Alex.</i> Alexander.	<i>Hdkf.</i> Handkerchief.
<i>Alf.</i> Alfred.	<i>Hhd.</i> Hogshead.
<i>A. M.</i> Master of Arts, and Before Noon.	<i>H. J. S.</i> Here lies buried.
<i>Apr.</i> April.	<i>H. M. S.</i> His (or Her) Majesty's Ship.
<i>Ark.</i> Arkansas.	<i>H. R. I. P.</i> Here rests in Peace.
<i>As.</i> Arsenic. Astronomy.	<i>I. H. S.</i> Jesus Saviour of Men.
<i>Atty.</i> Attorney.	<i>Ill.</i> Illinois.
<i>Aug.</i> August.	<i>Incog.</i> (Incognito). Unknown.
<i>C. H.</i> Court House.	<i>I. N. R. I.</i> Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.
<i>Ch.</i> Church. Chapter.	<i>Ia.</i> Iowa.
<i>Cl.</i> Clergyman. Clerk.	<i>I. O. U.</i> I owe you.
<i>C. O. D.</i> Cash on Delivery.	<i>Jam.</i> Jamaica.
<i>Coll.</i> College.	<i>Jan.</i> January.
<i>Cr.</i> Credit.	<i>Jas.</i> James.
<i>Den.</i> Denmark.	<i>J. H. S.</i> Jesus Saviour of Men.
<i>Dept.</i> Department.	<i>J. P.</i> Justice of the Peace.
<i>D. G.</i> Thanks be to God.	<i>J. Prob.</i> Judge of Probate.
<i>D. T.</i> Dakota Territory.	<i>Kan.</i> Kansas.
<i>E.</i> East.	<i>L. I.</i> Long Island.
<i>Ea.</i> Each.	<i>Lieut Gov.</i> Lieutenant Governor.
<i>Ecclus.</i> Ecclesiasticus.	<i>L. L. I.</i> Lord Lieutenant of Ireland
<i>Edm.</i> Edmund.	<i>La.</i> Louisiana.
<i>Edw.</i> Edward.	<i>M. C.</i> Member of Congress.
<i>E'er.</i> Ever.	<i>Mo.</i> Missouri.
<i>Egypt.</i> Egyptian.	<i>Mon.</i> Monday.
<i>E. I.</i> East Indies.	<i>M. P.</i> Member of Parliament.
<i>Eliz.</i> Elizabeth.	<i>Municipal Police.</i>
<i>E. Lon.</i> East Longitude.	<i>M. P. C.</i> Member of Parliament in Canada.
<i>Ency.</i> Encyclopedia.	<i>M. P. P.</i> Member of the Provincial Parliament.
<i>E. N. E.</i> East, North, East.	<i>MSS.</i> Manuscripts.
<i>Eng.</i> England.	<i>Mts.</i> Mountains.
<i>E. S. E.</i> East, South, East.	
<i>Fla.</i> Florida.	
<i>Fahr.</i> Fahrenheit.	
<i>Feb.</i> February.	
<i>Fol.</i> Folio.	

CATHOLIC
CHILD'S LETTER WRITER

— FOR THE USE OF —

CHILDREN ATTENDING GRADED SCHOOLS,

*Hoping it may prove interesting and useful to the little ones who
find difficulty in this necessary exercise.*

— COMPILED BY —

SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH,
SOUTH ST. LOUIS, MO.

PART II.

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ST. LOUIS, MO.
Ev. E. Carreras, Steam Printer, Binder and Publisher,
Nos. 117 and 119 Locust Street.
1886.

PREFACE.



IN this part of our little letter writer we have aimed to meet the requirements of the teachers, who have kindly examined our proof-copies. Though we have omitted much that may be found in other letter writers, we know the teacher will make ample amends for the same. We have given outlines of description to be used in connection with the Fifth Grade. We know the difficulty children find in writing descriptive letters.

The rules for punctuation should form part of each exercise in letter-writing, as should also the Synonyms given in the Eighth Grade.

The letters selected from the various authors are intended to give pupils a taste for such literature, and by the judicious questioning of the teacher, as to the *lives* and *times* of the writers, as also the circumstances which called forth the given letters, the pupil will be led to seek books containing the required information. We have been asked how the exercises, the letter-book supposes, are to be conducted. Some of our schools have adopted the following plan, which, they tell us, has succeeded: Wednesday and Friday afternoons, during the time set

apart for Language Lessons, each child takes her letter book, finding the page indicated by her teacher. Should this be the page on the outline of a description of Spring, the teacher *converses* with her pupils for some moments, draws from them *their* ideas of this season, questions them as to the meaning of the expressions used in the outline, then gives them, to develop, as many of the headings as time will permit. The work is now laid aside to be improved by the pupil as a home-task, and handed to the teacher the next day. Selecting the most satisfactory papers, the teacher has them read at the beginning of some appropriate recitation, taking for this purpose not more than seven minutes, when the papers and books are again returned to the pupils to receive further improvement, preparatory to the next exercise.

There are many other methods that might be suggested, but the earnest teacher will not need them, and the indifferent one would not use them.

To our Immaculate Mother, in whose honor every line of this little book has been written, we entrust its success, saying, to her, in the words of her dear St. Bernard: "None have ever found thee wanting who have called upon thy aid."

ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT,
Feb'y 5th, 1886.

CONTENTS.



	PAGE.
Preface - - - - -	i.
Index - - - - -	ii.
Remarks on Epistolary Writing - - - - -	3
Outlines of Composition—	
Spring - - - - -	10
Description of a Castle - - - - -	11
Description of a Park - - - - -	13
American Horticulture - - - - -	14
Description of a Country Seat - - - - -	16
Vines and Roses - - - - -	18
Mosses - - - - -	20
Nothing New Under the Sun - - - - -	22
Wood - - - - -	23

FIFTH GRADE.

1st Letter—To a Favorite Aunt from her Motherless Niece - - - - -	27
2d “ A Young Girl's Letter to her Pastor - - - - -	30
3d “ Describing the Ceremonies of Corpus Christi - - - - -	31
4th “ Describing Melbourne - - - - -	33

CONTENTS.

v

FIFTH GRADE.—CONTINUED.

	PAGE.
5th Letter—Describing the Forty Hours' Devotion	39
6th " From Nazareth Retreat Inviting a School Companion to Join the Pupils There -	42
7th " Answer to Same, Describing Nazareth's Calvary - - - - -	43
8th " Describing St. Louis - - - - -	46
9th " Describing Chicago - - - - -	51
10th " Description of San Francisco - - -	55
11th " Description of New York - - -	60
Questions for Fifth Grade - - - - -	65
Descriptive Quotations from Eminent Writers - -	70

SIXTH GRADE.

General Remarks on Business Letters, etc. - - -	79
Notes - - - - -	84
Official Letter—General Orders - - - - -	87
1st Letter—Of Condolence to a Motherless Cousin	88
2d " Of Condolence from a Young Boy to his Mother, on the Death of her Baby Boy	88
3d " An Order to Mr. P. Fox for Merchandise	89
4th " An Order to Mr. A. S. Barnes for Books	90
5th " From a Child to her Mother, Congratulat- ing her on her recovery from illness	90
6th " Business Letter to Mr. A. T. Stewart -	91
7th " Of Congratulation to a Companion who has Succeeded in an Examination -	92
8th " Of Condolence to a Friend on the Death of her Mother - - - - -	93
9th " Business Letter Written by a Child for her Mother - - - - -	94

SIXTH GRADE.—CONTINUED.

	PAGE.
10th Letter—Of Condolence to the Writer's Sister on the Death of Their Father - - -	94
11th " Note of Invitation to a Summer Retreat	95
12th " Of Condolence from a Child to her Mother	96
13th " Birthday Letter to a Little Sister - -	97
14th " Of Condolence, Quoting St. Francis de Sales - - - - -	97
15th " Of Condolence upon a Father's Death	99
16th " To a Mother on the Death of her Child	99
17th " Of Congratulation on a Successful Exami- nation - - - - -	100
Official Letter to Gen. W. S. Harney - - - -	101
Official Letter to Capt. A. Lyon - - - - -	101
Letter of Acceptance from Gen. W. T. Sherman -	102
Questions for Sixth Grade - - - - -	103

SEVENTH GRADE.

Rules for Punctuation - - - - -	106
*1st Letter—Note of Invitation to a Picnic - - -	114
2d " A Young Girl's Letter Introducing her Mother to her friend's Mother - -	115
3d " Introducing a Little Friend to a Former Companion of the Writer's - - -	116
4th " Official Letter Written by a Young Girl for her Father - - - - -	116
5th " Official Letter Written by the President of a Misses' Literary Association -	117
6th " Official Letter Written by the President of the "Children's School Fund Society"	117

CONTENTS.

VII

SEVENTH GRADE.—CONTINUED.

PAGE.		PAGE.
	7th Letter—Note of Acceptance from One Class of Pupils to the Same Grade of Another School	118
	8th “ Introducing the Writer's Brother to their Cousin - - - - -	118
	9th “ A Young Girl at School to her Mother -	119
	10th “ Advice to a Younger Sister - - -	120
	11th “ To the Spiritual Director of the Writer Concerning the Vocation of the Latter	122
	12th “ From a Young Girl Attending the Academy of Our Lady in Peoria - - -	123
	13th “ From a Pupil to her Teacher - - -	125
	14th “ Of Condolence on the Death of a Mother	127
	15th “ Business Note - - - - -	128
	16th “ A Feast-Day Letter from a Young Lady to her Pastor - - - - -	128
	17th “ From Sacred Heart School, Syracuse -	129
	18th “ Describing the Daily Routine at St. Joseph's Academy - - - - -	131
	19th “ From a Young Girl at St. Joseph's Academy, Flushing, L. I. - - - - -	134
	20th “ From a Young Girl at Mt. St. Joseph's Academy, Chestnut Hill - - -	136
	21st “ Describing Nazareth Academy - - -	139
	22d “ Describing the Daily Life at Mt. St. Joseph's Academy - - - - -	143
	Rhyme Letter from a School-Girl describing her Class-mates - - - - -	148
	“ “ Answer to the Same - - - - -	151
	“ “ From a Girl to her Mother - - - - -	153
	Letter Introducing an Officer, Seeking a Position, to a Member of Congress - - - - -	155
	Letter Introducing Same Officer to the Secretary of War	155
	Caution in Letters of Advice - - - - -	156

EIGHTH GRADE.

	PAGE.
1st Letter—From Eugenie de Guerin to Madame de Sainte Marie - - - - -	158
2d “ From Eugenie de Guerin to Madame La Baronne de Maistre - - - - -	160
3d “ William Cowper to his Cousin - - - - -	161
4th “ Cardinal Wiseman to Father Faber - - - - -	163
5th “ From Father Faber to the Children of St. Anne's Home - - - - -	166
6th “ From Father Faber to a Friend - - - - -	167
7th “ From Robert Burns on receiving a Gold Snuff Box - - - - -	167
8th “ From St. Francis Xavier to a Religious - - - - -	168
9th “ From Philip Neri to St. Charles Boromeo - - - - -	169
10th “ From St. Teresa to her Brother - - - - -	170
Letters of Fenelon—	
To a Friend - - - - -	171
Contemplation of our Defects - - - - -	172
True Friendship - - - - -	172
Imperfection of our Fellow-Creatures - - - - -	173
Letters of St. Francis de Sales—	
To the Abbe (with his own Portrait) - - - - -	174
To a Young Lady Concerning her Vocation - - - - -	176
To a Young Girl on the Death of her Sister - - - - -	177
To all the Faithful of Christ - - - - -	178
Rural Letter of N. Parker Willis - - - - -	179
Closing Remarks - - - - -	181
Extracts - - - - -	184
General Review - - - - -	189
Synonyms - - - - -	192
Words - - - - -	202
Questions on “Words” - - - - -	210
Forms of Address - - - - -	212
Abbreviations - - - - -	216

	PAGE.
e de	158
-	160
e La	161
-	163
r St.	166
-	167
Gold	167
-	168
us	169
meo	170
-	171
-	172
-	172
-	173
-	174
-	176
-	177
-	178
-	179
-	181
-	184
-	189
-	192
-	202
-	210
-	212
-	216

PART II.

Remarks on Epistolary Writing.



FIRST among the kinds of written discourse we have enumerated, *Epistolary* writing, or letters, which, if we may use the phrase, is the most *national* of them all. To write a letter is but one remove from holding a conversation with a person; and generally the subjects of a letter and our treatment of them are very much *what* we would say, and very much *the manner* we should use in saying it to the person were he present. After oratory, it approaches most nearly to a personal address.

Letter writing enters so largely into all the affairs of life, that it constitutes, by far, the greatest amount of written discourse.

There are as many kinds of letters as there are forms of association, or relation, domestic, social, civic or official; and each peculiar circumstance will dictate the character and manner of the letter. Thus in *letters of business*, or official letters, the design of the writer is to express himself firmly, clearly and concisely; to introduce nothing foreign, or episodical to the subject; and, above all, to be brief, remembering that busy men have not time to read long letters.

I.

All proper letters should be answered *as soon as received*. Attention to this caution would have saved many persons a great deal of discomfort, regret and loss. Although no part of rhetoric, the caution will be pardoned on account of its practical use; and, indeed, the rhetorical character of the answer depends somewhat upon the freshness of the impression made by the letter upon the mind, and this freshness is entirely lost by delay.

II.

All letters should be *carefully* written. A habit is not uncommon among men who write carefully on all other subjects of slighting their letters; of making the *subject matter* unintelligible and slovenly; of neglecting the *date* and *address*; of putting no punctuation marks except *dashes*, which mean nothing; and of writing in a hand almost or quite illegible. All this is wrong, and can very easily be avoided.

III.

Say exactly what you mean without circumlocution or affectation. Many persons write letters as though they were writing a novel or a history; pitching them in too high a key for the occasion and subject. Such are the sentimental letters, written in the romantic periods of life, which have a fanciful rather than real influence.

But, it is evident, the *form* of a letter may be used to present any subject to the public.

Sometimes such a communication is addressed to the editor of a newspaper, sometimes to the public in pamphlet form, and sometimes to some scientific body; but, besides the mere form, these have nothing of the letter about them, and might as well be put in the shape of essays or disquisitions.

Of this nature also are military or naval despatches, the design of which is to describe the movements of an army corps or a fleet of ships; but which are addressed to the secretary of war or the navy. Candidates for public office address their peculiar views to the public, also in letter form. By means of the letters of great men, and particularly of men great in literature, published after their death, we are enabled to see them as they really were, as they could have had no expectation of being presented to the world. Thus letters constitute the best material for biography and are in themselves the best portrait of the writer, giving us the exact traits of character which the biographer might overlook, or fail faithfully to transfer; but which the writer himself has uttered, "out of the fullness of the heart."

The letters of Cowper, witty, poetical, tender, but very sad at times, are such a faithful index to his pure but unhappy life. Those of Sterne show us his easy, careless, and unclerical career, more fully than his works or his autobiography. Indeed, the characters of most great men have been portrayed most faithfully by means of their letters. Among the most charming letters are those of Madame de Sevigne. The letter form is often used

to embody political instruction, to convey political instruction, or to convey political satire and rebuke. A remarkable example of this is found in the Persian letters of Montesquien.

IV.

COMMERCIAL LETTERS—We should give orders briefly and minutely. In returning goods we should politely state our reasons.

V.

If a letter is worth writing, it is worth writing carefully. Do not affect a learned style.

VI.

Never cross your letters. Write in the spirit of cheerfulness. Use quotations sparingly.

VII.

When writing imagine your friend present and write accordingly.

VIII.

Letter writing affords a fine opportunity for the display of originality. In your letter be yourself.

IX.

Let the language of your letter show purity of heart.

X.

Contractions and abbreviations in letters are not in good taste.

XI.

Your intellect and moral worth is seen in your letters. Think before you write, and think while you are writing.

XII.

Underlining is not desirable. Writing should be plain and intelligible. Write your signature in a plain, bold hand.

XIII.

Never write an anonymous letter. Never answer one. Nothing but silent contempt should meet such cowardly, underhand epistles.

XIV.

Date every letter clearly and carefully. It is often of the utmost importance to know when a letter was written.

XV.

It is not possible for too much attention to be paid to the details of letter writing. Do not repeat the words "but" and "and" too often.

XVI.

To neglect answering a letter is as uncivil as not to reply when spoken to. Acknowledge receipt of letter and date, then attend to particular points therein.

XVII.

Would you blush to see your letter in print? Do not send it. Business letters should be promptly answered.

XVIII.

Come at once to your subject, and state it so plainly that your meaning need not be guessed.

XIX.

LETTERS OF FRIENDSHIP :—Come from the heart and are full of delight and charms. Letters of friendship are kind, tender, diffuse and gossiping. They should be the kind referred to by Cowper, when he says he likes talking letters. Letters of a high civic or official character, such as those that pass between ambassadors or ministers of state, should be formal, grave and particularly courteous.

The commonest fault of letters of friendship is egotism. This cannot but be distasteful to the person addressed, no matter how great his interest in the writer. A friend, of course, expects from his correspondent some personal intelligence, but he looks for other matter along with it. In like manner, we should avoid filling a letter with details relating to parties with whom the person addressed is unacquainted.

KINDS OF PAPER TO USE.

Be particular to use a sheet appropriate in shape to the purpose for which it is employed. Paper is now manufactured of every size adapted to the wants of any article written. The names of the various kinds of paper in general use are legal-cap, bill-paper, foolscap, letter-paper, commercial-note, note-paper and billet.

In the writing of all legal documents, such as wills, taking of testimony, articles of agreement, etc., legal-cap is generally used, characterized by a red line running from top to bottom of the sheet.

For Bills, paper is commonly ruled expressly for the purpose, and generally bears the name and business advertisement of the person using the same, at the top.

When writing notes, orders, receipts, compositions, petitions, subscription headings, etc., foolscap paper is used.

For the ordinary friendship letter, or other long letter, it is best to use letter paper, which in size is four-fifths the length of foolscap.

The common business letter should be so brief as generally to require but one page of commercial note, which is somewhat narrower and shorter than letter paper.

Note and billet paper are the smallest sheets made, being suitable for notes of invitation, parent's excuses for children to teachers, and other written exercises that are very brief.

Outlines of Composition,

TO BE ENLARGED BY PUPILS.



As descriptive letters are often a great difficulty to children, because of the little exercise given to their descriptive powers, we place here outlines and hints which, we think, will enable them to give intelligent accounts of what they have seen or read, especially of natural objects.

SPRING.

- I. The feelings it calls forth.
 - II. Its effects on nature.
 - a. The gushing, noisy brook.
 - b. The full-throated robin.
 - c. The swallows circling and sailing through the air.
 - d. Even the old rocks smile and look less hard and stony.
- "No matter how barren the past may have been
Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green."
- III. How long Spring continues its charms.
 - IV. Spring flowers.
 - a. The crocus, with its boldness in embroidering the ground almost before the snow has left.
 - b. The delicate peach blossom.

- c. The apple blossom which challenges the world of flowers to surpass it in delicacy, with its blending of white and red ; its grace and symmetry ; its coloring heightened by the tender verdure of the bursting leaves that surround it.
 - d. The fragrance and poetry of the cowslips, hyacinths, daises and hawthornes of the garden, and the honeysuckles, trilliums, wild moccasins and liverworts of the woods.
- V. How do our American springs compare with those of other countries?
- a. An American spring begins with the first blossoms of the peach and ends with the ripening of the strawberry.
 - b. Spring comes to us with a quick bound.
- VI. Mention some of the particular pleasures of Spring.
- a. Her youth.
 - b. Nature has begun again.
 - c. It brings the month of our Mother, our beautiful Queen of May.

DESCRIPTION OF A CASTLE.

- I. The town near it ; its age, history, and etc.
- II. Situation of the castle.
- III. The approach thereto.
 - a. The turns in the road.
 - b. The banks of streams finely fringed with foliage.
 - c. Beyond, the fine old trees, oaks, elms, and chestnut.
 - d. Other country seats by which you pass.

- e.* The first view of the castle and the feelings it called forth.

IV. Description of a castle.

- a.* Its whole appearance, hoary, venerable, solid, complete.
- b.* The central tower.
- c.* The court-yard with its drapery of ivy and its old mossy trees.
- d.* The walks which surround the court-yard.
- e.* The entrance into the castle from the court-yard.

V. The halls of the castle.

- a.* The entrance hall.
- b.* The great hall, its floors paved with marble, its roof carved in oak.
- c.* Sides paneled in dark cedar, ornamented by the curious and powerful weapons of the great warriors of the family.

VI. The apartments on either side of the great hall.

- a.* The ante-drawing room, with its walls of crimson and gold.
- b.* The great drawing room finely proportioned and perfect in tone; its walls delicate apple green, relieved by a little pure white, and enriched with gilding.
- c.* The cabinet filled with choicest specimens.

VII. The paintings of great artists.

- a.* The celebrated persons they represent:
 - 1. Their age as represented by the painting.

2. Under whose reign was the picture painted, and what circumstances connected with it.
- b. Painting of rural scenes.
- VIII. Views from the windows of the various departments.
- IX. The pleasure grounds.
- a. The fine avenues shaded by evergreens.
- b. The beauty of the castle, heightened by the various beautiful vines and climbers, intermingled with hare-bells, daisies, and the like which had sprung up of themselves on the crevices of the mighty walls.
- X. A view of the castle and its surroundings by moonlight.
- a. The emotions caused.
- b. The associations it recalled.
- c. Beautiful descriptions that we brought back from some of our reading.
- XI. The drives through the neighborhood.
- a. The trees which shade the drives.
- b. The tenement houses; some interesting accounts of their inhabitants.

DESCRIPTION OF A PARK.

- I. Its location and extent.
- II. Its entrances.
- III. Its drives.
- IV. The manner in which it is laid out.
- V. Its trees naming and describing the principal ones.
- VI. Its flower beds, their surroundings and contents.

- VII. Its rustic seats.
- VIII. Its drives, including bridges over natural or artificial waters.
- IX. Describe its statues, if any, and give their histories.
- X. The peculiar attraction of this park, as compared with others you have seen.
- XI. History of its formation, estimated value, and any other remarks that may be of interest to your correspondent.

AMERICAN HORTICULTURE.

- I. The advantages we possess.
 - a. A fortunate range of climate.
 - b. Lands fertile and easily acquired.
 - c. The beauty and grandeur of our forest trees.
 - d. Our favorable Spring which comes to us "with a bound," while the English Spring keeps our Trans-Atlantic neighbors waiting from February to June.
- II. Our Fruits.
 - a. Our improvement in this culture.
 - b. The system of pruning, trenching, mulching, and proper manuring understood by present gardeners.
 - c. Most of our gardeners being either from England or Ireland are taught gardening according to the damp climate of their native country.
 - d. They are not willing to be taught by Americans, as they have found them in many cases ignorant of the art of gardening.
 - e. The years of experience required to convince the

Englishman that in America he need not be *guarding* the roots of plants against wet; be continually thinning out the branches to let in the light; or train his fruit trees upon trellises to expose every leaf to the sunshine. Hence the time lost.

III. American and British horticulture must essentially be different.

- a. The owners of country seats must be taught horticulture in American schools.
- b. The native school of horticulture in Boston. The agricultural Bureau at Washington.

IV. Ornamental trees.

There is no country in the world that produces greater variety of fine forest trees, whether for ornament or lumber, than North America.

V. The use we make of this advantage.

- a. Until within the present time we have been cutting down these trees instead of planting them.
- b. We see the beauty of our native trees in other countries where they are planted with care and taste.

VI. Name and describe some of our native trees.

- a. Our immense oaks with their broad ample limbs and aged form impress us with their dignity. There are forty-four species of indigenous growth between the 20th and 40th degree of north latitude.
- b. The American elm with its pendulous branches.
- c. The birch with its light foliage.

- d. The maple with its cheerful vernal appearance.
 - e. Our American poplars, noted for rapid growth and immediate effect.
 - f. The plane or sycamore, which, in favorable situations and deep soils, produces a noble tree of immense size, sometimes forty or fifty feet in circumference.
 - g. The catalpa, a most striking ornament to a lawn, when, in the summer months, it is loaded with its clusters of delicate blossoms.
 - h. The tulip tree or liriodendron with its beautiful trunk finely proportioned and smooth as a Grecian column; its leaf cut like an arabesque in a moorish palace; its foliage rich as deepest emerald; its blossoms specious and lily-like; its whole figure stately and regal as that of Zenobia. It lifts itself into the finest pyramids of foliage and embellishes and shades without darkening and encumbering. It is clear and fresh and no insect mars the parts of its rich foliage.
- VII. Plants for hedges (natives).
- a. Buckthorn for the Northern States.
 - b. Osage orange for the South.

DESCRIPTION OF A COUNTRY SEAT.

- I. Location.
- II. Extent.
- III. Distance from the nearest large city or other place of special note.

- a.* The time required to reach the seat from said city by water, rail, or horse conveyance.
- b.* By whom the country seat is owned.
- c.* Give a brief history of the family.
- IV. Describe the body of water, if such there be.
- a.* Speak of the landing on the way from your starting point.
- b.* Mention something of the bright sails and steamers on this water.
- c.* The thoughts which the sparkling waters inspire and the sayings of poets which it recalls.
- V. The air that lurks around the country seat.
- a.* Bewitching quiet and seclusion.
- b.* The chimes of the deep mysterious wood, full of the echo of water spirits.
- c.* The veneration felt for the old trees in their completeness and perfection.
- d.* The distance of the calm, serene hills or mountains.
- e.* The historical associations.
- VI. The scenery within and around the seat.
- a.* The foreground, a lawn large and waving in undulations of soft verdure, varied with fine groups and margined with rich hills of foliage.
- b.* The rays that bathe the receding hills—Azure, purple, violet, pale grayish lilac, and the dim hazy hue of the most distant cloud rift, all seem distant yet blending magically into each other in those receding hills. The tones of color, the

sunset fading into twilight, the soft balmy air wafting to us the sweetest perfumes.

VII. The walks.

- a. The path leading to the river.
- b. The deeply shaded bank.
- c. The rustic seats.
- d. The refreshing sound of the tide-waves gently dashing against the rocky shores.
- e. The gravelled beach, which curves along the bank for a great distance, overhung by cliffs crested with pines.
- f. The boats ready for excursion.

VII. The artificial waters within the grounds; the cataract; the lake.

IX. The Flower garden.

- a. How different from the shadows of the wilderness. Here all is gay and smiling, rich masses of color seem to revel in the sunshine.

X. The surrounding of the flower garden.

XI. The drives.

XII. A summary of the whole, ended by an appropriate remark from a standard writer.

VINES AND ROSES.

I. Favorite Vines.

- a. The Chinese Wistaria with its hundred clusters of delicate blossoms.
- b. The Queen of the Prairies with its bloom of deep pink and the Superba nearly white.

- c. The Japan Honeysuckles with very dark, half evergreen leaves and a profusion of lovely delicate white and fawn colored blossoms, lasting all summer, affording a perpetual feast of beauty and fragrance.
- d. The sweet scented Clematis, the very type of delicacy and grace, whose perfume is the most impalpable, yet far-spreading of all vegetable odors.
- e. The European Ivy, the finest of all this class of climbers; its rich masses of glossy deep green foliage with its fine contrast of light and shade, and above all its wealth of association. For what poet, worthy his title, has not spoken of the Ivy? It is the finest of climbers, because it is so perfectly evergreen.
- f. The American Ivy as seen in the centre of a dark cedar or other evergreen in the month of October; the rich contrast of the two colors.
- g. The local interest then her vines add to churches or public buildings.

II. Roses.

Their varieties.

- a. Many of them rang among the vines of which we have just been speaking.
- b. The secret of the perpetual and undying charm about the rose, not in its color, nor sweetness, but in its almost infinite variety.
- c. The Cabbage rose, that perfect emblem of healthful rural life.

d. The delicate and odorous Tea rose.

The China rose which cheats the window of the crowded city of its gloom.

The Moss rose unites the admiration of all classes, coming in as it does with its last added charm to complete the circle.

III. Colors found in roses.

Deep rose, pale rose, bright crimson, brilliant crimson, fine deep pink, dark crimson, pale, flesh-color rose, pure white, deep fawn, salmon shaded with rose, creamy white, glossy bronze, shaded white, bright sulphur.

IV. Names of some of the classes.

Province rose, damask rose, musk roses, the old red moss, crested moss, Baltimore belle, Laura Dacoustz, Persia yellow, village maid.

V. Quote some lines applicable to the rose.

MOSSES.

I. Definition.

A plant growing upon trees, rocks and stones.

II. Varieties of moss.

a. The forest moss.

b. The mountain moss.

c. The sea moss.

1. The forest mosses grow in shady, moist places, upon trees and the banks of narrow streams.
2. The mountain moss is found clinging to the rocks and stones.

3. The sea mosses are found on the rocky coast.

III. Description of mosses.

- a. Minute plants, flowering once a year.
- b. Sea mosses of the most exquisite and fragile beauty, yet enduring the fiercest storms.
- c. Some species branch in long stems clinging to the rock or tree.
- d. Some are entirely without stems clinging to the rock or tree.
- e. They are of various colors: Green, brown, pink, orange and white.
- f. Their structure is the most fairy-like, yet they are the most hardy plants known.

IV. Climate best suited to mosses.

- a. They grow luxuriantly in all climates.
- b. Are found in Iceland in great beauty.
- c. Spitzbergen mosses are famous for their loveliness of form and color.
- d. The highest mountains of Scotland have most luxuriant mosses.
- e. Alpine mosses, beautiful and hardy.
- f. Yet the Torrid Zone produces its own exquisite forest and mountain mosses.

V. Value of mosses.

- a. They are a most beautiful ornament, and the work of framing and arranging them gives employment to a large number of persons.
- b. Iceland mosses possess medicinal properties of great value.

- c. Irish mosses, *nutritive qualities*, and are used for food.

VI. Name some of the various kind of mosses.

- a. Lichens.
- b. Tree mosses and club mosses.
- c. Rock mosses.
- d. Fir mosses.

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

I. Introduction.

Invention is one of the most ancient attributes of the human mind. From the days of Adam man has exercised the inventive faculty, and it is interesting to trace back the antiquity of ingenious and useful devices for benefiting mankind.

II. Some ancient inventions.

- a. Five hundred years before the Christian era, Xenophen mentions beer; and, if we are to believe antiquaries, Noah was the inventor of wine.
- b. Backgammon is said to have been invented by Palamedes 1,200 years B. C.
- c. Six hundred years before Christ, Tarquin erected the first theatre.
- d. Musical instruments are of great antiquity.
 - 1. The cymbal, lute, harp and psaltery are mentioned fifteen hundred years before Christ.
 - 2. Hyagintis invented the flute 1,506 years B. C.
 - 3. Archimedes invented the organ 220 years B. C.

e. Useful articles.

1. Glass and crockery were used in Egypt, fourteen hundred years before the Christian era.
2. Sun-dials and water-clocks measured time nearly two hundred years before Christ.
3. Abarcharsis invented bellows 569 years B. C.
4. Bricks were made two thousand years before the Christian era.
5. The compass was in use 1,115 years B. C.
6. Talus invented the lathe 1,240 years B. C.

f. Arts and sciences.

1. Astronomy was known 2,200 years B. C.
2. Sculpture existed 2,100 years B. C.
3. Painting was an art 2,000 years B. C.
4. Geometry was known 2,095 years B. C.
5. Poetry was written 2,000 years B. C.
6. Philosophy is as old as the world.
7. Nero played upon the bag-pipe.
8. Surgery was practiced 2,200 years B. C.
9. Chemistry was known 2,000 years B. C.

g. Compare some of the antique inventions with the modern conveniences for the same use, as :

1. The sun-dial and the clock.

WOOD.

I. Definition.

The hard substance which composes the body of a tree and its branches, and which is covered by the bark.

- II. How wood is obtained.
 - a. Cut in forests, in our own country, and imported from abroad.
- III. States in our own country famous for wood.
 - a. Maine.
 - b. Virginia.
 - c. Western States, etc.
- IV. Various kinds of domestic wood.
 - a. Hickory.
 - b. Pine.
 - c. Oak.
 - d. Cherry.
 - e. Maple.
 - f. Describe each of these kinds.
- V. Various kinds of foreign wood.
 - a. Mahogany.
 - b. Sandal-wood, etc.
- VI. Countries from which we obtain wood.
 - a. Mahogany, from South America.
 - b. Ebony, from Madagascar and Ceylon.
 - c. Rosewood, from Brazil.
 - d. Sandal-wood, from the Indian Archipelago.
 - e. Satin-wood, from India.
 - f. Lignum-vitæ, from South America.
- VII. Use of Wood.
 - a. Fuel.
 - b. Building.
 - c. Furniture.
 - d. Household articles, tools, etc.

VIII. Some of the articles made from Wood.

- a. Bridges, houses, fences, etc.
- b. Chairs, tables, benches, etc.
- c. Boxes, tubs, tool handles, etc.

IX. Value of Wood.

- a. Indispensable as fuel; even coal cannot be lighted without wood.
- b. Indispensable for building purposes; no other production can take its place.
- c. Indispensable in manufacture; thousands of necessary articles are made entirely of wood.
- d. Its importance as a commercial article.
- e. Importance as a branch of industry, in its culture, its cutting, preparation for use, trade and manufacture.

X. Conclusion.

- a. Trace, as nearly as you can, the various processes necessary to manufacture any wooden articles—the cutting of the tree, sawing of the trunk into planks, and subsequent labor before the article is completed.
- b. Goodness of the Creator in bountifully supplying this valuable product.



→ Fifth Grade. ←

NEWS AND DESCRIPTIVE LETTERS.



Letters of the Fifth Grade.



[1ST LETTER, 5TH GRADE.]

MOUNT ST. JOSEPH ACADEMY,
PHILADELPHIA, PA., Feb. 6, 1886.

My Dearest Auntie—We are at our journey's end, and my first thought is auntie must hear from us by Thursday, so a letter must leave my hands this evening.

What do I think of dear papa's relatives? I can scarcely tell. There is a certain something that reminds me every moment that there is nothing of mamma here, and yet I think I shall love aunt Philomene very much. Such a calm, sweet, dignified air accompanies her every action, that she wins the heart without any apparent attempt to do so. There are times when I expect I shall feel a sort of awe of her; yet I am sure I shall never be afraid to go to her for any thing. You know, my dear auntie, any one who receives my love and confidence must be one to whom I can look up; aunt Philomene is just such an one. I cannot say that there will ever be the tender feeling I have for you, as no one can be so near like mamma as her much loved sister. Yet I shall be happy here for papa's sake; happy too, because my darling mamma would never want her dear ones to be otherwise.

My cousins Wallace, Edna, Edgar, and Baby, as little Scholastica is called, are certainly very beautiful, very amiable and very anxious to make me happy. Uncle Edmund seems to be the life of the house and is loved by every one I have met here. Mrs. Clark, the lady who seems to have everything to do with the children, is well adapted to her responsible charge. The children have great regard for her, and she is evidently the animator of their day's duties. The bell rings for rising at 6 A. M. Mrs. Clark attends to the dressing of the two girls and the youngest boy—that is, she is present to give any necessary instruction. They do everything that is within their power for themselves. When dressed, Baby's prayers are heard by auntie, and the other members of the family, with all the servants, save the cook, assemble for morning prayers in the oratory. That over, Mrs. Clark takes the three children for a walk within the grounds, no manner of weather preventing, except rain or wet snow. Of course the duration of the walk is lengthened or shortened according to circumstances. During this time, auntie and I go to Mass. At 7:30 the breakfast bell rings, and when all are assembled, uncle reads for about five minutes, either from the New Testament or the Following of Christ; grace is then said; the ceremonies of the table are attended to by Mrs. Clark, while auntie looks on, pleased at the good behavior of her children. After breakfast the boys go with uncle Edmund to see the horses attended to, and at 8:30 lessons are commenced and continued until noon, with twenty minutes

intermission at 10 o'clock. Lunch over, play time comes and continues until 2 o'clock, when the artist and music teacher claim their three pupils. At 5 o'clock we have dinner, after which the children are amused in various ways, while auntie has, so far, had some treat awaiting me. I think she is studying my character, and I am anxious for her to know me just as I am.

Auntie often alludes to my darling mamma; says she regrets that she did not become better acquainted with her, and since she was deprived of this pleasure, she hopes she will find all of mamma in me. Oh! how I hope I shall be as good as my idolized mother. May her sweet spirit ever watch over me. Nearly every evening auntie makes a visit to the Blessed Sacrament in our parish church; the children usually accompany her, but since my arrival we have gone without them. Eight o'clock we have night prayers, after which the children retire, as do also most of the servants. I have read for auntie every evening until our bed time, which is 10 o'clock. Now, my own auntie, have I wearied you? No! You want to know everything about me, and therefore you will be glad to receive a long letter.

Papa remained only a few hours, leaving Monday, on the night train. The parting with him was all I could possibly bear. I had a letter from him yesterday; another to-day, and, of course, am so far spoiled now as to look for one to-morrow. Auntie, darling, write soon to

Your most devoted niece,

AGATHA CHESTERFIELD.

[2ND LETTER, 5TH GRADE.]

ST. MARY'S CONVENT,
AMSTERDAM, N. Y., Aug. 15, 1881.

Rev. T. J. O'Connor, Pastor,

St. Mary's Church, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Rev. and Dear Father—I feel that you will be pleased to hear of our safe arrival, and also to learn how we like our new home.

We were all very much fatigued when "moving" and "settling down" were over, but we are thankful that we escaped sickness.

Papa is much pleased with his position and is becoming reconciled to the change. Mamma is satisfied so long as she can send the children to a Catholic school. The boys were placed under the care of the professor yesterday, and next week Maria, Agnes and Laura will be ready to take their places in the classes conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph. The school seems to be in a most flourishing condition and the pastor is ever doing something to add to its interest. Mamma thinks she will like it here very much. Of course, she looks chiefly to the education of the children, then to papa's employment. I cannot say that I am quite satisfied. I do not like changing confessors, and no matter how good may be the one I shall find here, I shall miss the dear pastor from whose hands I received my First Holy Communion, and whose wise counsel has guided me ever since. This thought

shall be among my dearest recollections, and I shall always claim in your regard the place of a spiritual child.

With respect and devotion I am,

Sincerely yours,

MARY MARGARET ELMORE.

[3D LETTER, 5TH GRADE.]

ST. PATRICK'S SCHOOL,
KANSAS CITY, Aug. 15, 1885.

Dear Friend—Some time has elapsed since the reception of your very interesting letter, but I am sure of your forgiveness for my seeming neglect, when I tell you that I have been absent from home for several weeks. I had repeatedly promised Annie F—— to pay her a visit, and at last redeemed my word, by leaving for Baltimore in the latter part of May. She is quite a frequent visitor at the Convent; I accompanied her on two occasions; the last time was just previous to the feast of "Corpus Christi," and I must tell you something of the celebration.

The scenery which surrounds the Convent is certainly worthy the brush of a Raphael. The morning sun had not yet gilded the mountain tops ere the bell summoned the Sisters to arise; an hour later it rang for Mass. We then had breakfast, and at nine o'clock the Chaplain sang a solemn high Mass, after which the procession of the Blessed Sacrament was formed. Preceded by the cross bearer, the procession moved slowly through a wide corridor (which was almost an unbroken chain of lights and

flowers), thence to the chapel of the "Children of Mary." On the grounds, the young ladies had vied with the Sisters in the decorations. On each side of the chapel there was a large mound of grass, surmounted with a rustic vase, filled with the choicest flowers; and on the front, in letters formed of natural white daisies, were the words, "Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on us," while on the opposite mound, "Behold the Lamb of God."

Arriving at the altar of our Immaculate Mother we received the first benediction; the second, at the altar of our Lady of Victories; the third, in the chapel dedicated to St. Joseph. Next, we wound our way to Calvary, and at the foot of the large cross adored Him, who died thereon; from thence, to "Our Lady of Peace," which somewhat resembles that of "Our Lady of Victories." The walk from the convent to the chapel of "Our Lady of Lourdes" was particularly pretty. The little ones had almost carpeted it with rose leaves, varying in color from snow white to dark crimson. At the end of this walk was an arch twelve feet in height and about a foot and a half in depth, which was covered with beautiful flowers; at the other end was another arch, decorated in the same way. Stretched from one to the other was a vine, from which there were small silk banners suspended, having the "Litany of Jesus" painted on them; those on one side bearing the invocations, and the opposite banner having the response in gilt letters, while at short distances on the ground, in letters of white daisies, were different sentences from holy Scripture. The morning

had dawned beautifully bright and balmy, but when we were about to return to the chapel, the low rumbling of distant thunder was heard, while the black clouds came creeping slowly up from behind the mountains, as though they were loathe to cast a shadow over so fair a spot. The vivid lightning flash, however, unmistakably warned us of the approach of the storm. Many dexterous hands were soon at work removing the decorations, and just as Sister neared the house, with the last box of flowers, the storm burst in all its fury, where such a short time since, the scene had been one of the brightest. But every one was satisfied. The work of love had been accomplished, we had had the procession. Annie and I, however, were weather-bound for several days.

I hope you will give me an assurance of your forgiveness for my seeming neglect by writing soon. With fondest love to all, I am ever, Your friend,

STELLA.

[4TH LETTER, 5TH GRADE.]

GEORGETOWN, COL., May 3d, 1885.

My Dear Sister—I should have given you the pleasure of receiving another letter, postmarked Melbourne, Australia, but my last month in that foreign country was so taken up with sight-seeing that I had no time for anything else. Now back in my native land, I send you a "journal" rather than a letter. May 3d we took the vessel near San Francisco, and from that day until our arrival (over a year later), not one passed in which my

dear Uncle Joseph did not give me some opportunity of gaining new information. Uncle has such a charming way of telling things that he makes you feel he is speaking to one as well informed as himself, while he is really instructing the ignorant. Now, my wise cousin, I shall follow my pet uncle's example.

In my first letter to you, I told all the peculiarities of the Pacific Ocean, its numerous islands, with their tall green palm trees, which look at a distance as though they were growing out of the waves, and under which, as we neared them, could be seen plants of the richest green. How beautifully these contrasted with the beaches of sand, white as snow, which separated them from the waves, and how I longed to have our fast steamer stay its onward course that her passengers might enjoy a few hours in one of those delightful spots. I know you have laughed heartily over my first impression of Uncle Joe's Australian home, and the natives of Melbourne. There is no doubt about it, Minerva dear, they are the ugliest people on the face of the earth. Black skin, long wavy hair, faces well developed, broad at the base, lips not quite so protruding as the negro, cheek bones high; eyes small, black and deep set; the nose, naturally of an aquiline form, is depressed by the mother in infancy so that between the eyes it appears sunken, while it is widened at the base. If they can boast of any expression it is one of mingled ill-nature, spitefulness and obstinacy; and they are as deficient in vital as in mental power. Of course, those belonging to Melbourne are the best of the

race, yet their features are not pleasing, and their organization is very coarse. In their native wilds many of them go naked; they do not use the bow, but they can fling a spear with the greatest nicety seventy or eighty yards. They are inclined to cannibalism as a result of war. Rum has made great ravages among them, and they are subject to cutaneous diseases because of their filthy habits. Their faith is very simple; they believe in a good and a bad spirit.

The animal life in Australia is peculiar; the chief predatory animal is the dingo, a very inferior breed of the shepherd's dog; their bushy tails and pricked ears give them a resemblance to a cross between the fox or wolf; they hunt in packs and make the night hideous with their yells. The other Australian carnivora are marine animals. The ruminants and pachydermata are entirely wanting here, while the graminivorous animals are represented by a peculiar class, the marsupiala, to which the American opossum belongs. Here are over one hundred distinct species of marsupials, all possessing the same general characteristics but differing in size, organization and habits of life. The kangaroo macropus is the largest of all. These are distinguished by short fore legs and immensely long hind ones. When feeding, they rest on their fore legs, but when moving rapidly they make great jumps; their stride equalling that of the race horse. The claws of their hind legs are as formidable as the tusks of a bear. All the kangaroos feed together, their flesh is wholesome, and their long thick tail makes excellent soup.

There are five species of rodents resembling our rats and mice. The ornithorhynchus is a viviparous quadruped, living at the bottom of pools, on roots and water-insects; it is found only in Australia. The ornithologist finds innumerable subjects in this island. Hawks, eagles and owls do great damage, even to foals and calves. Parrots and paroquets abound everywhere, and have the most beautiful plumage. Doves and pigeons are plentiful. Wild ducks, geese, swans, etc., are found in the swamps and along the sea-shore.

The gallinaceous birds are wanting. Reptiles are not numerous, and few are harmful. Flies are a perfect plague. Some of the ants are an inch long. Insects are a choice article of food to the natives.

Australia is peculiar in its vegetable life also. The eucalypti and acacias are the universal forms. The eucalypti gum trees are of three varieties—white, blue and red gum. They are often two hundred feet high with a girth of eighty feet. The acacias are to be found of all sizes. The fragrant acacia and the golden wattle attract much notice, the one because of its delightful odor, the other for the beauty it adds to the sylvan scene. The cedar tree, the shioc oak, and the stringy bark are Australia denizens. Then there are graceful cabbage fern, the grass tree, the tea tree, and most beautiful of all, the giant lily. Fruits and edible roots are rare. Among flowers are the purple violet, orchises, lobelias, gold flowers, native flax and common buttercups. Foreign vegetation will find in this climate all that has made

it so productive in its native country. The following have been introduced with the greatest success: cotton sugar, coffee and tobacco; and yet oranges, bananas and lemons are exported to all parts of Australia. The cereals of California flourish with unsurpassed productiveness. All garden productions abound here.

Of the minerals of California you have heard uncle speak so frequently that I would only repeat; quartz and pipe-clay are generally associated with the gold. Melbourne, being the commercial capital, brings to its refuge the tide of emigration, and as I told you in my first letter, you can see human nature in unlimited variety. One could never suppose from the terrible accounts of Van Diemen's land that it is so suited to Europeans, and one of the most delightful islands in the world. The extreme heat, often 130 deg. F., and the long droughts, deprive Australia of surface water; its rivers are ponds; its lakes swamps. In Victoria the mountain ranges run east and west. I did not tell you that uncle took me to Mt. Kosciusko, the chief peak of the Australian Alps. It is 7,285 feet high, and the view from it is beyond description. On the west side is the Gorge, almost perpendicular from the edge of the line, and three thousand feet deep, with the sources of the Murray displaying scenery, the beauty of which cannot be surpassed. On the southwest the mountain retains its bold character. Eastward is a fine country of beautiful slopes and valleys richly watered. The most prominent and striking feature of this outline is its mineral masses which form

the divided range, composed of granite, sienite, protogine, quartz-rock, porphyry, serpentine hornblende, and augitic rocks.

As we proceeded south we arrived at Wilson's promontory where the continental range encounters the sea, and rises in a chain of rock and islands from the ocean, to the opposite coast of Van Diemen's land. Do you remember, when we were younger than we are now, hearing uncle tell us that in Australia, the north wind brought heat, and the south wind, cold and snow; that the animals hopped about on their tail and hind legs; that the trees shed their bark yearly while they retain their thick leathery leaves; and that the leaves of some trees give no shade because their edges are towards the light? We hardly believed all this then, but I assure you that seeing these peculiarities of our uncle's home brought back many a winter night at our dear Colorado fire-side, and placed you many, many times beside me.

And now, my dearest sister, have I worried you? How are my darling little nieces, and your excellent husband? How anxiously I await your coming! only two months more and I shall embrace my loved ones, and make their eyes glisten with the beautiful pearls and shells that have come to them from the other side of our grand Pacific.

Adieu, loved sister; love to George, a kiss to my darlings, and all that is good and beautiful for my sister, from,

ADELE LIVINGSTON.

[5TH LETTER, 5TH GRADE.]

SAN DIEGO, CAL., April 20th, 1886.

Dear Friend—Your anxiously expected and thrice welcome letter has been duly received. Need I say its contents were most gratifying? “Am I enjoying my visit?” Yes indeed, and I have so much to tell you that I scarcely know where to begin. Yesterday we visited the Art Gallery and how I wished for you, for with your love of the beautiful, it would have been a perfect treat. There was one painting I admired particularly, it represented Judith as she emerges from the tent of Holofernes, her left hand almost hidden in the hair of the tyrant, while her right still grasps the sword which it had wielded with such heaven-given strength; her rich apparel is crimsoned here and there with the blood which saved Bethulia. In the distance are the guards keeping watch, who suffered Judith and her maid to pass unmolested, little dreaming that she carried the head of their slaughtered general beneath her costly wrapping. How I wish I could give you an idea of the expression of her face. I am almost tempted to call it heavenly. All that I can say is that it is beautiful beyond my powers of description. There were several other charming paintings; one entitled, “The Dying Child,” the mother, on whose face is pictured unutterable agony, is bending over the fragile form so soon to be snatched from her tender embraces. “An American Forest in Autumn” was admired by all visitors. Besides the paintings, there were numerous engravings,

statues and carvings in wood ; among the latter there was one which has attracted universal attention. It represents the Blessed Virgin with the body of our Lord upon her lap just after having been taken down from the cross and it is certainly worthy of admiration. On the sweet face of our dearest Mother there is an expression of unspeakable woe ; her lips are slightly parted, as though a sigh had just escaped them, while the tear-drops are trickling down the pale cheeks ; around the five sacred wounds on the body of our Lord there is the purplish color of the bruised blood ; the veins are so swollen that they look like large cords, the pallid hue of death contrasting so strongly with the hand of the Virgin Mother. All this, formed of common wood, undoubtedly deserves a prominent place among the works of art.

The Forty Hours' Devotion commenced at the Cathedral on last Sunday, in which the procession formed quite a feature. Just as the Bishop was about to give the blessing at mass, the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception moved slowly up the right-hand aisle, and knelt during the remainder of holy mass. Every thing is in readiness, but surely the sexton has forgotten the canopy, for no where can it be seen. The bishop, however, intones the "*Pangua Lingua*" and, as if by magic, a flowery arch is raised over the aisle, each member of the sodality having a wand about four feet long covered with natural flowers and so arranged that they could be hooked together. They stood thus with their many-colored flowery roof, until the Bishop and attendant clergymen passed

by about six of them, then they gently turned and went to the foot of the left-hand aisle, thus following each other till the aisle was filled, and the Blessed Sacrament was borne back to the high altar beneath this canopy of nature's choicest gifts. It was certainly a pretty and, to me, a novel sight.

About eighteen miles from the city is Bonny Ville Island, a choice spot and the summer resort of many of the wealthier citizens. I cannot understand why so many go to Long Branch, Saratoga and other places of the kind, when they have just as good so near home. The beach, extending a mile into the water, is perfectly level and safe for surf bathing, which is much indulged in. A stroll on the beach after sunset, to watch the white-capped waves chase each other to this spot, was a source of great pleasure to me. During the day it was too warm to go out. One morning we started very early to go to the Light House. Mamie and I, however, were the only two of the party who would go to the balcony which is around the top. We were told that we would repent of it next day, but we had come determined to reach that balcony if possible, and we were not to be deterred by the fear of fatigue. There are one hundred and eighty steps, every ninth one being divided by a land top. After a rather tiresome ascent, we were rewarded by a magnificent view of the grand old Atlantic; but we did not tell the others that we paid for it by something else besides the view, for had we mentioned that we thought we were getting the rheumatism, we would not have received much sympathy.

As my letter is now almost too long, I shall reserve the remainder until my return, which will be soon ; till then, adieu.

Your loving friend,

EDWINA RYAN.

[6TH LETTER, 5TH GRADE.]

NAZARETH RETREAT.

CONVENT OF THE HOLY FAMILY, May 10th, 1883.

Very Dear Susie—The pupils who are spending vacation at the academy have been sent out here during the Sisters' retreat ; we are only five, have a pleasant time and wish you were with us to enjoy our ramble in the green woods. Were you ever here ? It is, as you are aware, the novitiate house of the Sisters. The convent is situated on a farm which is embosomed in an amphitheatre of woods, like a fringe to a beautiful robe. We inhale at every breath the fresh country air which is making us as rosy as you, Susie. You will scarcely recognize Julia and me when we meet at the opening of school. And must I wait until then to see you ? Two long summer months ! Could you not spend one of these months at the Academy before class is resumed ? You know we will be in Carondelet next week ; do try to spend the vacation at the Academy ; we can review our studies together and be the better prepared to enter on the advanced course in September. We did not bring our books here, but we have a splendid opportunity to study botany ; such a variety of trees, shrubs and plants. Some parts of the grounds around the convent are ablaze with snow-balls and pansies, shel-

tering arbor vitæ and roses. If I were only in a mood to enjoy the beauties of nature and art—for both are combined to render this place as pretty as a poet's dream—I could improve my taste for botany; but I feel too lonely without my classmate, and separated from you, Susie dear, can make no advances in self-culture.

What do you think of this? Miss Singleton, a new boarder and not a Catholic, has been just arguing that Christopher Columbus was not the first discoverer of America, that the honor belongs to one Norsemen who visited our shore sometime in the eighth century. Then all I have to say is we owe the Norsemen, nor even Americus Vesputius, no gratitude for all the good their discovery brought to our country, which would have been left to the shadowy creed of the ghostly "hunting grounds" and other vagaries of the sects to this day. Indisputable, I told her, is the fact that Columbus was the first bearer of the cross to the New World. Is it not so?

I am longing to hear from you. If you cannot come to see us next week, I entreat you to write to

Your affectionate,

DAISY.

[7TH LETTER, 5TH GRADE.]

DENVER, COL., May 8th, 1883.

My Dear Daisy—You are a kind, good classmate to think of your absent friend while you are enjoying the delights of the Sisters' country home. Yes, I have been at Nazareth, went there with auntie when she visited her

niece, Sister M. That was three years ago, and if Nazareth has continued to grow in beauty, I envy your vacation. One of the Sisters died the day previous to our going out, and the carrying of the remains to their peaceful resting place was a scene, the simplicity and sweetness of which shall never leave my mind. If I had any hope of ever painting that solemn procession on canvas, and at the same time reproducing the singing of the choir, I should willingly sacrifice my whole life to the effort. The lettering over the arched entrance, "In peace, in the self same I shall sleep, and I shall rest," attracted my attention, probably because of the two graceful willows whose united branches hang over it. As the remains were lowered, and the Sisters knelt in prayer, the rays of the setting sun fell on that beautiful "city of the dead," and I could almost hear the voice of the dear departed saying to her weeping, Sisters "In peace, in the self same I shall sleep, and I shall rest." Long after the Sisters had returned to the convent I remained to enjoy the sweet solemnity of Nazareth's "Calvary." How prettily the little lots are laid out, surrounded by the wide graveled walk and ornamented by many varieties of dwarf evergreens. How nobly stand the picturesque larches on either side of the life-sized crucifix and in striking contrast with the weeping willows. And that crucifix! I do not think one could possibly pass by it without kneeling to adore their crucified God. Reading the lettering on the metallic crosses which mark the resting-place of each Sister, I could not but think of the many dear ones

whom God called to Himself while they were still young, and but a few years wearing the habit that we think so becoming. The woods at the rear of the cemetery seem to have grown there to make an appropriate back ground. The large convent bell, breaking the death-like stillness, roused me from my reveries and called me to the "May Devotions." This pleasant duty over, we took a moonlight walk to the various shrines, then down the shaded walk to the yellow house and barnyard; when again the bell announced night prayers. "A good night and pleasant dreams" I enjoyed in real earnest, and after mass, the following day, I saw Nazareth in its morning glory. Breakfast over we went to the cemetery again and followed Sister M.'s suggestion to make the Stations of the Cross there for the repose of the departed.

Do not think, now, my dear friend and classmate, that I am trying to convince you that you are overlooking any of the beauties which surround you. I want to prove to you that I have seen the Sisters' "Retreat." Your comparison pleased me—"embosomed in an amphitheatre of woods like a fringe to a beautiful robe." I am sure you are making good use of the air. Thanks for the compliment paid to my cheeks, how delicate of you not to say face instead. I am very much afraid that my friend Daisy does not bother herself much with botany, yet I admit that she is drinking in the beauty around her. I shall do my best to induce my dear mother to allow me to return to the convent the first week of August, provided the Sisters' retreats are over. So Miss Singleton is loath to

give a Roman Catholic the credit of discovering our grand world. I hope Sister W. will make her study history. If we are admitted to the advanced course department we shall have plenty of work the coming year.

Daisy, I shall now tell you something very confidential, no one must know it outside the confessional but my dear friend. My visit to Nazareth has filled me with a desire to become a Sister of St. Joseph, should I ever be good enough. If by sacrificing the little I can ever hope to possess on earth, I can secure a death and burial such as I witnessed three years ago, willing do I renounce all, that I too may feel in dying, "In peace, in the self same I shall sleep, and I shall rest."

Pray for me, dear Daisy, and be assured of the same favor from

Your friend and classmate,

SUSIE.

[8TH LETTER, 5TH GRADE.]

FLORENCE, August 20th, 1883.

MISS LUCRETIA O'DONNELL,

TUSCON, ARIZONA.

My Dearest School Friend—I have just returned from my delightful visit to my dear grandma's, and I have learned so much about her native city, and all from her dear self, that you must make up your mind to be duly instructed in the same.

Oh Lue, I do wish you could see my darling grandma, see and hear her too. She is past seventy-five and yet

her memory is excellent and her entertaining qualities increase with her years. You know, Lue, grandma has always been a literary character and nothing gives her more pleasure than to see her young people inclined in the same manner. She knows her own city perfectly, and introduced it to me in some what the following style: "St. Louis is situated in the very heart of the great Mississippi Valley. It is well supplied with iron from Pilot Knob and Iron Mountain. The lead districts of the State cover more than six thousand square miles. Fifteen counties produce copper, and within one hundred miles of the city gold, iron, lead, zinc, copper, tin, silver, platinum, nickel, emery, cobalt, coal, limestone, granite, pipe-clay, fire-clay, marble, metallic paints and salt are found in quantities which well repay working. In the State there are twenty millions of acres farming land, five millions best in the world for grapes, besides a sufficiency of timber land. All these, my child," added my grandma, "are emptied into our great city where they are manufactured or sent in their raw state throughout the United States or sent across the ocean. Then the city is on the grand 'Father of Waters,' with the junction of the Missouri twenty miles above, that of the Ohio one hundred and seventy below, and it is, at the same time, the river terminus of a complicated system of western railways."

The history of this Catholic city dates back to February 15th, 1764, when Pierre Siguest established a fur trading depot, with the permission of the Governor General of Louisiana. In 1764 Louis XV. ceded his possession

west of the Mississippi to Spain. It remained the Spanish out-post of Louisiana for thirty years. In 1812 the portion of the territory lying north of the thirty-fifth degree of latitude was organized as Missouri Territory. In 1813 the first brick house was erected here. In 1820 its population was 4928. In 1822 it was incorporated as a city. The population in 1880 was 350,522 and since that time it has been rapidly on the increase. St. Louis is built on three terraces, twenty, one hundred and fifty, and two hundred feet above low-water mark. The second terrace begins at Twenty-fifth street and the third at Cote Brilliante. The highest hill in the neighborhood of the city was the lofty mound on the bank of the river which caused the term "Mound City." No trace of the mound is now to be seen.

St. Louis has copied Philadelphia in the arrangement of its streets, the numbering of its houses and even in the architecture of its building. The most imposing building of the city is the Columbia Life Insurance, built of iron, in the Renaissance style, ten stories high, with a massive cornice representing mythological figures.

The wholesale business of St. Louis is confined to Front, Main, Second and Third Streets. Pine, Olive and Locust Streets, Chouteau Avenue and Lucas Place are famed for magnificent residences. Lindell Avenue is twelve miles in length.

The people of St. Louis are supplied with water from the river, the water works being about three and one-half

miles north of the court house. Two pumping engines, each with a daily capacity of 17,000,000 gallons, supply all needs.

Am I to tell you nothing but the geography and history of St. Louis? Well, my dear Lue, in this age you are supposed to know a little of every thing. I shall now introduce you into a magnificent terrestrial paradise—Shaw's Garden. Just enter and look for yourself. I could never describe it. One hundred and nine acres laid out in three sections: First the Herbaceous and Flower Garden, occupying ten acres; second, the Fruiticetum, covering six acres; third, the Arboretum, including twenty-five acres. Here, too, is the labyrinth leading to a summer-house in the center, and if you follow my example you will enter it alone and be lost in the maze; the intricate hedge-bordered pathway is intended to lead one astray. I could not but think of the many fairy tales we have listened to and concluded that they were written in some such place as Shaw's Garden. Such flowers, such shrubbery, such fruit, and ornamental trees! If St. Louis possessed no other attraction, any one who can appreciate the combination of nature and art would be amply rewarded for the fatigue and expense of a week's travel, by a day or two spent in this garden of Eden. All this magnificent display of the Vegetable Kingdom has been planned and executed by Mr. Henry Shaw who throws it open to the public. I wish you could see it!

I do not think any public grounds could surpass in beauty Lafayette Park, in St. Louis. It is laid out and

ornamented elaborately, while the elegant residences which surround it, add greatly to its attractiveness. Forest Park lies four miles west of the court-house, and contains 1350 acres. The River Des Peres runs through it, and the native forests are still standing. I must not forget Tower Grove Park, among whose delightful lawns we rode and listened to dear old grandma's description of the varied shrubbery. I was disappointed, however, in the churches of St. Louis—so is every visitor.

You know grandma's favorite Convent is in South St. Louis—mamma and her two sisters were educated there. Sister Mary Rose of whom you have often heard mamma speak, died only two years ago. We visited this convent the Thursday before leaving St. Louis; I have so much to say about the beautiful chapel there, and especially the portion of it called the "Martyrs' Chapel," that I dare not commence here. Another letter shall give you this account, and if ever you intend becoming a religious, this is the place for you. It is a religious home in very deed.

Many of the Sisters remember mamma, and were glad to see her daughter. No wonder mamma speaks so much of her beautiful convent home—I would have been glad to remain there the rest of my life.

In return for this long letter, I want a full account of everything that has happened since I saw you last. As ever, my dear friend,

Your loving

LUCILLA FRANKLIN.

[9TH LETTER, 5TH GRADE.]

CONVENT OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST,
SYRACUSE, N. Y., Aug. 15th, 1883.

M. C. MELVILLE, KANSAS CITY, MO.

My own darling Papa—Harry, your pet son, has been advising me as to the proper contents of this letter, just as if I did not know how to talk, even on paper, to my papa. My wise brother proposes a description of Chicago, saying, "you know Sis, papa wishes us to make good use of our travelings, and nothing could give him more pleasure than to know that we are acquiring useful knowledge during our vacation."

I am sure Harry thinks I did not ask a single thing about Chicago, except where the most fashionable dress-maker and milliner kept her establishment, or at what news stand I could purchase the latest novel; while he, the modern Solomon, gathered up all the geography and history of the beautiful and grand city we have just left. Well, I shall tell you, papa, how I have managed. Uncle Edward, you are well aware, thinks no city in the world better than Chicago, and as he has been living there nearly thirty years, there is not much about it that he does not know. I took note of the information he gave us, and shall now try to place it in order.

The Indian word "Chicago," means skunk or wild onion, and also the widely-varying titles of a king or deity. The first application was appropriate in the early history of this city when, without drainage or proper water

supply, it was foul from all the accumulated impurities of the soil, while the Chicago of to-day, purified by fire and in an excellent sanitary condition, may claim the more enviable titles.

Joliet and Marquette the first white visitors to the site of this city, arrived there in August of 1673. In 1674, Father Marquette erected a rude church there. 1804 was built Dearborn Fort, and in 1812 a bloody Indian massacre took place at this spot, now the head of Michigan avenue, below its intersection with Lake street. The Fort was finally demolished in 1856. In September, 1835, the Pottawatomies bade a final farewell to the fort after several scrambles and bloody fights. Some of the descriptions I have read of this abandonment are very touching.

Before there was a railroad begun, or a canal finished, Chicago reported two and a quarter millions of bushels of grain in a year. The Illinois River is connected with the Chicago River, and through the latter with Lake Michigan by a canal, which enters it at La Salle. This canal established the future prosperity of Chicago.

In 1849 the first railroad approached within ten miles of the city. In 1852 the Michigan Central and Michigan Southern railroads were completed, and now Chicago is a grand railroad centre. Here Uncle gave me the following account of the burning of Chicago :

"Sunday, Oct. 8th, 1871, a cow kicked over a lantern among loose, dry hay, in a stable, at or near the corner of Jefferson and DeKoven Streets on the west side. A long

drought, high wind, and the ample supply of inflammable matter throughout the city, were most favorable for one of the greatest fires the world has ever known. It spread with an incredible rapidity. Many took refuge in the river or lake, but the flames reached them even here and caused them a double death. Some were crushed by the crumbling walls of their houses or workshops; others suffocated by the smoke. Even fire-proof buildings seemed to melt down before the terrible heat. The amount lost by the insurance companies, American and Foreign, was \$88,634,133. More than 2,200 acres were swept by the flames in the space of thirty hours. The value of the buildings consumed was estimated at \$75,000,000, while the contents were at least as much more. The total loss is supposed to be nearly \$200,000,000. Aid came to the sufferers from all quarters—even China forwarded \$1,290. By December the cash donations amounted to \$2,508,000.

“While the smouldering ruins were glowing with heat, on the Wednesday following the terrible outbreak, the work of rebuilding began, and within a month, five or six thousand temporary buildings were erected. Now, the visitor walking through squares and squares of streets ablaze with life and commercial activity, sees no trace of the great disaster of only fourteen years ago, save that of increased elegance. Chicago recognizes this fire as her greatest blessing.”

The Palmer House, rebuilt since the fire, is one of the finest hotels in the world and is entirely fire-proof. It

cost 3,500,000. The Grand Pacific Hotel occupies half the block bounded by Jackson, Clark, Adams and LaSalle Streets; it is in no respect inferior to the Palmer House.

There are three hundred churches in Chicago. The Common schools of this city are the finest in the country. The University of Chicago, founded by Stephen A. Douglas, boasts the largest telescope in America.

The parks and boulevards of Chicago are a prominent feature. The Lake Shore Drive, the great north side boulevard, is one of the finest drives in the world. Lincoln Park, lying upon the lake to the northward, contains 310 acres, and served during the fire as a refuge for sufferers. Humboldt, Central and Douglas Parks extend along the western boundaries of the city. They are large, contain lakes, ponds, walks, drives, fountains and statuary, and are connected with each other by wide ornamented boulevards. Drexel boulevard is for pleasure only.

Now, my own papa, I shall let brother Harry give you an account of the Water Works—of “The Great Bovine City of the World,” and of the Grain Market of this wonderful city.

Leaving Chicago last Wednesday, we saw its rural surroundings from which it receives its pleasing title “The Garden City.”

From our letters of Sunday last you learned of our safe arrival at Aunt Mary's and of the plans laid for our visit. May God bless our dear papa for the many treats he affords his two spoiled children. I know you are lonely

for us, and we miss you more than we can ever tell. I hope Aunt Ellen is taking good care of you and of her dear self too.

Harry comes in just now, and says he must read every line of my letter. See what a tyrant he is.

In two weeks we shall be with you in dear Kansas City again. Until then let us continue to hear from you daily.

Your only daughter,

CATHERINE McCLOSKEY.

[10TH LETTER, 5TH GRADE.]

ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT,

OAKLAND, December 8th, 1883.

My fondly loved Father—Here I am, nearly three thousand miles away from you, and though all at grandpapa's are very kind to me, I miss you and my darling mother more than you can ever know. Grandpa took me to San Francisco last week, and on the way told me the principal characteristics of the city, adding, "You must remember all this, my dear, for your father will be gratified by an account of the 'Golden State.' "

San Francisco is on a peninsula which extends between the bay of that name and the ocean. The peninsula is thirty miles long and six wide, across the city, which stands on the eastern slope. The entrance to the bay is through a passage five miles in length and about two in width. Rocks rise perpendicularly on the northern side of the entrance to a height of three thousand

feet. The entrance to the bay is called the Golden Gate. The bay is about forty miles in length, its widest point being twelve miles. At Oakland it is eight miles wide. Red Rock, Bird Rock, the Two Sisters, and other small islands dot the bay. How proudly I recalled the historical fact that in 1772 the first ship, the *San Carlos*, passed the portals of the Golden Gates and was commanded by Caspar De Portala, a Franciscan monk, that Portala had visited the site of San Francisco six years before, and named the harbor after the seraphic St. Francis; finally, that the sons of St. Francis labored with zeal and industry in this western land, converting the Indians, and using their influence over the subdued savages, by teaching them the arts of civilization. Grandpa told us, in a very interesting manner, of the way in which gold was discovered by James W. Marshall. Having taken the contract of erecting a mill on a confluent of the Sacramento, about fifty miles east of Sacramento City, he was cutting and widening the tail race, when, on January 18, 1848, he saw particles of a glittering substance. The next month San Francisco pronounced the specimens brought there, gold. Then came the gold seekers from Maine to Louisiana, from every country in Europe, from Australia and from China. Men came and went; some made fortunes, other lost what they brought with them. San Francisco was chartered as a city, and men became convinced that they could make money without digging for it. The warm ocean current flowing northward along the coast of China and Siberia, turning to the south as it reaches

Alaska, washes the western coast of the American continent. It is so warm that it produces a marked effect upon the coast, though it is sensibly cooled by its proximity to Arctic seas. Not a drop of water falls in the summer, and the rainy season is winter, here though, the air is mild and spring-like. The mean temperature in January is 49 deg ; in June, 56 deg. Roses bloom every month in the year, and strawberries ripen from February to December. The California market between Kearney and Montgomery Streets is one of the sights of the city. It displays the incredible varieties of fruits, vegetables and grains produced in the State.

The Sand hills around San Francisco show few trees and those are principally stunted live oaks. Grandpa says that even these could not be produced there were it not for irrigation.

Windmills are quite common, and little streams of water trickling, here and there, vivify the earth.

All pleasure seekers turn to Montgomery Street, which is quite broad and lined with handsome buildings. This street climbs a hill so steep that carriages cannot ascend it ; but we followed grandpa's advice by leaving our conveyance and walking up the flight of steps. The view more than repaid us. From this height we could study the city and the bay, and promised ourselves to come again for a like purpose. Most of the streets of San Francisco are laid out at right angles with one another. The business streets are paved with Belgian blocks or cobble stones, while most of the residence streets are planked. One

feature spoils the city—between fine brick or stone structures, several stories high, are sandwiched wooden houses of one or two stories, the relics of a too near past.

On returning from sight-seeing the fourth day, grandpa told us of the Cliff House, and very early the next morning we visited it. It is a large low building, set on the edge of a cliff rising from the ocean and facing the west. Here one has a grand view of the Golden Gate, and my eyes were strained far over the ocean, till grandpa and uncle Charles asked me if I could see China. "Well," I answered, "I can see something." Uncle, with a wink toward grandpa said, "Perhaps it is Japan." But grandpa told me that the Farrallon Islands could be seen on a day as clear as this; and that they are composed of broken and water-worn rocks forming sharp peaks, and containing many caves. Sea birds, gulls, mures, shags and sea-parrots make their home here. The cliffs of these islands are alive with sea-lions, some of them being as large as an ox and equally clumsy. "But," added grandpa, "we must see the lions of Seal Rock. There is 'Ben Butler' and further to the right you can see that other immense animal, 'General Grant.' They are the 'Lords of the Rock.' " We took breakfast at the Cliff House and returned to San Francisco before the sea breeze began.

I heard so much of the Chinese portion of the city that I expressed a wish to see it. To this my dear grandpa shook his head. "No, my child, that is no place for you. There is congregated the roughest and rudest elements,

and their shameless revelings are too vile to name. The Chinese are not without their good qualities however. They are industrious, frugal and scrupulously honest, but the Chinese must leave San Francisco or it is a lost city." This explanation removed all desire to pay a visit to the "Chinese Quarter."

On Sunday, we heard mass in the church of St. Ignatius, in McAllister Street. This is the largest and finest church edifice on the Pacific Coast, though the interior of St. Patrick's, in Mission Street, takes precedence.

Having spent a week at uncle Charles, grandpa grew uneasy about those at home, and Monday afternoon we returned to Oakland. The Sisters of St. Joseph are here now, the same order as those at home. Perhaps some of our dear Albany Sisters may be sent to this city, and then I may call at the Convent and become acquainted with the Sisters here. Rev. Father McN—— declares that no school in the country shall excel his, and evidently he means what he says. Now, my own dear father, this is a descriptive letter, though my heart is full of messages for my precious ones at home. Tell Loyola to do everything for mamma, and I know Thecla will take care of our papa.

The fondest and truest love that a devoted child cannot but feel thousands of miles away from "home and dear ones," I send to all.

Your lonely child,

COLUMBA INGLETON.

[11TH LETTER, 5TH GRADE.]

ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT,

NEWTON, ILLS., April 17th, 1884.

MR. HOWARD STEWART,

KILRUSH, IRELAND.

My Darling Brother—You cannot imagine how lonely home is without you—every one is blue and, consequently, cross. Mamma is really unapproachable, and our little sister's eyes are never dry. Papa tries to keep us alive, but we all see that he misses his boy more than any of us.

Now do not let grandpa keep you from us too long, and yet be sure to enjoy your visit, and above all, come back to us well and strong. We have often sung, "What is Home Without a Mother," but now I am ever thinking, "What is home without our brother?"

Papa and I remained in New York nearly a week after parting with you. Poor papa! he said he was almost afraid to bring me back home until I grow somewhat accustomed to being without you. Everything of importance he advised me to note in order that I might send you a full account. From this I judge that you are to come directly home after leaving the ocean steamer, instead of remaining in the "Metropolis of the New World." The first thing we must do in describing a city, according to dear Sister—, is to give its boundaries. Well, New York City is situated at the mouth of the Hudson, eighteen miles from the Atlantic Ocean. It has an area of about 27,000 acres—14,000 on Manhattan Island, and

about 12,000 on the main land; the remainder, including Ward's, Blackwell's, Randall's, Governor's, Ellis' and Bedloe's Islands.

New York Bay is thought to be the most beautiful in the world. Staten Island rises abruptly from the shore with its hills, valleys, fields, trees, villages and villas. Near the Jersey shore is Ellis' Island. Bedloe's Island is not far from the centre, on which is to be placed the Statue of Liberty, presented to the United States by France. Governor's Island lies to the right, between New York and Brooklyn. Each island is fortified, the last named is Castle William and old Fort Columbus. On the bay may be seen ships of every nation—ocean steamers setting out for foreign shores or returning therefrom. The city, as I am sure you can verify, presents a beautiful view from the bay.

Wall street is the great monetary centre of the entire country. On it and blocks leading from it are probably stored more gold and silver than in all the rest of the United States put together. Then the magnificent buildings in this section of the city. In the site of the old Federal Hall, in which Washington delivered his first inaugural address, is a stately white marble structure in the Doric style, and opposite it is the white marble palace, in the style of the Renaissance, known as the Drexel Building. We viewed with interest "Washington's Headquarters" with its surrounding relics of the past; houses, once the homes of the gentility in colonial times. We visited the venerable graveyard north of Trinity Church, where repose the

remains of A. Hamilton, Capt. Lawrence, Robt. Fulton and Charlotte Temple. Some of the headstones look as though they had stood there for centuries.

The Post Office opposite the Astor House, on the east side of Broadway, is a massive structure of Doric and Renaissance architecture. It is four stories in height, beside a Mansard roof, costing \$7,000,000.

Fifth Avenue, the most beautiful avenue in America, makes a beginning at Washington Square, where a lovely park may be seen embowered in trees. This place was once known as the Potter's Field, and used as a burying ground for paupers. The New York University faces the same square on the East, the southern side being occupied principally by business houses.

But the new Cathedral in New York! I am so sorry you had not an opportunity of seeing it. No description can do it justice. We have heard of it—read of it—longed to see it, and I, at last, have had that opportunity. We attended High Mass there on Sunday, and many a time during the divine service I was distracted by the thought, Can St. Peter's in Rome surpass this? Of course a visitor from the Eternal City could see the difference, but my imagination failed to present a grander picture.

The Cathedral is of white marble, decorated in Gothic style, finely carved and has a number of rose windows that remind one of lace work. On entering the church, I could not help whispering to papa, "It is very small is it not?" Papa smiled, and leading me to one of the back pews. I was astonished at the insignificant appearance of the Cele-

brant and his assistants as they entered the sanctuary. A moment's thought told me it was the distance between us that made the tall, well-built man appear like a child. I can say nothing here of the choir which I know I could not appreciate. You have heard the opinions of competent judges. We had an interview with the dear, venerable Archbishop, Cardinal McCloskey. Papa, you know, knew him when he was Bishop of Albany.

You remember the building that you said reminded you of Egyptian temples? Its gloomy appearance was not cheered on finding it is the city prison, known as "The Tombs." How gladly we turned from its chilling walls to the warmth and sunshine of New York's grand Central Park. It contains eight hundred and forty-three acres and embraces an area from Fifth to Eighth avenues, and from Fifty-ninth to One-hundred-and-tenth streets. Here are the Zoological Gardens, the old State Arsenal, the Metropolitan Museum of Art; the Mall, with a terrace at its northern terminus; the Central Lake, a fountain with immense granite basins, and, oh, so many objects of note, that must merit far more than I can take time to mention. You no doubt remember that I was most anxious to see the wonderful Suspension Bridge, which history must acknowledge as a monument "to the self-sacrificing devotion of woman." The bridge is more than a mile long, and eighty-five feet wide; it cost \$15,000,000. No wonder Col. Roebling said, on viewing his grand project carried through so successfully, "I am satisfied."

Papa so often remarked: "How this city has progressed in so short a time, and what is it now, to what it will be twenty years hence." We bade New York farewell on Thursday morning, arriving home Saturday. All were well, and are so still, but we miss our big brother. Mamma will write again to-morrow. I suppose every mail steamer will bring you news from home.

Take good care of yourself, dear Howard, and come home soon to
Your anxious sister,

BERTILLA.

Questions for Fifth Grade.



EPISTOLARY WRITING.

1. How does Epistolary writing rank among written discourse?
2. What are generally the subjects of our letters and our manner of treating them?
3. How does it compare with oratory?
4. What portion of written discourse does it occupy?
5. How many kinds of letters are there?
6. Mention the classes into which they are commonly divided.
7. What is the design of the writer in letters of business and official letters?
8. What is the rule for answering letters?
9. What can you say of the writing of a letter?
10. Mention some of the faults often to be found in letters.
11. Name letters that are such only in form.
12. What can you say of military and naval despatches?
13. How do candidates for public offices address their peculiar views to the public?
14. What are the characteristics of such letters?

15. What can you say of underlining? Of anonymous letters?
 16. Why should we be careful in writing the date of the letter?
 17. Name the words we are apt to repeat in writing letters.
 18. What does Cowper say of letters of friendship?
 19. Give the thoughts of other writers on the same.
 20. Give the names of the different kinds of paper.
 21. What sort of paper should be used in the writing of all legal documents? For bills? For orders? Letters of friendship? Business letters?
 22. For what purposes should foolscap be used? Note and billet paper?
-

OUTLINES.

SPRING.

1. Give the six headings treated of in this outline.
2. Mention the adjectives used in describing the following objects: the brook, the robin, the swallows, the rocks.
3. Repeat the two lines of poetry used here.
4. What is said of the crocus? The peach blossom? The apple blossom? The cowslip, hyacinth, daisies, hawthorns, etc.?
5. What can you say of our American spring?
6. What are the pleasures of spring?

DESCRIPTION OF A CASTLE.

1. Where can you find descriptions of castles?
2. Why do we usually speak of castles as being hoary and venerable?
3. What does the given outline say of the floors and roof of the great hall? Of the sides?
4. What are the grandest ornaments of which the walls of a castle can boast?
5. What is said of the drawing-room? Of the paintings?
6. Mention some of the views to be seen from the windows of the castle.

PARKS.

1. Give the eleven headings mentioned in this outline.

AMERICAN HORTICULTURE.

1. Give the advantages we possess in this industry.
2. What can you say of American fruits?
3. Why must American and British horticulture be different?
4. What can be said of the ornamental trees this country produces?
5. Describe the following trees: The elm, birch, American poplar, plane, maple and tulip.

DESCRIPTION OF A COUNTRY SEAT.

1. Give in their proper order the headings which should be treated of in a composition of this kind.

2. Give some of the particulars of the sixth heading.

VINES AND ROSES.

1. Name some of the favorite roses.
2. What can you say of the American and European ivies?
3. What can you say of the local interest these vines add to churches and public buildings?
4. Of what is the cabbage rose an emblem?
5. What can be said of the tea rose? China rose? The moss rose?
6. Quote lines applicable to the rose.

MOSESSES.

1. Define mosses.
2. Name the different kinds of mosses.
3. Describe mosses.
4. What can you say of sea mosses.
5. What climates are suitable for mosses?
6. For what are Spitzbergen mosses famous?
7. What can you say of alpine mosses?
8. Of what use are mosses?
9. Name some of the various kinds of mosses.

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

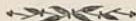
1. What is invention?
2. Mention some of the ancient inventions.
3. By whom and when was the organ invented? The flute?

4. When were glass and crockery invented?
5. What were used for measuring time two hundred years before Christ?
6. How early were bricks made?
7. When was the compass in use?
8. How many years before Christ was astronomy known? Sculpture, painting, geometry, surgery, chemistry?

WOOD.

1. How is wood obtained?
2. Name States in our country famous for wood?
3. Give the various kinds of domestic wood.
4. Describe the hickory tree. The pine, oak, cherry, maple.
5. Mention some of the foreign woods.
6. From what countries do we obtain wood?
7. Give the various uses of wood.

Descriptive Quotations from Eminent Writers.



"We should always have a corner of the head open and free, that we may have a place for the opinions of our friends, where we may lodge them provisionally. It is really insupportable to converse with men who have, in their brains, only compartments which are wholly occupied, and into which nothing external can enter. Let us have hospitable hearts and minds!"—*M. Joubert.*

"Bossuet was not nine years old when his hair was cut in a circlet at the top of his head. At thirteen he was nominated canon of Metz; that tonsure and that vesture were as becoming to his physiognomy as to his general appearance. One recognized the priest in the youth. His frame, which was greatly to increase, was tall for his age; it had the delicacy and suppleness of the man who is not destined to bear any other burden than thought, who glides composedly, with quiet steps, amid the columns of basilicas, and whom habitual genuflection and prostration soften under the majesty of God. His hair was of a brown tint and silken; one or two locks rose in an involuntary tuft at the top of the forehead like the diadem of Moses, or like the horns of the prophetic ram; these hairs thus standing, whose motion one notices again even

in his portraits taken at an advanced age, gave due vent and inspiration to his hair. His eyes were black and penetrating, but mild. His look was a continual and serene gleam; the light did not dart forth in flashes, it ran from them with a radiance which allured the eye without dazzling it. His lofty and flat forehead revealed through a fine skin the interlaced veins of the temples. His nose, almost straight, slender, delicately sculptured, between the Greek softness and the Roman energy, was neither turned up with impudence nor depressed by the heaviness of the senses. His mouth opened wide between delicate lips; his lips quivered often without utterance, as if with the wind of an internal speech which modesty repressed before older men. A half smile, full of grace and of mute afterthought was their most frequent expression. One saw in them a naturally sincere disposition, never rudeness or disdain. To sum up generally, in that physiognomy the charm of the character, so completely hid from view the force of the understanding, and suavity so harmoniously tempered the virility of the entire expression, that one detected the genius only by the exquisite delicacy of the muscles and nerves of the thought, and the effect on the beholder was attraction rather than admiration."—*Author of Jocelyn.*

"The Memoirs of Louis XIV. will increase his renown; they do not reveal any baseness, they reveal none of those shameful secrets which the human heart too often conceals in its abysses. Seen more nearly and in his private life

Louis does not cease to be Louis the Great; one is charmed to find that so fine a bust has not an *empty head*, and that the soul corresponds to the nobleness of the external man."—*Chateaubriand*.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."
—*Gray's Elegy*.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, 'It might have been.'"
—*Whittier*.

"O, the grave! the grave! It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections! Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him? But the grave of those we loved, what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us, almost unheeded, in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn awful tenderness of the parting scene, the bed of death, with all its stifled griefs, its noiseless attendants, its mute, watchful assiduities, the last testimonies of expiring love, the feeble, fluttering, thrilling—O how thrilling!—pressure

of the hand, the last fond look of the glazing eye, turned upon us even from the threshold of existence ; the faint fluttering accents struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection. Ay, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate ! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited, every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being who can never, never, never return to be soothed by thy contrition."—*Irving.*

Pascal's Description of True Charity :

"All bodies, the firmament, the stars, the earth and its kingdoms, are not worth so much as the smallest of minds for it knows all them and itself ; and the bodies nothing. All bodies together, and all minds together, and all their productions, are not worth the least movement of charity ; that belongs to an order infinitely higher. From all bodies together one could not succeed in producing one little thought ; that is impossible, and of another order. From all bodies and minds one could not obtain one movement of true charity ; that is impossible and of another, supernatural order."

Rousseau—The Effects Caused on the Mind by Walking :

"Walking has something in it that animates and brightens my ideas ; I am scarcely able to think when I keep one position ; my body must be in full swing before my mind can be so. The sight of the country, the succession of agreeable objects, the open air, the good health

I gain by walking, the freedom of the inn, the removal from everything that makes me feel my dependence, from everything that reminds me of my situation, all this sets my soul free, gives me a greater audacity of thought, casts me, in some way, into the immensity of beings where I may combine, choose, and appropriate them at will, without hindrance and without fear. I dispose, as a master of all nature."

Joubert's Idea of Good Judgment in Literature:

"Good judgment in literature" said he, "is a very slow faculty, which does not reach the last point of its growth till very late."

Frederick the Great, on Success.

"That which contributed the most to that conquest," says he, "was an army which had been formed during twenty-two years by an admirable discipline, and which was superior to the rest of the soldiery of Europe [*note the homage to his father*]; some true citizen generals, some wise and incorruptible ministers; and finally a certain good fortune which often waits upon youth and denies itself to advanced age. If that great enterprise had failed, the king would have passed for a rash prince, who had undertaken what he had not strength to accomplish; success caused him to be regarded as clever as well as lucky. Really it is only fortune which determines reputation; he whom she favors is applauded; he whom she disdains is blamed."

Frederick the Great's Description of the Human Heart:

"Time, which heals and effaces all ills, will soon, no doubt, give back to the Prussians their abundance, their prosperity and their first splendor; the other powers will likewise re-establish themselves; then other ambitious men will stir up new wars, and cause new disasters, for that is the peculiarity of the human mind, that examples correct nobody; the follies of fathers are lost upon their children; every generation must commit its own."

Fenelon's Description of His Escape from Threatened Death on the Upsetting of His Carriage:

"A very long absence has delayed the reply I owe you. It is true, dear man, that I was in the greatest danger of being killed. I have still to learn how I was saved, never was one happier in losing three horses. All my people cried out to me: '*All is lost! save yourself!*' I did not hear them, the glass windows were raised. I was reading a book, having my glasses upon my nose, my pencil in hand, and my legs in a bearskin sack. Such nearly was the position of Archimedes, when he perished at the capture of Syracuse. The comparison is idle, but the accident was frightful."

Massillon speaking of the small number that are to be saved:

"Speaking of the small number of the elect," he says: 'Let me suppose that this was the last hour of us all; that the heavens were opening over our heads;

that time had ended and eternity begun; that Jesus Christ, in all His glory, that man of sorrows in all His glory, had appeared on the tribunal, and that we were assembled here to receive our final decree of life or death eternal! Let me ask, impressed with terror like you and not separating my lot from yours, but putting myself in the same situation in which we must all one day appear before God our Judge, let me ask, if Jesus Christ should now appear to make the terrible separation of the just from the unjust, do you think the greatest numbers would be saved? Do you think the number of the elect would even be equal to that of the sinners? Do you think, if all our works were examined with justice, He would find ten just persons in this assembly? Monsters of ingratitude! would He find one?"

Louis XIV.'s Description of Massillon's Powers of Eloquence.

Louis XIV., who uttered some just, but too rare sayings, said to Massillon one day, on going out after one of his sermons: "My Father, I have heard several great orators, and I have been very much pleased with them; as for you, every time that I have heard you, I have been very much displeased with myself."

Massillon's Description of Eloquence Unaided by God's Grace:

"God no longer withdraws from his Prophets in the midst of the cities, but he takes away from them, if I may

dare so to speak, the face and the virtue of their ministry ; he strikes these holy clouds with aridity and with dryness ; he raises up among you those *who render the truth beautiful to you, but who do not render it lovely ; who please, but do not convert you* ; he lets the holy terrors of his doctrine be weakened on our lips ; he no longer draws the treasure of his compassion from those extraordinary men formerly raised up in the days of our fathers, who renovated cities and kingdoms, who captivated the great and the people who changed the palaces of kings into houses of penitence." And alluding to some humble missionaries, who, during the same period produced much fruit in the country-places, he said : "We discourse and they convert."

Massillon's Description of Sudden Conversion :

"Conversion is usually a slow, tardy miracle ; the fruit of cares, of troubles, of frights, and of bitter inquietudes."

Massillon's Description of Slander :

"The shafts of slander," says he, "are never more keen, more brilliant, more applauded by the world, than when they are directed against the ministers of the holy altars. The world, so indulgent to itself, seems never to have kept any severity except for them, and it has for them eyes more censorious, and a language more envenomed, than for the rest of men."



⇒ Sixth Grade. ⇐

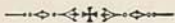
LETTERS

— OF —

BUSINESS, CONDOLENCE, AND CONGRATULATION.



Letters of the Sixth Grade.



LETTERS OF BUSINESS.

The design of the writers is to express firmly, clearly, and concisely; to introduce nothing episodical or foreign to the subject, and, above all, to be brief; remembering that busy men have not time to read long letters.

1. In letters of business use as few words as is possible.
2. Business letters should be promptly answered.
3. Use a clear, distinct writing; avoiding all flourish of penmanship or language.
4. Come at once to your subject, and state it so clearly that it will not be necessary to guess your meaning.
5. Give town, county, state and date explicitly. It is frequently of great importance to know when a letter was written.

LETTERS OF ADVERTISEMENT.

1. The reply to these should be written immediately, else you may be too late. Paste the advertisement at the head of your letter; thus it will be known exactly what your communication has reference to.
2. It is not necessary to speak much in favor of

yourself, but you may state your reference, your experience and qualifications fitting you for the position, the whole being told as briefly as possible.

3. Write your application yourself, your handwriting and the manner of expressing yourself being the text by which the advertiser judges you. If you have written testimonials, copy the same, marking them as such, and enclose the copy.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Knowledge of persons recommended of their fitness and capacity for the work they engage in is always essential, before they can be conscientiously commended to others.

A letter of recommendation should be written in a plain hand, in as few words as can be used to express the idea distinctly.

A recommendation, after considering the moral character of the individual, should relate directly to the work of which the person makes a specialty.

LETTERS OF INTRODUCTION.—In these, the writer should adhere strictly to truth. It is a false kindness to exaggerate the merits of the bearer. They should be unsealed and bear on the back, besides the superscription, the name of the party introduced.

Letters of Introduction should be written very plainly as the person introduced is compelled to wait while the letter is being read. In introducing a person in a business capacity, state distinctly what is his business.

NOTES OF INVITATION should be simple and graceful.

IN OFFICIAL LETTERS the design of the writer is to express firmly, clearly and concisely ; to introduce nothing episodical or foreign to the subject ; and above all to be brief, remembering that busy men have not time to read long letters.

LETTERS OF CONDOLENCE—Though unpleasant to write, may afford inexpressible comfort to a friend in the hour of affliction. Make your letters brief, but as earnest and sincere as possible. Do not commit the mistake of insinuating that the misfortune is the fault of your friend. Better leave the letter unwritten. Admit the loss. Do not attempt make light of it. If you are satisfied that it will eventuate in a blessing, you may gently point that way, but with a full admission of the present deep affliction.

LETTERS OF CONGRATULATION are very properly written upon receiving intelligence of the sudden prosperity of a near and intimate friend. They should be written as soon as possible after the occasion that calls them forth.

These letters will admit of an abundance of good-natured merriment. Do not indulge in overpraise, or too much flowery exaggeration, lest your friend may doubt your sincerity.

No envy or discontent should show itself in such a letter. Nor should the same be marred by advice, bad news, the expression of any doubt, or any unfavorable prediction calculated to throw a cloud over the happiness

of your friend. Letters of Congratulation should be brief, sincere and to the point.

LETTERS OF EXCUSE should be written as promptly as may be. Any damage that may have been caused by yourself, you should, if possible, repair immediately, with interest. In apologizing for misconduct, failing to meet an engagement, or for lack of punctuality, always state the reason why.

By fulfilling every engagement promptly, discharging every obligation when due, and always being punctual, you thereby entirely avoid the necessity for an excuse.

Any article borrowed by measure, be certain to return in larger quantity and better quality, to make up the interest. To fail to make good that which has been borrowed is the certain loss of credit and business reputation in the neighborhood where you live. No letter of apology can make amends for neglecting to pay your debts.

News Letters should be characterized by brilliancy of thought, and an original striking mode of expression. Their effect may be increased by strokes of humor and a pleasing vein of sarcasm on persons and things in general. Introduce no topics but those of general interest.

LETTERS OF COURTESY.—In these the mind predominates. There is a certain obligation to write them, and a more or less prescribed form for them. Such are "Compliments of the Season," petitions in favor of friends, letters of invitation and their answers.

FAREWELL LETTERS.—The predominating characteristics of such are expressions of affection and regret.

ANNIVERSARY AND BIRTHDAY LETTERS.—Such letters cannot be too brief; if you can express your good wishes in a few words, do not feel obliged to cover a page or two. To a superior remember the respect due to them, but feel free to use expressions of affection. To a parent let them see your heart full of good wishes.

FEAST-DAY LETTERS.—In these speak of the merits and fine traits of the saint, making a happy application complimentary to the client.

LETTERS OF FRIENDSHIP.—The commonest fault of letters of friendship is egotism. This cannot but be distasteful to the person addressed, no matter how great his interest in the writer. A friend, of course, expects from his correspondent some personal intelligence, but he looks for other matter along with it. In like manner, we should avoid filling a letter with details relating to parties with whom the person addressed is unacquainted.

NOTES.

[JOINT AND SEVERAL NOTE, WITH INTEREST.]

\$1200.

One month after date, we or either of us, promise to pay James N. Jarboe or order, Twelve Hundred Dollars, value received with interest to date.

R. M. WHEELER.

W. H. RAMSEY.

[CHATTEL NOTE.]

\$900.

Nine months from date, for value received, I promise to pay to Martin J. Keenan, or order, Nine Hundred Dollars, in pine lumber, at the then market rate, the same to be delivered as per his order, within the limits of the city of Peoria.

R. J. HACKETT.

[DUE BILL, FOR CASH, DRAWING INTEREST.]

\$475³³/₁₀₀.

Due B. H. Conness, on demand, Four Hundred and Seventy Five and thirty-three-hundredths Dollars, with interest from date.

W. M. BURNS.

[FOR MERCHANDISE, WITHOUT INTEREST.]

\$300.

Due John M. Hall, Three Hundred Dollars, payable in wheat, at market price, on the first day of September next.

J. G. EMERY.

[ORDER, TO APPLY ON ACCOUNT.]

KANSAS CITY, Aug. 15th, 1884.

Mr. Hustin Desmond will please pay to the bearer, Ninety Dollars in merchandise, on my account.

J. H. BERRY.

[RECEIPT, ON ACCOUNT.]

\$300.

Received, May 1st, 1882, Three Hundred Dollars on account of R. L. Bullene.

M. H. HUNTER & Co.

[IN FULL OF ALL DEMANDS.]

\$600.

PEORIA, ILL., Sept. 10th, 1827.

Received of Geo. R. Wilson, Six Hundred Dollars, in full of all demands.

P. W. SHELLEY.

[TO APPLY AS AN ENDORSEMENT.] *

\$90.

June 19th, 1884.

Received on the written note, Ninety Dollars.

HOWARD GLENSBY.

[CHECK, PAYABLE TO BEARER.]

\$900.

MERCHANTILE BANK.

St. Louis, May 25th, 1886.

Pay to J. E. Pratt, or bearer, Nine Hundred Dollars.
(No. 1963.)

P. H. HIGHLAND.

[CERTIFICATE OF DEPOSIT.]

\$500.

EXCHANGE BANK.

Troy, April 17th, 1886.

J. G. Thompson has deposited in this Bank Five Hundred Dollars, payable to the order of James Jones, on the return of this certificate, six months from date, when properly enclosed.

EDWARD DUQUOIN,
Cashier.

[NEGOTIABLE NOTE.]

\$500.

CHICAGO, ILLS., Aug. 2nd, 1885.

Three months after date, for value received, I promise to pay John Richards or order, Five Hundred Dollars with interest.

WILLIAM RANDALL.

[NOTE NOT NEGOTIABLE.]

\$700.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, Jan. 17th, 1884.

Nine months after date, for value received, I promise to pay Henry Johnson, Seven Hundred Dollars.

SAMUEL CLARK.

[NOTE PAYABLE BY INSTALLMENTS.]

\$950.

BOSTON, MASS., May 3rd, 1882.

For value received, I promise to pay to Horace Chase, or order, Nine Hundred and Fifty Dollars, in manner following, to-wit: Three Hundred Dollars in one month from date, Three Hundred Dollars in two months from date, and Three Hundred and Fifty Dollars in three months, with interest on the several sums as they become due.

EDGAR WILLIAMS.

[OFFICIAL LETTER.]

GENERAL ORDERS No. 4,
HEADQUARTERS FIRST MILITARY DISTRICT, }
ST. LOUIS, Jan. 8th, 1861. }

I. With a view to facilitate a prompt assemblage of the troops in this district, wherever it may be necessary so to do, it is hereby ordered that all officers and soldiers in the command shall assemble at their armories and headquarters, in full dress uniform, as soon as they may hear the bells of the churches sounding a continual peal, interrupted by pauses of five minutes. The troops having thus assembled will await in their headquarters subject to orders from their commanding officers.

II. Commanding officers of corps will be held responsible that this order is communicated and explained to their commands.

By order,

BRIG. GEN. FROST,

WILLIAM D. WOOD, A. A. G.

Commanding.

[1ST LETTER, 6TH GRADE.]

ST. MARY'S ORPHAN ASYLUM,
ST. PAUL, MINN., April 25th, 1885.

My Poor Heart-Broken Cousin—I scarce know what to say, what to think—Auntie dead—gone from us forever. Oh Mamie, I know I cannot console you; God alone can do this. I will pray, I will ask others to pray; and your Heavenly Father, who alone can fathom your grief, will send the only comfort you can expect at present—humble resignation to His divine will. No one can miss Auntie as you will, no one knew so well her worth. I shall write to you often, my own Mamie, and you will accept my messages as the only token I can give. Now, indeed, with St. Teresa, you must ask our sweet Heavenly Mother to be more to you than ever. Papa will hand this to you to-morrow morning. Poor Papa! how he will miss his darling sister.

My heart aches for you all, and you know, dear cousin, that your idolized mother was the dearest Auntie of

Your loving cousin,

URSULA.

[2ND LETTER, 6TH GRADE.]

LANSINGBURGH, N. Y., Sept. 9th, 1885.

My Cherished Mother—Your baby—your darling in Heaven! Would you have me sympathize with you? Mother darling, you know how much suffering there is here below, and it should be a relief to you to feel that one of your children has escaped it. I know your angel boy was

a great comfort to you—the youngest, and therefore the one whose right was “Mamma’s tenderest care,” but he will wait you, mother, on the far off shore, where his angel voice will plead for you until your earthly strife is ended. See, mother, our baby brother was the only one worthy to be your suppliant in Heaven; rejoice that he is there, and ask God to accept his spotless soul as an offering for the sanctification of your children. I long to see you, for I know the place I have in your heart, and I might be able to do something for you in your bereavement. But, mother, as your eldest son is called to serve the altar, he has no time to lose from his studies. The girls will be all to you and our noble father. Strong and brave though he be, father will miss the “family idol.” My dear baby brother, may he do much for me!

Adieu my mother. Pray for your eldest, and now, alas!

Only son, ALPHONSUS.

[3RD LETTER, 6TH GRADE.]

ST. JOSEPH’S CONVENT,

BRUSSELS, ILLS., Dec. 24th, 1885.

MR. P. FOX.

Please send to the above address, at your earliest convenience:

1 doz. Ivory Rosaries (No. 8.)

1 “ Carved Wood “ (No. 3.)

Charge the above to papa’s account.

Respectfully,

HATTIE T. JOHNSON.

[4TH LETTER, 6TH GRADE.]

TUCSON, ARIZONA, May 20th, 1870.

MR. A. S. BARNES, Publisher,
CHICAGO, ILLS.

Sir—On the 15th of last month my uncle (Mr. Thomas Gray), called at your establishment, where he was informed that you supplied purchasers with three grades of books—new, shop-worn and second-hand. Will you do me the favor to furnish the following books :

One copy Wilson's Treatise on Punctuation.

“ Hooker's Mineralogy and Geology.

“ Natural History Reader, by James Johonnot.

“ Lectures on Chemistry, by Phelps.

“ Use and Abuse of Words, by Matthews.

“ Verbal Pitfalls, by C. W. Bardeen.

The entire series of Wilson's Readers.

And two of the best authors on American Literature.

I send for the above as books of reference ; wish to secure them as cheap as possible. Shop-worn books, or even second-hand ones (if entire and not too much soiled) will answer my purpose. Mr. Thos. Gray is my uncle, and guardian ; send the cost of books to his address, and when you have received the remittance forward the books as soon as possible to

EDWARD CAHILL.

[5TH LETTER, 6TH GRADE.]

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 8th, 1885.

My Own Dear Mother—I just finished reading your precious message conveying to me the joyful tidings of your

recovery. Did it not come to me in your own cherished hand-writing, I should have doubted the truth of so great a blessing. Now indeed your child is happy, and to-morrow I shall offer a Communion of thanksgiving to the merciful God who has heard our united prayer. Be very careful now, dear mother, you will doubtless see much awaiting your care and attention, but remember the many loving hearts whose happiness depends on their precious mother, and, for their sake, treat very tenderly the health that has still to be coaxed back. Three months, and I shall be with you; three months and again your sweet smile will greet my many little accounts, and cheer me on the path of love and duty! Be careful, very careful of my dearest earthly treasure, for the sake of

Your most grateful child,

ANTOINETTE.

[6TH LETTER, 6TH GRADE.]

ST. JOSEPH, MO., Dec. 27th, 1875.

MR. A. T. STEWART, NEW YORK CITY.

Respected Sir—My father died two weeks ago, and I am the eldest of six children. Mother is delicate, and our means are limited. I must try to get something to do. I have often heard my father speak of you, and now, that I need a friend I appeal to your goodness.

You see my handwriting. I have finished Greenleaf's Arithmetic, and am now reviewing the same. I know something of English Grammar, and I think I understand Mitchell's Common School Geography pretty well. I am

willing to do anything you assign me, and for information as to my school and home deportment, I enclose the address of Bro. Francis, our director, and Mr. Brooks, our nearest neighbor. Hoping for a favorable answer,

I am, respected sir,

JOSEPH DOWNING.

[7TH LETTER, 6TH GRADE.]

ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT,

MEMPHIS, TENN., Aug. 15th, 1885.

Dearest Maggie—So you have won the victory and are now supremely happy. Well, my dearest friend, you have made me happy too. For weeks and weeks have I lain awake pondering on the means I might use to win you back to your former exactitude in religious matters. Now the trial is ended, and you are once more neath the sweet protection of our Immaculate Mother. Thank God again and again! Try not to think of the troubled dream, save to ask the forgiveness of your Heavenly Father.

I shall be with you next Saturday, when you will tell me all concerning your happy coming back. Read no more of those books, *Maggiedear*, and avoid the company of those who have caused all your unhappiness. I am so glad Rev. Father H—— is your confessor; he will guide you safely.

Leaving you in the transports of your inexpressible happiness, and rejoicing with you, I am now, as ever,

Your most devoted companion,

JOSEPHINE.

[8TH LETTER, 6TH GRADE.]

ST. MARY'S CONVENT,

BROOKFIELD, MO., July 2d, 1885.

MISS CORA LUCAS.

My Own Dear Friend—Your sad letter was received last week, just as I was giving up all hopes of ever hearing from you again. Such a long time has elapsed since I wrote you, that I thought my dear Cora must indeed be very busy when she did not answer. Ah! little did I dream when I came down to breakfast, that the letter lying on the table addressed in your familiar handwriting, should change my joy into sincerest sympathy. To say I condole with you in the loss of your loved mother is poor consolation, but, dear friend, you will never know how grieved I am to hear that you are motherless—that the kind lady who was ever so good to me is now numbered with the dead. Before writing I asked Rev. Father C—— to offer this morning's Mass for the repose of the dear departed, and at this I received Holy Communion for two intentions, first for your dear mother, then that God might strengthen you to bear so great a blow. When passing by our church of the Immaculate Conception, I shall never fail to enter, and there present before the silent Tabernacle, will offer most fervent prayers for the same intention. Thus only, my dearest Cora, am I able to prove my sympathy for you. May our dear blessed Mother take you under her special protection, now that you are in need of a mother's care. God

bless you ever my poor friend, and give you the strength
to bear this trial courageously. Such is the fervent prayer
of, Your devoted, ALICE D—.

[9TH LETTER, 6TH GRADE.]

MARQUETTE, MICH., Nov. 21st, 1885.

MRS. C. HASTINGS.

Dear Madam—Mamma just received your note asking her to engage your son for carriage driver during the winter. Not being well, mamma wishes to tell you through this note, that if Charles has laid aside his late hours and evil companions, she is willing, for your sake, to give him a trial.

We paid our last driver five dollars (5) a week, with the comforts of home. You know we have certain regulations here that our help must observe, and your son may find all this very contrary to his inclinations.

Mamma wishes this mentioned, so that you will not feel hurt should your boy be sent back to you. If, however, he prove trustworthy, obedient and industrious, you will have no reason to regret entrusting him to the care of

Very kindly yours, MRS. WILLIAM SOUTHEY.

[10TH LETTER, 6TH GRADE.]

CHILLICOTHE, MO., May 31st, 1885.

Etta Darling—Yes, I received your letter but I could not answer, not even by a few lines. My heart seems

broken. Such an awful blow—papa dead, mamma in her poor health left alone, and Oswald deprived of the only one on earth who could guide him. What will become of the little ones? How can mamma bear this? If poor Oswald were not so wild, if his love for mamma would control him, and oh! so many “ifs.” Your dear letter of condolence did me an amount of good. I see you think more of my bereavement than of your own. Of course, it was hard not to see him, but we could not all go such a distance and, as everyone said, it would be foolish to bring the remains home two thousand miles, only to return the same route after the funeral mass. Another month will find me with you. May God enable me to be of some use to poor mamma. I cannot write to her, Etta, what could I say? I shall write to Oswald to-morrow. I know he will want to come to see me, but Etta, do not allow him to do so, see the useless expense, and what could we do for each other. Be brave, Etta dear, for the rest of us.

Your sister,

GERTRUDE.

[11TH LETTER, 6TH GRADE.]

TROY, N. Y., Aug. 20th, 1885.

My Own Dear Celestine—We have been in our Summer home now three weeks; it is beautiful, but very lonely. Last evening mamma and papa were regretting the loss of our dear neighbors, and mamma said she would be so pleased if you and your cousin Della could spend the

coming two weeks with us. Papa thought this a capital idea, and asked mamma to write a few lines to your dear mother asking her to send you with Uncle John next Monday. I was too delighted to venture a word. Do you think you may come, Cellie? I know if you come Della will too. Oh, we shall have such a splendid time! The walks here are like those we used to read of in our library books, and the many little streams of clear sparkling water are tempting enough to force you to strip your feet and cool them in the bright rivulets. We have two large swings, a beautiful summer house overlooking the river, and Henry will drive us around the country every evening, or if we are up in time he will take us when he goes to market before breakfast. Every one thinks our place beautiful. Be this as it may, we cannot fail to have a very pleasant time when my dear companions visit us. Come, come! I can scarcely wait for you. I shall look for you surely Monday evening.

Your expectant friend,

PAULINE SEWARD.

[12TH LETTER, 6TH GRADE.]

WARRINGTON, FLA., April 14th, 1885.

Mamma Dearest—Yellow fever took our dear brother last evening, and now papa has all the symptoms of the terrible epidemic. The Sisters of St. Joseph are attending him, and everything that can be done has been accomplished. Papa may recover, but if not, God comfort you,

our cherished mother. I shall telegram should any change take place. Anxiously, your child, ALEXANDRINE.

[13TH LETTER, 6TH GRADE.]

SCHOOL OF THE SACRED HEART,
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Jan. 5th, 1886.

My Dear Little Sister—A very happy birthday! May it always bring you the joy, the gladness and the good I desire. Just one decade of years has passed over your head, the golden glow of which is tinged neither within nor without. From your Catechism you learn that the Child Jesus grew in grace as he grew in age. Strive to imitate this Holy Model and be faithful to your night and morning prayers; obedient to dear, kind mother; loving to your brother and sister; gentle always with your little playmates. I wish I could be with you to-day. Let us offer the privation to our good Jesus. Beg our Heavenly Father in place of the earthly one we looked for, to give us the sweet consolation of loving and serving Him here, that we may enjoy His presence hereafter. Pray, my darling sister, for your own, LAURA.

[14TH LETTER, 6TH GRADE.]

ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT,
SCHENECTADY, N. Y., April 25th, 1886.

My Own Darling Sister—I fear you are worrying too much about the loss of our baby sister. True, you must miss her more than any one of us, but, dear Geraldine,

you know what the dear Bishop of Geneva wrote to his sister when that noble family met with a loss such as ours: "Let your religion be that of joy." How happy you will be if you can follow this out! Our dear little sister who has gone hence so suddenly and in so christian-like a way, has rekindled my soul to the love of that Sovereign Good to which everything in this brief life should be referred. Let us love one another fondly, my dear sister, and together seek the Saviour of our souls, through whom alone we can find happiness. I am full of hope that you will go on serving, obeying, and adoring our Dear Lord more and more faithfully, and I can wish you no greater blessing. Do I hear you say, "There can be no comparison in this case; St. Francis was a great saint and had become detached from his relatives?"—Not so, my own sister; in writing of the death of his mother he says, "And yet for my part, I own that I feel this parting deeply. I must needs confess my own weakness, while I confess the Goodness of God; nevertheless, it has been a very peaceful, though a keen grief—I can say with David, 'I became dumb, and opened not my mouth, for it was Thy doing.'" Finishing this letter he says, "I wept over this dear mother more than I have ever wept since I took Holy Orders, but, thank God, it was without any bitterness of spirit."

Now, my darling Geraldine, we can at least ask the saint to obtain for us the grace that God vouchsafed to him. Let us try. Yours in sympathy,

ANNA AUGUSTA.

[15TH LETTER, 6TH GRADE.]

ST. VINCENT'S CONVENT,
SEDALIA, MO., Aug. 20th, 1885.

Dear Rosie—Gladly would I offer you one drop of consolation to soothe the terrible wound caused by the death of your cherished father. I know how you must feel at the thought of the void in your once happy home, but O, dear friend, had you the power to recall the life of your loved father, would you avail yourself of it? Thank God that his work is consummated and that he has been called to his reward. Forget your own sorrow and think of that which is wringing the heart of your tender mother; her bereavement of a loving husband and the sight of her fatherless children render her grief two-fold; console her, dear friend, and God will not fail to reward your efforts.

If the thought that I remember you in my poor prayers can console you, believe me, they are yours. That the dear Sacred Heart may bless you, is my constant prayer. I remain, your devoted friend,

IRENE.

[16TH LETTER, 6TH GRADE.]

ST. MICHAEL'S CONVENT,
CENTRAL CITY, COL., Aug. 29th, 1885.

Marie Darling—I feel that your sorrow cannot be assuaged by the common-place phrases of condolence, but my compassion for you, in this your sad bereavement, impels me to write a few lines, to assure you of my heartfelt

sympathy. May God comfort and sustain you. Yet my cherished friend, there is one consideration which should sweeten the bitterness of a mother's agony under such an affliction: the reflection that your little one was pure and guileless, and "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Let this thought bring a balm to your broken heart.
That God may console you is the earnest prayer of,

Your loving,

CECILE.

[17TH LETTER, 6TH GRADE.]

SACRED HEART CONVENT,
INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Aug. 29th, 1885.

Dear Irma—You cannot imagine my delight, on receiving your hastily penned note, which apprised me of your success at the examination. I must congratulate you on your good fortune.

No doubt you have had moments of trial and fatigue, and were often tempted to give up on the way; but you have at length reached the summit, and are about to see your labors crowned with success.

I know that you feel very happy at the thought that you will soon be able to assist your dear mother, and in some measure repay her for the many sacrifices she has made for your sake.

Have you written to your brother yet? He will be glad, as he often spoke of your perseverance, despite your ill-health. I hope to be able to pay you a visit soon; in the meantime I shall expect to hear from you. Adieu,

dear friend, and be assured of the tenderest affection.
Your devoted friend, LORETTO WOODS.

[OFFICIAL LETTER.]

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY, }
WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 13th, 1861. }

BRIG.-GEN. W. S. HARNEY, COMMANDING THE DEPARTMENT OF THE WEST.

Sir:—The following dispatch was sent you by telegraph to-day:

“Have you in the St. Louis Arsenal troops enough to defend it? Ought you not to send up all the men from Jefferson Barracks?”
WINFIELD SCOTT.”

The General-in-Chief desires to strengthen that dispatch by calling your attention to these considerations: That it is best to move in advance of excitement; that it is impossible, when an emergency arises, for reinforcements may be cut off, and that all the force may now be usefully employed at work in adding to the defense of the Arsenal.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

GEORGE W. LAY,

Lieut. Col. and Aid-de-Camp.

[OFFICIAL LETTER.]

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE, }
WASHINGTON, D. C. April 21st, 1861, }

CAPT. A. LYON, SECOND INFANTRY, EAST OF ST. LOUIS:

Gen. Harney has this day been relieved from his command. The Secretary of War directs that you immediately execute the order previously given to arm the loyal

citizen's to protect the public property and execute the laws. Muster four regiments into the service.

LORENZO THOMAS, Adjt.-General.

[LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE.]

HEADQUARTERS

MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI,
ST. LOUIS, MO., July 16th, 1865. }

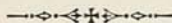
MESSRS. S. T. GLOVER, WILLIAM M. MCPHERSON, JOHN

HOW, T. T. GANT, ROBERT CAMPBELL AND OTHERS:

Gentlemen:—Your kind note tendering me a hearty welcome to your city and a dinner is received. I accept with pleasure, and appoint next Thursday evening, at nine o'clock, as the time most agreeable to me for the proposed dinner. I deem it a most fortunate accident that events have cast me back to the very point whence I sailed at the beginning of the late momentous struggle, now so happily ended, and if the good citizens of St. Louis account me one of them, I accept the title with honor and satisfaction. I feel sure that St. Louis, as a city, is more than any other interested in maintaining a firm government and a united people, and therefore my efforts in the past have tended especially to your welfare. So may it be in the future, and no man will rejoice more than I will to see your city again enter on the path of progress and wealth that was temporarily interrupted by a struggle begotten by ambitious and designing men. I am, with great respect, your friend and servant.

W. T. SHERMAN, Major-General.

Questions for Sixth Grade.



1. Give the first advice regarding letters of advertisement.
2. What particulars should you allude to in such letters?
3. What should be done with written testimonials?

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

1. What is the first thing necessary?
 2. How should a letter of recommendation be written?
 3. What points should be treated of in these letters?
- Give the general recommendations for letters of business.

NOTES.

1. What is a negotiable note?
3. A note not negotiable?
2. What do you understand by a note payable? By installments?
4. By a joint and several note?
5. By a chattle note?
6. By a due bill?
7. A note for merchandise, without interest?
8. An order to apply on account?

9. Receipts on account?
10. Receipt in full of all demands!
11. Receipt to apply on an endorsement?

CHECKS.

1. What is a check on the bank?
2. What is a certificate of deposit?

LETTERS OF CONDOLENCE.

1. How soon should such letters be written?
2. What care should be taken in writing such letters?
3. What must be carefully avoided?
4. What reflections are suited for such letters?
5. Why is great tact necessary in letters of this kind?

LETTERS OF CONGRATULATIONS.

1. When should these be written?
2. Of what do such letters admit?
3. What must we be careful to avoid?
4. In a few words, what should letters of congratulations be?



→ Seventh Grade. ←

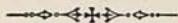
OFFICIAL LETTERS

— AND —

Letters of Introduction, Notes of Invitation, &c.



Letters of the Seventh Grade.



RULES FOR PUNCTUATION.

[CONTINUED FROM PART I.]

18. When two words are used alike, and have no connecting word, a comma should be placed between them. If more than two are thus used, a comma should be placed after each except the last.

19. If a word is repeated for emphasis it should be separated from the rest of the sentence by commas. When one word follows another meaning the same thing, the second word with the word belonging to it should be set off by commas.

20. The name of the person spoken to, with the words belonging to it.

21. When the exact words of another are used, they should be enclosed with quotation marks.

22. When you insert your own words within the words of another, they should be enclosed in brackets.

23. A long quotation should be preceded by a colon; a short, by a comma.

24. In a divided quotation the inserted words should be set off by commas.

25. Proper nouns should begin with capitals.

26. When words are used in pairs each couplet should be separated from the others by commas.

27. Parenthetical words and phrases should be separated from the rest of the sentence by commas.

28. Side titles should be followed by a period and a dash.

29. Personified nouns and proper adjectives should commence with capitals.

30. When a verb used in the former part of a sentence is omitted in the latter, its place should be filled by a comma.

31. In a formal enumeration of particulars the items should be preceded by a colon, and separated by semicolons. In informal, the items should be preceded by a semicolon and separated by commas. (An enumeration is considered *formal* when the words *thus*, *following*, *there*, etc., are used, or when the items are mentioned as first, second, etc.)

32. *As*, introducing an example, is preceded by a semicolon and followed by a comma. (See also *viz.*, *to-wit.*, *namely*, *e. g.*, *i. e.*, *that is.*)

33. When any of the above words are omitted, supply its place with a dash.

34. Participle, adjective, adverbial and parenthetical clauses should be separated from the rest of the sentence by commas, unless short or restrictive. Long clauses should be separated by commas. Several short clauses in succession should be separated by commas. Clauses containing commas should be separated by semicolons.

35. A noun in apposition and its modifiers should be separated from the rest of the sentence by commas.

36. A semicolon is placed between the members of a compound sentence unless very short, in which case the comma is used.

37. A logical subject ending with a verb or containing a comma should be followed by a comma.

38. This course in punctuation should be thoroughly reviewed by the pupils of the Eighth Grade, and the habit of punctuating all writing thoroughly established.

39. The pupil's knowledge of this subject may then be extended as the necessities of his language may require.

RULES FOR PUNCTUATION TAKEN FROM OTHER SOURCES.

In giving rules for punctuations we cannot hope to deal with all, or with nearly all, the cases that may arise in writing. Punctuation is intimately connected with style. As forms of thought are infinite in number, so are the modes of expression, and punctuation, adapting itself to these, is an instrument capable of manipulation in a thousand ways. We can, therefore, set forth only some typical cases, forming a body of examples to which a little reflection will suggest a variety both of applications and of exceptions.

How much should be put into a sentence is rather a matter of style than of punctuation. The tendency of modern literature is in favor of the short sentence.

1. As a rule, the full stop is not to be inserted till the sentence be grammatically complete. But some parts of

the sentence necessary to make it grammatically complete, may be left for the reader to supply.

2. When a sentence is purposely left unfinished, the dash takes the place of the full stop.

3. A full stop is placed after most abbreviations, initial letters, and after ordinal numbers in Roman characters.

4. The comma indicates a short pause in a sentence.

5. Where there is no danger of obscurity, the subject must not be separated from the predicate by any point.

6. When the subject is long a comma may be placed after it.

7. When the subject consists of several parts, e. g., of several nouns, a comma is placed after the last part.

8. Dependent clauses are generally separated from the rest of the sentence in which they occur. The usual point is the comma.

Exception 1. No point is needed if either the dependent clause or the principal clause are short.

Exception 2. No point is needed if there be a very close grammatical connection between the dependent clause and some word or words preceding it.

9. Words thrown in so as to interrupt slightly the flow of a sentence are marked off by commas.

10. Where two parts of a sentence have some words in common, which are not expressed for each of them, but are given only when the words in which they differ have been separately stated, the second part is marked off by commas.

11. When words are common to two are more parts of

a sentence, and are expressed only in one part, a comma is often used to show that they are omitted in the other parts.

12. Words placed, for the sake of emphasis, or of clearness, out of their natural position in the sentence, are often followed by a comma :

13. (a) The object is usually placed after the verb. When placed at the beginning of the sentence, it should be separated from the subject by a comma, unless the meaning would otherwise be perfectly clear and be readily seized.

14. (b) An adverbial phrase, that is a phrase used as an adverb, is usually placed after the verb ; when it begins the sentence, a comma follows it unless it is very short.

15. (c) An adjective phrase, that is a phrase used as an adjective, is usually placed immediately after the word which it qualifies ; when it appears in any other place, a comma is often usefully placed before it.

16. Adjective clauses and contracted adjective clauses are marked off by commas, if they are used parenthetically or co-ordinately ; no point is used if they are used restrictively.

Words in apposition are generally marked off by commas :

17. (a) *And.* Where "and" joins two single words, as a rule, no point is used. (b) When "and" joins the separate words of a series of three or more words, a comma is placed before it. (c) But where the different words are intended to be combined quickly, so as to present to the mind only one picture, they would be

spoken without any pause, and in writing must not be separated by any point. (d) Two of the words of the series may be more closely connected with one another than with the other words of the series, and are, therefore, not to be separated by any point. (e) When "and" occurs only between the two last words of the series, the comma is usually inserted before it.

18. (b) When "and" joins two phrases, a comma generally precedes it.

19. (c) When "and" joins two clauses, the preceding point may be the comma, the semicolon, or even the full stop.

20. Which point is right in any particular case, will depend upon considerations set out in other rules. Or, the rules for the conjunction "and" apply with little change to the conjunction "or," but there are one or two special points to note: (a) When "or" is preceded at no great distance by "either" or "whether," the two words should be separated by no point. (b) "Or" joining two alternatives takes no point before it; when it joins two words that are used, not as real alternatives, but as synonyms, a comma is inserted.

21. In cases where no point would be used before a conjunction, a comma is inserted if the conjunction be omitted.

22. Where a comma would be used if the conjunction was expressed, some stronger point may be used if it be omitted.

23. A comma is placed after a noun or a pronoun in

the vocative case, if a mark of exclamation be not used, or be reserved till the first distinct pause in the sentence.

24. If a word be repeated in order to give it intensive force, a comma follows it each time that it occurs ; but, in the case of an adjective repeated before a noun, not after the last expression of it.

25. The colon is used to indicate pauses more abrupt than those indicated by the semicolon.

26. The colon and the dash are used together where the quotation is introduced by formal words, such as the following :—" He spoke these words."

27. The colon may be placed after such words and phrases as the following, when used in marking a new stage in an argument :—" Again, further, to proceed, to sum up, to resume."

28. An unexpected turn of the thought may be marked by the dash. The dash is sometimes used instead of brackets before and after a parenthesis. The dash is sometimes used instead of the colon, where the word "namely" is implied, but is not expressed.

29. The dash is used in rhetorical repetition ; for instance, where one part of the sentence, such as the subject, is repeated at intervals throughout the sentence, and the rest of the sentence is kept suspended.

30. A word that is not classical English, or is used in a sense in which it is not classical English, is either enclosed within inverted commas or italicized.

31. Foreign words are always italicized.

32. If a quotation contains a question, the point of interrogation stands within the inverted commas.

33. If an interrogative sentence ends with a quotation, the point of interrogation stands outside the inverted commas.

34. If an interrogative sentence ends with a quotation which is itself interrogatory, the point of interrogation is placed outside the inverted commas. The last three rules apply also to exclamatory sentences.

35. Where an interrogative sentence ends with a quotation of an exclamatory nature, or an exclamatory sentence ends with a quotation of an interrogative nature, it seems better to place at the end both the point of interrogation and the mark of exclamation, the one inside, the other outside, the inverted commas. Do you remember who it was that wrote :

"Whatever England's fields display,
The fairest scenes are thine, Torbay!"?

36. Where inverted commas are not used, it seems sufficient to have only one point, which must be the one required by the whole sentence, not by the quotation. Do you remember the passage where Burke alludes to the old warning of the Church—*Sursum corda*?

37. When a number is written in words and not in figures, the words making up the number, if there be more words than one, are in certain cases separated from each other by the hyphen. The numbers to which this rule applies are the cardinal and the ordinal numbers from twenty-one and twenty-first to ninety-nine

and ninety-ninth inclusive. The hyphen is used also when the words are inverted, as "four-and-thirty," "six-and-fortieth."

38. Fractional parts written in words are separated in the same way, a hyphen being placed between the numerator and denominator, as "two-thirds," "three-sixteenths."

39. When a word is divided at the end of a line, part of the word being in the next line, a hyphen is placed after the part at the end of the line. (a.) The division must be at the end of a syllable. The syllable according to etymological derivation and the syllable according to pronunciation are not always the same. In case of conflict the pronunciation is to be the guide. (b.) The part in the next line should, if possible, begin with a consonant. An examination of a number of words will show that this is only another way of saying that we should be guided by pronunciation. (c.) Double letters are divided, as "at-tract," "profes-sion."

[1ST LETTER, 7TH GRADE.]

ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL,

OSWEGO, N. Y., May, 15th, 1885.

My Dear Ida—Mamma has given permission for the long wished for picnic. It is to take place two miles from the city, and is to be reached by one large "Buss." Aunt Fanny's and Uncle Lawrence's children are to be there; also the members of our class. If there are no disagree-

able young folks smong those mentioned, my dear Ida will add greatly to the happiness of the occasion by coming with us. The Buss will call for you Saturday morning at 9 o'clock. Of course, I am unprepared for a refusal.

Your loving companion,

BRIDGET GRAY.

[2ND LETTER, 7TH GRADE.]

ST. LAWRENCE'S SCHOOL,
ST. LOUIS, MO., Nov. 21st, 1885.

MRS. J. N. DESMOND,
MOBILE, ALA.

My Dear Emma's Mamma—Strange beginning, but I could not think of addressing you otherwise. This says all that's in my heart. My mother, whom you have never met, will be in Mobile next Saturday, and as she is a great home-body, I fear she will feel lost so far away. I write to ask you to call on her, and knowing you will not refuse, I shall be quite at ease in my dear mother's regard.

Mamma will remain in Mobile two weeks visiting some relatives of papa's. I enclose uncle Edward's card. Mother has heard so much of you, and is so grateful for your goodness to her daughter, that she is delighted with the prospect of meeting you. A heart full of love to my darling Emma. Remind her, please, that she owes her old companion a letter.

Your grateful little friend,

AMY.

[3RD LETTER, 7TH GRADE.]

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY,
HASTINGS, MINN., Aug. 15th, 1885.

My Cherished Companion Lida—The little Miss who bears this message is one that I love dearly. She has always looked on me as an older sister, and the flattering confidence of the child has completely won me. She accompanies a most devoted uncle to Los Angeles where he goes for no other purpose than to see if the beautiful climate of your "Angel Land" will remove the cough that has troubled his idolized niece for some months. "Pearl," my little friend's pet name, is delighted to go, but she wishes her big sister could go too. Of course, this is impossible, though for many reasons I would be a delighted companion. You will be my substitute in regard to my little Pearl, and do all for her that one in your position can do. Send her home to us the blooming rose she was but a few months ago, or if this cannot be, make her last days on earth a fore-taste of the beautiful Heaven that awaits such souls as our darling Pearl's. My letter of yesterday will have reached you some days previous to this; it tells you all the school news. Mamma sends her old love as does also,

Your own,
FLORENCE.

[4TH LETTER, 7TH GRADE.]

ST. NICHOLAS' SCHOOL,
ST. LOUIS, MO., May 30th, 1885.

The undersigned, daughter of Thos. More, has, owing

to the illness of her father, been commissioned to notify Hon. J. C. Edwards, that the former cannot attend the "case" tried this afternoon at the Court-House. Mr. More's illness is of such a nature that his physician will not allow him to leave the house for some days. Will his friend, Hon. J. C. Edwards, plead his excuse?

Very respectfully,

CECELIA A. MORE.

[5TH LETTER, 7TH GRADE.]

HUDSON, N. Y., Aug. 20th, 1885.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE MISSES' LITERARY ASSOCIATION:

You are requested to meet this evening at the home of the president of our Association, where matters of importance are to be discussed.

Any one absenting herself without lawful cause shall be subject to the usual fine, besides being considered a very poor member of our Club. The Excursion to the "Palisades" will be planned, and all arrangements concerning the same concluded. Respectfully,

SERAPHINE BARRINGTON,

President.

[6TH LETTER, 7TH GRADE.]

ST. PATRICK'S SCHOOL,

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 1st, 1885.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE "CHILDREN'S SCHOOL FUND SOCIETY:"

The writer, president of the above named Association,

notifies its members to attend the meeting to be held next Thursday evening in the School Hall. This meeting is to secure order in the division of the streets among the various bands. All should be present.

Respectfully,

MARY C. HARRINGTON.

[7TH LETTER, 7TH GRADE.]

ST. PATRICK'S CONVENT,

MOBILE, Aug. 22th, 1885.

TO THE YOUNG LADIES OF ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT,
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

The very kind, complimentary note, inviting the members of our Seventh Grade Class to the examination of the same grade in your highly esteemed Institution, was read to us by our dear teacher. We could scarcely hope for the grant of so great a favor, yet it is given, and we leave for your beautiful city next Wednesday afternoon. Most grateful for the kindness received, we are, our dear fellow pupils,

Yours with sincerest love,

ST. PATRICK'S "SEVENTH GRADE."

[8TH LETTER, 7TH GRADE.]

ST. BRIDGET'S SCHOOL,

ST. LOUIS, MO., Aug. 2nd, 1885.

Dearest Cousin—You have never met my brother Gerard and will therefore not be surprised that I send with him a letter of introduction. You have often heard

me speak of my absent brother, so nothing more than saying this is the one, will be necessary. Now I charge you to take good care of my pet brother, and not allow him to get into bad company. A great boy of twenty-six, who has been all over Europe with a most careful uncle, and who thinks he knows more than we ordinary Americans, may allow his high opinion of himself to run away with him. See to this, my wise little Maria. Gerard's business may keep him in the South three or four weeks; during this time I hope your brother will return from his trip to the "Great West," in which case your new-found cousin will be delighted. Auntie must not spoil her foreign nephew, by taxing her brain about delicacies for him. He is not accustomed to anything of this kind, and you know I shall be the sufferer if he is indulged in the "Sunny South." Unless called by a bell, you need not look for him down stairs before ten o'clock A. M. His other disagreeable traits you must find out for yourself.

Your loving,

BERTHA.

[9TH LETTER 7TH GRADE.]

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY,

CARONDELET, Sept. 18th, 1885.

My Dear Mother—It is one week since I bade you good-bye. I have often recalled your parting advice, that, bearing it in mind, I may fulfill my duties as a pupil at St. Joseph's Academy.

You have ever impressed on my mind the inestimable advantages resulting from a thoroughly Catholic education.

I hope you will one day realize the same in your oldest daughter, and so be, in part, repaid for the sacrifices you have made in securing to me such an education. After careful questioning, as to my former studies, Sister put me in the Second Senior class. I am studying English Analysis, General History, Literature, Physiology and Arithmetic. Of course, we have Catechism daily; also Penmanship, Reading and Orthography. These, with my music, will fill up my time, so that I shall have none to spare for idle gossip; yet the old saying: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is held up to us, and we are obliged to take our evening recreation in such a manner as to secure for us a good night's rest, and a happy rising in the morning. We hear Mass every morning and there, in that beautiful Chapel, my eyes resting lovingly on the "Little Golden Door," pray to our good God for my dear, invalid mother. I miss you my sweet, patient mother, more than I can say; yet I try to be very happy and feel that my place is well supplied in the kind attentions of sister May and brother Will. I shall write again next week, but I beg you, my sweet mother, to send me frequent word of yourself. Fondest love from

YOUR ABSENT CHILD.

[10TH LETTER, 7TH GRADE.]

MATER AMABILIS CONVENT,
PERU, ILLS., Sept. 8th, 1885.

My Precious Little Sister—I am very sorry that you

find it hard to do what our dear Auntie requires of you. Were I near you I would say so much, but I feel now that a letter from our dear mamma's favorite saint will do you more good than all I could say. Hear, now what he would say to my little Marie: "Indeed my dear Marie, you say truly that there are two beings in you. The one is a Marie, who, like St. Peter, is tender, sensitive, ready to be irritated by a touch. This Marie is a daughter of Eve, and so her temper is frail. The other Marie wills to be wholly God's; and in order so to be, she wills in all simplicity to be humble and gentle towards every one, and she would fain imitate St. Peter after he was converted. This Marie is the child of the Blessed Virgin. These two diverse Marias come into collision, and the bad one is so bad that often the other scarcely knows how to defend herself, and then, perforce, she fancies herself beaten, and believes the bad Marie to be stronger. But not so, my poor dear child, the bad one is not stronger than you. She is more perverse, more enterprising, more obstinate, and when you lose heart and sit down to cry she is pleased, because it is so much time lost for you; and if she cannot make you lose eternity, at all events she will try to make you lose time!"

Now, my little sister, this is what St. Francis de Sales says. Try to follow the Saint's advice and be all that our dear, dead, mamma could wish. I shall see you next Sunday, with God's help. Until then, Good-bye,

Your devoted Sister,

FLORENCE GRIFFIN.

[11TH LETTER, 7TH GRADE.]

ISHPEMING, MICH., Aug. 7th, 1885.

Revered and Beloved Father—The paternal solicitude you have ever evinced in all that regarded my welfare, inspires me with courage requisite to unfold to you the secret yearnings of my heart. As you are aware, my school days are rapidly approaching completion. Life, in the midst of the hurry and bustle of the gay Metropolis, rises vividly before me. In striking contrast lay the years of peace and quiet spent 'neath the secluded shade of my cherished "Alma Mater." My whole being yearns for a continuance of these blissful days. Since my earliest childhood I have cherished the hope of one day being a consecrated spouse of the Heavenly Bridegroom—within the past few months, this desire has grown so strong within me that it has tinged my every act and thought. I have weighed well, I assure you, dear Father, the many sacrifices the religious life imposes on those who embrace it; and the total renunciation it enforces of all that the human heart most prizes; the opposition I may expect to meet with from my family; and the all but crushing effect it will have on my ardent, sensitive nature; yet I feel capable, with the powerful aid of grace, of undergoing all—yea, a thousand times more were it possible, in order to attain the enviable privilege of being a "Spouse of Jesus." The luxuries of home, the bonds of friendship, the ties of kindred, I willingly, cheerfully relinquish to possess this title, incomparably more glorious than all the empty sounds of earthly greatness.

Having laid before you, revered Father, my interior dispositions, I will await with much anxiety your decision. You alone are in possession of "my secret." Even my companions and teachers have not the slightest suspicion of my intention. Outwardly I am the same light-hearted, fun-loving May as of yore, but inwardly I have undergone so radical a change that I seem almost a mystery to myself. If you happily approve of my accomplishing my purpose, I will at once take measures to put into effect the ardent and sole desire of my heart.

Thanking you, dear Father, for past favors, and entreating a remembrance in your fervent prayers, I remain,

Your devoted child,

MAY DORSEL.

[12TH LETTER, 7TH GRADE.]

ACADEMY OF OUR LADY,
PEORIA, ILL., October 21st, 1885.

My Dearest Mother—Although but a few days have passed since our separation, it seems to me an age, so sadly do I miss you and my dear old home, now a thousand times dearer to me than ever before.

Can I justly flatter myself that the feeling is mutual, and that "the vacant chair" reminds you of its far away mischievous little occupant? Life, I assure you, is not a dream to me now, but a stern reality, and its battle I must fight alone. But what matter if I come off victorious, and return to "Home and Mother" a better and a wiser girl? This is my ambition and, and aware that patience

and perseverance can remove mountains, I am resolved to make a strenuous effort to acquire both. Now a word or two about my present surroundings :

The Academy is situated in the most select portion of the city. It contains some twenty or more well-ventilated rooms, the prettiest of which is a cosy little chapel, where we assist at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass every morning, and retire for night prayer every evening. There are so many incentives to virtue here, that one can hardly fail to be good ; even the very air we breathe seems laden with purity and truth.

Late in the autumn, as it now is, the grounds attached to the Convent are as a matter of course not very attractive, so I will wait till genial spring returns with its sunshine and flowers, to give you a glowing description of them, in the crude style of the school-girl. The pupils in attendance here are mostly from Illinois and Missouri, and a happier and nicer band of girls could rarely be found. Kind and affable to every one, but especially so to strange students, one must feel in their company happy and at home.

I know that you are all curious to learn how I am classed so I will keep you in suspense no longer. After the dreaded examination which all must undergo at entrance here, and which Sister said I passed very creditably, I was placed in the sub-graduating class. This fact necessitates two more long years of hard study on my part, before I attain the enviable title of graduate, and so ardently longed for by the majority of students.

Two years of the future seem to me, now like a century, but doubtless they will pass quickly when I get to work. And as there is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent, sincere earnestness, I am determined to carry out my plan cost what it may.

It is needless for me to name my studies, as a momentary glance at the Catalogue of the Institution which you will find somewhere in the library will inform you of the same.

Ere the lapse of many weeks I hope to give you a favorable account of my school-work. In the meantime, my dear mother, pray that the hopes and fears of your absent child may always be actuated and influenced by the purest and worthiest motives, or that each day may find her more worthy of the noblest of mothers. Before concluding, I ask you as a favor to think of me always as most pleasantly situated, for I feel assured, that time will but increase my affection for my present home and its loving association.

Please remember me affectionately to each of my dear friends and school-mates, and do not fail to write soon and often, to Your devoted daughter, CELESTINE.

[13TH LETTER, 7TH GRADE.]

LAKE GEORGE, January 21st, 1885.

SISTER M. PAULA :

Very Dear Sister—Auntie wishes me to write you a few lines this morning to tell you that I will be able to

return to school after Christmas. Oh, how glad I am! I keep asking myself over and over again, will the Sisters be as pleased to see me as I will be to see them? I know you'll be glad to get me at my sketching again. I was at Lake George yesterday with Uncle, and tried very hard to sketch a few views to surprise you. I wish you could spend a while here; the scenery is delightful. I arise up early to see the beautiful sunrise, and stay up late to watch the lake by moonlight.

Last Monday Auntie and I drove down to Glen Falls, a charming village about nine miles south of Lake George. There is a fine school there, and I was fortunate enough to be invited to spend the afternoon in it with a friend. I stayed a little while in each room and enjoyed the treat greatly. The Sisters were very kind to me, and invited me to remain with them for a few days. Sister sent two of the large girls to show me the cave where J. Fenimore Cooper is said to have written "The Last of the Mohicans." I intend to read that and some of his other works as soon as I have leisure.

The Hudson flows east for a short distance just above Glens Falls, so the double bend in the river gives a very beautiful subject for the artist. From the height of the rocks over which, I am told, the water rushes furiously in spring. I should judge that the falls at that season of the year must be worth a long trip to see. Tell Sister Mary, please, that I am studying history practically: Lake George, Ticonderoga, Saratoga, Fort Edward. I visited Jane McCrea's grave. History will have a new interest

for me now, and I am quite sure I shall not fail if questioned on any historical events connected with northern New York.

Wishing this to go in the noon mail, I shall keep further particulars until I see you. Tell dear Mother and all the Sisters that I shall be home two days after January 1st. It makes me smile with joy every time I think of being with you all once more.

Auntie and Uncle send kindest regards. Please say a little prayer for,

Your affectionate pupil,

LYDIA.

[14TH LETTER, 7TH GRADE.]

ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL,

PRESCOTT, August 20th. 1885.

Dearest Mary—Only a few moments ago the sad news of your mamma's serious illness came to my ears and that quite accidentally. How sorry I am for you and poor little Annie! I need not tell you that my heart's deepest sympathy is yours. You know your every sorrow grieves me and your every joy comforts. I would go to you this evening, but mamma wishes me to wait till to-morrow, when she will accompany me. Meanwhile we will pray for your loved one.

To-morrow at noon I hope we will be with you. Till then, good-bye.

Your affectionate,]

NONIE.

[15TH LETTER, 7TH GRADE.]

SUPERIOR CITY, Wis., August 7th, 1885.

Mr. W. J. Woods:

Dear Sir—After receiving the work I ordered from you, I found a copy of the same in our school library, for which I purchased the book. Will you do me the favor to exchange it for the "Catholic Dictionary?" There will be a slight difference in the price. Charge it to Papa, please. Your respectfully, ANNIE McCUSKER.

[16TH LETTER, 7TH GRADE.]

ST. VINCENT'S SCHOOL.

ST. LOUIS, March 10, 1885.

Revered and Dear Father—Time in his rapid and noiseless march has again brought to us the month of the glorious saint whose name you bear. As his festal day approaches my thoughts naturally turn to you—to you who from the moment your hand poured the baptismal waters over my forehead, have ever been my truest friend, my constant guide along virtue's path as your patron saint was the guardian of God's most precious treasures on earth, the shadow in which bloomed God's Lily, our dearest Mother Mary. May I not liken your life to that of your dear patron? For what is the life of a fervent priest but a life of self-sacrifice, a life wholly for others, even as that of St. Joseph was ever and always for Jesus and Mary? Again, how often do you carry, unheeded by the passing crowd, the same dear Lord, to a

heart almost as barren in virtue as was the desert in vegetation, over which He was borne by His foster father, to a soul more idolatrous in its concessions to sin, than were the dark-eyed Egyptians, whose idols were dethroned by the presence of Jesus, Mary and Joseph? Most fervently do I pray the great saint, who is at once the model and protector of the priesthood to guard and bless you, and on his festal day to shower upon you heaven's choicest gifts. All the family join me in wishing you a happy, thrice happy feast day, and many glad returns. Mamma begs you will accept the accompanying trifle, and I hope you will remember in your prayers,

Your absent but devoted child,

MARY.

[17TH LETTER, 7TH GRADE.]

SCHOOL OF THE SACRED HEART,
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Dear Kitty—Your welcome letter from Chicago lay on my dinner plate, and was by far the most pleasant part of the meal. Indeed I could scarcely wait to take any dinner, so anxious was I to return to school, in order that dear Sister might enjoy your expressions of loneliness, you who would laugh at a young girl of fifteen or sixteen, who was baby enough to yield to home sickness.

Sister is delighted with the well-composed and beautifully written letter, produced by her dear pupil, and wishes me to thank you for your affectionate remembrances of her and of your school. Should Father Burke come over this

aired while we assemble in the Study-hall to say our morning prayers, then go to our dear little Chapel to assist at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, which begins usually a quarter after six o'clock. After Mass is over we return to the Dormitory, make up our beds, and adding a little more to the making of our toilet, if necessary. Then we come to the Study-hall, form rank, and go to breakfast. During this meal some girl reads a sketch of the life of the Saint whose feast it may be, from the "Miniature Lives of the Saints."

After breakfast we generally have about ten minutes' recreation before Study Class begins. At 8 o'clock, the Sister who presides over Study Class rings the bell and all start about preparing lessons till 8:30; at this time another Sister comes and replaces the one already in the room. At a given signal this last Sister begins to hear a Catechism lesson which we have prepared for her.

At nine o'clock our Directress makes her appearance and, at the tap of a little bell that she uses, the different classes rise, and, to music, march to our respective classrooms. There we greet our teacher, as she enters the room, with "Good Morning, Sister." She then hears us recite our lessons until ten o'clock. Here we have a recess of ten minutes which is taken in the Recreation-hall or yard just as the weather may permit. When the ten minutes are up a bell is rung, we form rank and return to our classrooms, where we continue our lessons till twenty minutes after eleven. The Study-hall is again sought after by each and every pupil, and a general lesson on

some subject as Botany, Literature or Geography is heard for about fifteen minutes by one of the teachers.

About this time most of us begin to feel as though we would like some dinner. Our Directress feels a little sorry for us, and comes to our relief. After the Angelus is said, the day-scholars are dismissed, and the boarders taken to the Refectory, where they are soon enabled to tell whether they like their dinner or not.

The hour from twelve to one is employed by some of us, in doing fancy work, and by others in practicing on the piano. One to half-past on Tuesdays and Fridays is devoted to drawing by the seniors and singing by the juniors. Wednesday and Saturday, the same half hour, the seniors sing while the juniors draw. From 1:30 to 2:30 is used in writing in copy books, French and German. The beads of the Blessed Virgin are said at 2:30 by all the pupils, after which we have a recess of about twenty minutes and collation. Five minutes of three o'clock we form rank, and, to music, march to the Study-hall, get our books, and go to our class-rooms where the English lessons of the day are finished by four o'clock. At four we are again recalled to the Study-hall, by the ringing of a bell, day-scholars report tardy marks and are dismissed. This hour is given to painting, music and fancy work. When the bell rings at five o'clock all meet again in the Study-hall and begin preparing their lessons for the next day.

We have supper at six. From 6:30 to 8:30 we have recreation, then say our "Night Prayers" and retire.

From my place in the Dormitory I have about as good a view of the surroundings as in the Study-hall, but I think, if I were to tell my readers all I can see from my bed, I would get another where I could not see so well, so rather than lose my place I will bid you "good night" and go to sleep.

NELLY NOLAN.

[19TH LETTER, 7TH GRADE.]

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY,
FLUSHING, L. I., March 12th, 1886.

My Dear Friend—As I have been an inmate of St. Joseph's Academy, the last two months, I am able to give you some idea of my present home and its pleasant surroundings. Our Convent is situated in the village of Flushing, probably the prettiest village on Long Island. It is an old place, and first settlers were "Quakers," who came here about the time Roger Williams visited Rhode Island. The remarkable tree yet stands under which the pioneer Governor Bonne, as elder, assembled the settlers, and where Washington, during the revolutionary days, addressed the patriots, while in the old "Bonne Homestead" are preserved mementoes of that memorable visit. There are beautiful walks in the suburbs of the village, and as an hour's exercise daily is one of our schools regulations, we know every sheltered nook and favorite walk in the vicinity. About forty trains run daily to and from New York. The Convent is only one square from the railway depot, on the outskirts of the village. The locality was formerly occupied as a boarding school for

young ladies, under Dr. Hanks, an Episcopalian clergyman. It was purchased twenty-five years ago by the Sisters of St. Joseph, who have erected the present spacious Convent and Academy; the length of the building is one hundred and fifty by eighty feet. It is built of brick with stone paving, but is more remarkable for solidity and comfort, than for external ornamentation. There are three divisions, a centre building and two wings. The right wing is devoted exclusively to boarders, and is divided into refectory, class-rooms, dormitories and hall for public assemblies. The centre building contains the parlors, drawing and music rooms, and class-rooms for junior department. The left wing is for the use of the Sisters, and from it we enter the Chapel, the most beautiful and finished portion of the edifice. The chapel is Romanesque in style, thus combining the religious aspect of the Gothic with the more modern taste of the Renaissance. The high ceiling is supported by immense iron pillars, painted in imitation of marble and the flooring of the aisles is made of inlaid wood, so artistically arranged as to resemble Mosaic. Above the altar is a beautiful fresco representing the Church Militant, while the altar is pure Onyx and American marble. When at Vesper-hour Sisters and pupils assemble there, and the organ peals forth the accompaniment to some grand Latin chant of the Middle Ages, one might fancy oneself in some old Cathedral chapel of Europe. I have given you a description of my home, but if you wish to know it better, come and pay me a visit. It is easy for you to do that as boats come

from New York to meet the trains from James Slip, 34th St., 7th St., and 23rd St. Awaiting then the pleasure of a visit, I am,

Yours sincerely,

[20TH LETTER, 7TH GRADE.]

MT. ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY,
CHESTNUT HILL, Feb. 21st, 1886.

My Dear Friend—I can picture your surprise when you receive this letter, for I have neglected you so long that you must have thought I went to sleep with the flies. I remember hearing you say once that you would like to see Chestnut Hill, but as that is impossible, considering the distance which separates us, don't you think the next best thing would be for me to describe the dear old place to you? I know you saw the picture of the Convent and Academy on the catalogue, but I assure you it does the original scant justice. It does not show you the eight terraces, rising so gracefully from the road to the Academy. It does not show you the flowers arranged so prettily on either side of the road, the sparkling fountain, nor the statues hidden among the great trees, inspiring us thoughtless girls with pious sentiments. And, last but not least, it does not show you the apple-trees at the back of the house, which are such good friends during the fall months. For the sake of old times and the pleasant chats we used to have together, I will imagine you are here with me, and will take you through my pleasant home.

The first thing we see, on entering the front door, is

a large statue of St. Joseph, which looks as if it was directing us to go in further. Perhaps after rushing around the ground you would rather rest in the parlor, but as obedience is better than sacrifice, we will do as St. Joseph wishes, and continue our exploring expedition. The first place we enter on the first floor is the recreation hall, and to see it, looking so quiet, with the stools around the walls like old maids, you would never dream of the noise that issues therefrom at night when the girls meet to enjoy themselves after a hard day's work. Then we go into the refectory and see the long tables, with each girl's silver cup and napkin in its proper place. Company are usually allowed the privilege of going up the front stairs, but as I always was lazy, and the "family stairs" are nearer, we will go up by these instead.

Arrived at the second floor a statue of St. Aloysius greets us, and tells us: "Next door is the study-hall, and in it are the girls of whom I have special charge." We open the door and all rise and salute us. Then you have a vague idea that the room contains a confused heap of desks, that forty pairs of eyes are looking right at you, and, finally, that you would rather walk on. Then we look into the recitation rooms opening along the hall that leads us along to the library and cabinet. A statue of St. Thomas Aquinas directs us to enter here, and, knowing what a great lover of books you are, I will give you plenty of time to see them and the curiosities.

Then we ascend to the next floor, and the minute you step into the corridor you are greeted by a melodious noise

coming from the music hall. You see, the different music rooms are divided by glass partitions, a great advantage to the presiding Sister, but a decided *disadvantage* to us, as we can be easily watched. This might make you think you were in the Tower of Babel by mistake, but, I assure you, if each girl is intent on *her* part of the performance she is not likely to be disturbed by the others. The corridor contains a number of pictures of the great musicians inspiring us to imitate them, and at the end is St. Cecilia, directing our thoughts heavenward. Then I take you to the sewing room, where I have to tear you away by main force, because you want to stand and look at the lovely embroidery. Now we go into the studio, and I stand patiently by while you go in raptures over all the pictures, the paintings on plush and velvet, and everything imaginable. Come in and say a prayer in the oratory of the Children of Mary. We take care of it ourselves. Don't you think it neat and pretty? We pass by the statue of the Sacred Heart, take a peep at the little girls' school-room next to it, and proceed to the dormitories. At one end of the long hall is the Blessed Mother's dormitory, and as I have the honor of being one of the many "sleeping Beauties" that occupy it, I can take the liberty of conducting you through. Is it not home-like, with the white curtains around each bed, and the bright red carpet on the floor? Each little cell, as we call them, has a stationary wash-stand, and everything a girl could have for convenience. Step lightly over the shoes standing out in bold relief, in the middle of the floor. A still, small voice

within me tells me they are mine, and should be in their closet upstairs. At the other end of the hall is St. Joseph's dormitory, on the right hand St. Aloysius', but, as they are arranged like the one we visited, we shall not go in. On the left of the hall are the bath-rooms, and next the ward-robe, where Sister keeps a watchful eye on the clothes; and many a time have I been summoned into her presence, and presented with an article of clothing which had seen its best days, and commanded in a decided voice to "mend that." Now I shall have to leave you, promising that if you would like to know something concerning our daily life, I will give you a description of it in my next letter.

I am, ever your loving friend,

TERESA RICHMOND.

[21ST LETTER, 7TH GRADE.]

NAZARETH, ACADEMY,

ROCHESTER, N. Y., April 2, 1885.

Dear Friend Lois—How startled I was, my dear friend, by an early summons to Rev. Mother's room this morning, but how quickly fear gave place to joy when, on reaching her door, our kind Superior held up a letter and I recognized your hand-writing! It were impossible to describe the pleasure I felt at the moment. The first letter since I came to Nazareth, and from you. Can it be but a week since we parted? What is even harder to believe, I am not in the least lonely.

I must confess that my courage was shaken when

mamma was leaving; but that was because she was so lonely and anxious. You know mamma never favored Convent schools, and grandma knew I would be unhappy, and they would make a nun of me without delay. But papa's logic and eloquence triumphed; and my Convent letters will convert every anti-conventual school body in the family. Dearest Lo, I only wish you were here; for your own sake as well as mine.

But how are all at home? How is your mamma, papa, Jules, Lorinne, Penelope, Harola and Louisa? How are Tatter's and Bigoty's vices? How I used to enjoy their antics. Do they fight as often as ever? It is so amusing when Bigoty gets on her dignity, and the savage little terrier crouches in awe.

How are all the girls; were you at High Mass on Sunday? I was, and would you believe that Father O'Hara is Rector here, as well as at St. John's Chapel, Brooklyn. Is the new Cathedral almost completed? (In a week—imagine!) A truce to nonsense.

But you ask me to tell you of my new home and surroundings. I shall do so.

Not until you see Rochester can you know what a beautiful little city it is. It is well named the "Flower City." Its renowned nurseries, parks (but Prospect Park would hereat smile), handsome lawns combine to render it a veritable flower garden. The scenery on both banks of the Genesee River, which flows through the city, is enchanting, while the water power thus afforded gives special impetus to the trade; and a livelier town would

be hard to find in consequence. At the north, a few miles distant, lies the blue Ontario, Lake Avenue, and the Boulevards run direct to the lake.

Nazareth Convent is in a retired locality; though but a few blocks from the main thoroughfare. Thus the great busy heart of the city is far, though near. A fine, brick, five-story building, extending a whole square in length, on the corner of Frank and Jay Streets, with a beautiful deep lawn in front, and a large and handsomely laid out garden at the back, and you have a picture (like an architect's rude plan), of Nazareth. The Study-hall in which I now write looks out upon the front lawn. Lined with venerable maples, and horse chestnut trees, it contains ornamental shrubbery, elegant urns, flower plots, gravel walks, and, all combining, give the charming effect of a rustic grove and artistically planned lawn. The sunlight, streaming into the open window near me, is enough to banish every shadow from the lives of those inside; and it seems in effect to have done so. The library adjoining is pleasant; and furnished with the works of the best writers. "Our Excelsior," a club of young ladies, principally former pupils and post-graduates of the Academy, does much towards replenishing the library, and elevating the taste of the pupils in regard to reading.

The school averages one hundred pupils, and contains five departments: Academic, Senior, Preparatory Junior, Primary and Kindergarten. I belong to the Academic, which consists in a three-years' course. Great pains seem to be taken in explaining each lesson. Complete.

philosophical and chemical apparatuses afford pleasant instruction.

We have daily gymnastic exercises, the room where these are held being fitted up with suitable apparatus for this purpose, so that the long morning session is relieved by a ~~dash~~ with dumb-bells, wands or rings. In fact you see, ~~dear~~, that every means is at hand intelligently to develop the body, mind and soul of your friend, if only she employs them.

Now come to the Studio. It is not large; but so pleasant and bright, and if it be true that "a room full of pictures is a room full of thoughts," this must certainly be a "thoughtful" apartment. Painting, drawing, sketching, all kinds of beautiful color work are done here. I hope to spend some happy hours here. The sounds of piano, organ, guitar and violin issue at intervals from music rooms; and the students of music as well, as of art, produce beautiful results after their labor. Thus do the useful and the beautiful go hand in hand at Nazareth.

Do you blame me for being happy away from home and you, now? I think I have justified myself for telling you I am not lonely. Every duty is performed punctually; and order is so strictly, yet withal kindly maintained, that it would be difficult to find a happier throng than our school circle. Besides when I open my window in the morning and the morning sun shines in, the little birds singing outside, all bear me messages from home. O, no, the beautiful city of churches is not forgotten

in my new found happiness. No, not even when in our dear little Convent chapel, where the memory of my own dear Lo rises before me; for then more than ever I remember the loved ones at home.

Now don't think I am a nun already—Not at all! I expect you to tell me all about what the dear old world in Brooklyn is doing; and write me a real "woman's letter." Practice our old pieces often; for we must not forget those we played and sang together. Do get "Recollections of Home," by Mills, if you not do like it, then tastes differ.

With kindest remembrances to all, and waiting to hear soon again from my true and faithful Lo, I remain in sincere esteem and affection, your friend,

KATHLEEN.

Miss Lois Farham, St. Mark's Place, Brooklyn.

[22d LETTER, 7TH GRADE.]

MT. ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY,
CHESTNUT HILL, February 28th, 1886.

My Dear Friend—So I have interested you sufficiently to want to know the occupations of my daily life. Then I have determined to devote my leisure time to you to-day, and give you all the particulars. First among the *trials* is to be obliged to bid an early adieu to my bed every morning. One never knows the strength of attachment till the parting hour arrives, but "necessity knows no law," and tear myself away, I must, or Sister's gentle,

but firm force, would part us. Could you give me a receipt for dressing quickly? I am getting so desperate about my tardiness I am thinking seriously of adopting the plan of the firemen, to arrange my clothes in such a manner that I can just step into them in the morning.

Then come morning prayers and attending Mass. The next thing on the programme is breakfast, and as early rising is a good appetizer, I can assure you we are always ready for it.

I don't think I should find it difficult now to go through the soldiers' drill, marching and counter-marching, for it really seems to me as if the gong near the study-hall door keeps you moving from morning till night; first it rings you to studies, then to practice, then to French and various duties, leaving us no time for a chat on the way, as I have found several times from experience; but it has a silver tone when it sounds "to play! to play! to play!" During the hour of recreation at noon we make a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, and then walk around the grounds till it is time for us to resume our studies; but at night when we feel that all care is over, we amuse ourselves in a more lively manner. Now that I am trying to tell you, in so many words, in what that amusement consists, I find it very difficult, for the trifles that prove a source of fun to us here would not even provoke a laugh if we were at home. I can understand now how my sisters, who were educated here, used to say they would like to go back to the Convent for a good laugh. Sister presides at our recreation, but that does not hinder us from enjoying it

to its full extent. I had almost forgotten to tell you the most delightful and substantial part of our amusement. It is indulging in the fruit of the wonderful apple trees, which the catalogue neglected to show you, and although it is very pleasant, I tell you, in all confidence, from experience, "Don't indulge to excess."

Every Wednesday afternoon, when the weather permits, we take long walks and enjoy them very much. In our last a cow broke through a fence, by the way, and took a fancy to a scamper on the road with us. "Ah, then, there was a hurrying to and fro, and a mounting in hot haste" on the opposite fence, till the intruder was driven to her proper quarters.

On Sundays and recreation days we are allowed access to the library, and as we have a choice selection, I am not slow to avail myself of this excellent opportunity of devouring the volumes.

Thursday is a day, I am sure, you would like, for the time devoted to English on other days is spent in the sewing room. On entering the room in the morning you generally perceive a pair of stockings, to which you hoped you had said good-bye forever, yawning at you and waiting to be darned. Alas! for the poor girl who yields to the temptation of drawing the edges of the hole together, for Sister knows that the popular prejudice runs in favor of seems in the stockings, and she is quick to discover the one who was so rash as to make short work of her mending. Picture to yourself dresses, once the pride of their owners, that now need patching, lying

ignobly on the table, with no one in the whole room who will claim relationship with them. When you have done these justice, you may take your fancy work.

How I enjoy the evening benediction! It is a sacred privilege before retiring to go for our dear Lord's blessing, All is so silent and solemn; the decoration of the altar is beautiful, and the singing of the Sisters so fine, that you forget you are on earth.

On particular feast-days the girls sing the Mass, and we, of course, regard it as a great honor. We are looking forward anxiously to St. Joseph's Day, when we shall occupy places in the choir and contribute our share to hallow the day. After coming from the chapel in the evening we have recreation until bed time, and when that time has arrived, we are generally so tired that we are not sorry, but perfectly willing to tumble into bed, and sleep comfortably till the next morning.

Each day resembles every other with now and then a recreation day to relieve the monotony, but, I regret to say, these last are few and far between, except when the Most Rev. Archbishop or some visiting clergyman sees in our eyes a hunger for play, and begs the favor through compassion.

At the end of every month, on the afternoon of some day of her own selection, Mother Superior comes over to the study hall to hear the report of each girl for the month. Then the *good* girl is rewarded by hearing read out "one hundred" for conduct, and so on. She is decorated with a badge and walks to her seat, feeling that ad-

miring eyes are watching her; but the wrong-doer who has taken a notion to do things according to her own sweet will, is obliged to hang her head at the sound of "sixty-five," and realizes, like Franklin, that she has "paid too dear for her whistle."

On Thursday evening we have concerts, as we call them; each class in turn has to perform, in the presence of the Sisters and girls. Every member of the class has to sing or play, recite, or read a composition, and, oh, how she dreads it. For my part, I get palsy in my knees and the voice seems to have taken flight when I walk towards the piano to sing, but it is useless to beg to be excused, for Sister is inexorable, and every one, without exception, has to favor the company.

Thus you see, like the world at large, we have our share of the pleasures and trials of this life, but after you are over your home-sickness, and become accustomed to the routine, the days pass very pleasantly. Come and try it for yourself, and I am sure you will agree with

Your loving friend,

TERESA RICHMOND.



[RHYME LETTER, 7TH GRADE.]

Dear Friends:

A solemn task on me devolves
This blessed Thursday night,
Oh, do you guess? No less than this,
For you some rhymes to write.

Then friends, kind friends, in pity lend
My pen a partial ear;
No Anthony more earnest begged,
Than I through very fear.

What shall I tell you strange or true?
No murders ere take place;
No startling deeds, with horror fraught,
Disturb this peaceful race.

You all know well the grass is green,
The roses here quite red;
'Tis useless to renew these facts—
I'll tell to you instead

Some secrets from behind the scenes
That I full oft behold.
There stand five desks; three occupied,
With class-mates—good as gold.

The girl who reigns in number one,
Is tall, quite hale and stout;
But, having this last quality,
She suffers much from gout.

Beg your pardon, gentle Miss.
I should have said a corn,
At any rate, she suffers much,
At times it can't be borne.
At present she is living high,
For now, 'round four o'clock,
We see her tripping cellar-ward
To get of sweets a stock.
To spare her feelings I'll pass on
And introduce Miss Lee ;
She's noted for her peaceful mind
And easy dignity.
Her desk bears on it neatly scratched,
A fancy alphabet ;
The "why and wherefore" I once knew,
But now, I quite forget.
At last we've come to Number Three,
Who never grew sufficiently ;
But hopes have we that future years
To her will gracious be.
Dyspepsia claims her for his own,
And her he often mocks,
He hangs around, till, in despair,
She gives him sounding knocks.
We styled her "Knabe" once, because
She's very like that make,
But as she asked me not to tell
I'll not, for her dear sake.

Then come the wonderful "Post G's"
Who think themselves quite great,
Because *they're* privileged to walk
And recreate till eight.

Miss Josie owns a wealth of hair
(But keeps it in a box),
For Nature, when she came to Joe,
Was stingy with her locks.

Miss Jennie's great affection is
A furious wish to scream;
This wearing on her system weak.
Has kept her very lean.

So now you know these infants old,
Their faults and foibles too,
They should, however, thankful be,
I told you such a few.

No evil wish had I to hurt
The feelings of them all;
When next *their* muse must tortured be,
On me their rhymes may fall.

And now, kind friends, indulgence lend,
And all defects forgive,
For, aching with poetic pains,
My muse can scarcely live.

CATTIE RICHMOND.

[ANSWER TO PREVIOUS LETTER.]

Dear Friend, your pardon I must crave
For torturing you to-night,
But true politeness now requires
That I an answer write

To missive which *last* month was read
By lady tall and thin;
Who deemed, because 'twas "poetry,"
On that account no sin.

She told our faults and failings well
(Which were not very few),
And now I think it us becomes
To give to her *her* due.

She seemed to pity my small size,—
I wish she'd be so kind
To share with me her giant height,
And prove her generous mind.

But oh, for bed Procrustean
That would defects amend,
To squeeze in Cattie's lanky form,
And dumpy *me* extend!

She told you all 'bout Lizzie's corns,—
Full well she knew 'twas so,
For often sore her ears were pulled
For knocking her great toe.

"Sour grapes," my dear, that Number One
You find both stout and hale;
To be likewise, what pains you take,
But all without avail.
On every day at hour of ten
She dons her coat and hat,
And rushes round for sun and air,
In hopes of getting fat.
The proverb now so very old,
Quite sure am I you know,
That "people from a house of glass
Sharp stones should never throw."
She let her jolly muse make fun
Of Joe's scant stock of hair,
Just look at plat luxurious
Which claims *her* anxious care.
To Kate, you dignity ascribed;—
She hopes it may be true,
But thinks in *it* that you excel
All girls she ever knew.
As to her very peaceful mind,—
'Tis blessing owned by few;
Though mirthful Kate full oft *I've* seen,
With heart and hands quite blue.
If Genie has a wish to scream,
Then Cattie fairly yells;
As Nina used of old to say,
"The Richmond trumpet" swells.

It was not spite that prompted us
To answer all she told ;—
We would not give our Number Four
For twice her weight in gold.
And now shake hands with right good will,
For all revenge is o'er ;
Fast friends the future shall us find,
As found the past before.
Though time in fett'ring chain may bind
Each gay and girlish heart,
The quarrels of these thoughtless years
Will ever joy impart.

FANNIE O. FARRELL.

MT. ST. JOSEPH, Feb. 11th, 1886.

[RHYME LETTER, 7TH GRADE.]

I well imagine your surprise,
Dear Mamma, when you see
That I, in measure, have my note,
Imperfect though it be.
You know that I a tyro am
In art of writing rhyme,
But still I know you'll not despise,
Nor criticise a line.
On Tuesday next, eighteen of us,
Quite grand a Mass shall sing ;
With Kyrie and Gloria
Shall make the Chapel ring.

Your little friend, Miss Katie Lee,
The alto tones will take ;
The higher parts, Miss Josie S.
In unison will make.
In chorus then we all shall join,
And each will do her best,
Then Sister says for one full day
We may our voices rest.
In great expectancy we wait,
As holidays draw near,
For joyous will that meeting be
Of us and parents dear.
I know you'll be much pleased to hear
The "heart" which I have done
For your's and Papa's Christmas gift,
My teacher's praise has won ;
Another such for Father Walsh,
I very soon will paint ;
At present I the lines have traced
And first coat laid, though faint.
Last Monday was a gala day
For all at Chestnut Hill ;
A walk to Kitson's famed race-course
Was welcomed with a will.
No doubt Eugene spends all spare time
In skating on the pond,
So that accounts for scarcity
Of notes to Lizzie, fond.

And now, dear mamma, I shall bring
My letter to an end ;
To papa, Eugene, and yourself
I love, the warmest send.
To other friends who chance to call,
And whom I scarcely know,
Request most earnest now I make
This letter not to show.

LIZZIE A. McCARTY.

Mt. St. JOSEPH, Dec. 6th, 1885.

[LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION.]

To a Member of Congress, Introducing an Officer Seeking a Position.

CHICAGO, ILL., May 6th, 1884.

HON. STEPHEN WATSON :

Respected Sir—The bearer, Captain Morris Dixon, having been mustered out of the volunteer service, in which he has served faithfully and honorably for five years, is desirous of obtaining an appointment in the regular army. Any advice or assistance that you may be able to extend to him will be gratefully acknowledged by,
Your obedient servant,

HENRY IRVING,
Col. Comm'g Reg't Inf't'y, U. S. A.

[Letter Introducing the Same Officer to the Secretary of War.]

WASHINGTON, March 10th, 1884.

HON. ROB'T LINCOLN, Secretary of War, Washington,
D. C. :

Sir—Allow me to solicit your favorable consideration

of the claims of the bearer, Captain Morris Dixon, who is desirous of obtaining an appointment in the regular army. His letter of introduction from his Colonel satisfies me that his military record will justify my interest in his solicitation. Your kindness in his behalf will place me under heavy personal obligation. I have the honor to be, Sir,
Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

CHARLES LEWIS, M. C.

[LETTERS OF ADVICE.]

Be very sparing of letters of advice. As a rule, you will have enough to do to attend to your own affairs; and, as a general thing, advice even when solicited is liable to give offence.

If, however, you are asked to give an opinion, you may plainly state it. Do not give it, however, as a law, nor feel offended if your advice is disregarded.

Beware of giving advice from selfishness. Sooner or later your motive will be discovered. Let your admonition be alone for the interest and welfare of your friend. If you expect, however, to be benefited by the course which you advise the person to pursue, you may frankly state the fact.



→ Eighth Grade. ←

CLIPPINGS FROM GREAT AUTHORS.

"LIVES OF GREAT MEN OFT REMIND US,
WE CAN MAKE OUR LIVES SUBLIME;
AND DEPARTING LEAVE BEHIND US,
FOOTPRINTS ON THE SANDS OF TIME."



Letters of the Eighth Grade.



[1ST LETTER, 8TH GRADE.]

May 7, 1840.

Madame De Sainte-Marie—Shall I arrive at Coques, my poor mother, in time, not to console, but to embrace you, to clasp you lovingly in my arms, to tell you, to repeat to you, as you say, that I have been painfully affected in reading the account of my friend's sufferings? Oh! I knew only too well, from the absence of her handwriting, that there was sad news inside. My God! how quickly I broke the seal to read, and how broken down I was myself by the reading! Poor friend, within an inch of her end! And what pain, anguish, terror, martyrdom for a whole week! I saw, felt, pitied; I hardly knew which most, the victim or her mother. Is it indeed possible to say which was the greatest sufferer? In short you are fearfully tried, and no doubt there was danger, and extreme danger, in this unfortunate accident; but you give hope; you tell me, my mother, that this misfortune may do good, that through it our beloved invalid may be freed from a part of her complaint. May God listen to you and the doctors whom I do not often hold to be true prophets.

But let us rely upon Providence, which acts by human

means—very painful ones, sometimes; but pain constitutes one-half of all things under heaven. And after your tears, throes, terrors, to see your daughter better and perhaps eventually cured, oh! is this not enough to make up for all? Enough to sing *Te Deum* over, both for you and me, and all who are interested in this dear Henriette? This idea, this dawning hope of health, filled me, as it were with joy—I, who no longer have any joy of my own. Yes! call me your daughter; I am so, my mother. I am the sister of your Henriette. I cling to her as I do to no one else, in a way that only God knows, and that comes so close to my family affection that no one intervenes between my dear relation and Henriette. Louise is also dear to me, but in another way. Nothing so strong as what is born in tears.

God be thanked! God be praised for everything, and for the mercy he shows us in the midst of afflictions! Never did I know so sad an Easter in one respect, nor so blessed in another, in the matter of faith, life's most important matter, it is so full of benedictions for those I love! How my Henriette comforts me! I foresaw so many difficulties for her, so many material and spiritual embarrassments at Coques, that I was very uneasy about her. But God has given her an Ananias, that Abbé of Nèvers, that holy, enlightened, and consoling young priest, who came, like the angels in the Garden of Olives, to sustain our Henriette in her agony. Poor friend! how much good she derived from it, as is ever the case with all who seek their support in God! and not only she, but you also

shared the benefit by enjoying it through her. Happy they who, like you, my mother, and like M. de Sainte-Marie, draw down blessings on their family. God never fails, sooner or later, to grant their requests. This is the only support adequate for the soul's needs, and then, as you say, everything counts for eternity. It is with reference to this that we find written, "Blessed are they that mourn."

I am much delighted with what you tell me of the little girls. You will please to embrace them both on the part of their second little mamma. And as for their sick mamma, what am I to say to her? All that can proceed from a heart full of sorrow and affection for her, and that refers itself to yours.

Adieu, dear mamma! I am all your own, like another Henriette. I have no room for all the affectionate messages from my family to yours, and to yourself in particular.

Let me soon hear, if you please. Thanks for the flower of the Month of Mary; although faded, what a perfume of Coques it brought me.

EUGENIE DE GUERIN.

[2ND LETTER, 8TH GRADE.]

Madame La Baronne De Maistre—Since you are able to write me two or three words, dear friend, you will also be able to read a few in answer to your infinite kindness and the infinity of proofs of it that you so frequently afford me. Thanks! thanks, a million times! I consider

myself too unfortunate in not being able to profit by them at once. But insurmountable difficulties detain me; nothing less than these overpowering cables would suffice to prevent me from flying to you, to that bed of suffering whence your sad and tender voice cries, "Come! come!" Oh, how I wish I could, with my papers and everything that could interest you! We are expecting to here from Paris; I shall press M. Raynaud to hurry on this business; meanwhile I implore you not to afflict yourself too much about a visit postponed. Everything arrives in the end, and especially friends. And I, who was depending to see you at Cayla! Alas! how many disappointments!

Adieu! always adieu! nothing but adieu! But the meeting will come, depend upon it, my dear. Do not leave me without tidings. I am very grateful to all who write to me and to the hand that writes the address.

Yours ever, EUGENIE DE GUERIN.

[3D LETTER, 8TH GRADE]

OLNEY, October 19, 1781.

TO MRS. COWPER:

My Dear Cousin—Your fear lest I should think you unworthy of my correspondence, on account of your delay to answer, may change sides now, and more properly belongs to me. It is long since I received your last, and yet I believe I can say truly, that not a post has gone by me since the receipt of it, that has not reminded me of the debt I owe you for your obliging and unreserved communications, both in prose and verse, especially for the

latter, because I consider them as marks of your peculiar confidence. The truth is, I have been such a verse-maker myself, and so busy in preparing a volume for the press, which I imagine will make its appearance in the course of the winter, that I hardly had leisure to listen to the calls of any other engagement. It is, however, finished, and gone to the printer's, and I have nothing now to do with it but to correct the sheets as they are sent to me, and consign it over to the judgment of the public. It is a bold undertaking at this time of day, when so many writers of the greatest abilities have gone before, who seem to have anticipated every valuable subject, as well as all the graces of poetical embellishment, to step forth into the world in the character of a bard, especially when it is considered that luxury, idleness and vice have debauched the public taste, and that nothing hardly is welcome but childish fiction, or what has at least a tendency to excite a laugh. I thought, however, that I had stumbled upon some subjects that had never before been poetically treated, and upon some others to which I imagined it would not be difficult to give an air of novelty by the manner of treating them. My sole drift is to be useful; a point which, however, I knew I should in vain aim at, unless I could be likewise entertaining. I have, therefore, fixed these two strings upon my bow, and by the help of both have done my best to send the arrow to the mark. My readers will hardly have begun to laugh, before they will be called upon to correct that levity and peruse me with a more serious air. As to the effect I leave it alone in His hands who can alone

produce it; neither prose nor verse can reform the manners of a dissolute age, much less can they inspire a sense of religious obligation, unless assisted and made efficacious by the Power who superintends the truth he has vouchsafed to impart.

You made my heart ache with a sympathetic sorrow when you described the state of your mind on occasion of your late visit into Hertfordshire. Had I been previously informed of your journey before you made it, I should have been able to have foretold your feelings with the most unerring certainty of prediction. You will never cease to feel upon that subject, but with your principles of resignation and acquiescence in the divine will, you will always feel as becomes a Christian. We are forbidden to murmur, but we are not forbidden to regret; and whom we loved tenderly while living, we may still pursue with an affectionate remembrance, without having any occasion to charge ourselves with rebellion against the sovereignty that appointed a separation. A day is coming when, I am confident, you will see and know that mercy to both parties was the principal agent in a scene, the recollection of which is still painful.

WILLIAM COWPER.

[4TH LETTER, 8TH GRADE.]

My Dear Father Faber—There were many things which I desired to say to you this afternoon, but which I did not say; so I must write some of them.

I cannot but think how consoled and fortified you

must now feel, by your having from the moment of your joining the church, so entirely devoted your time and abilities to the particular and almost exclusive work of promoting and extending in it the spirit of holiness and of true piety. And your exertions have been eminently blest not only in England, but in every country, as the Holy Father himself declared to me.

Thousands must now be praying to God to return to you the blessings you have been the cause of to them.

If I may use the expression, you have put under contribution every treasury of God's grace, in your own favor. Mary's joys and sorrows, Bethlehem and Calvary, our Lord's sacred passion, the most Adorable Eucharist and His whole Self. Surely, the hour has come for the reward of all this, or rather, for the fullest return from the love of Jesus and Mary to their faithful and devoted servant.

I cannot doubt that it is so; though it is natural for him to look at the other side of the account, and think of his debts rather than of the accumulated claims which he has been erecting to divine clemency, indulgence and liberality. There can be no danger in dwelling on the mercies rather than on the justice of God; and, therefore, none in making the best of our claims upon the former, so as to disarm the latter. If one has for years been endeavoring to cleave to the cross and to cling to the hem of Mary's garment, it is the office of hope to plead these affectionate occupations of a life in favor of mercy, grace and confidence. At the approach of death I

only wish that I could look forward to similar motives and rights, when, in the same crisis, the sense of such heavy responsibilities so little answered will weigh on me.

I will not dwell on the great work which you have founded, and which will remain, not long, but forever, to perpetuate the good you have done while living. It is not the mere edifice, however great, of the oratory, which will do this, but the spirit of St. Philip which you have brought into London, and which will ever continue alive and active in his children. To have founded such a work as this ought much to comfort you, and fill you with peace, and even joy. Indeed, this spiritual cheerfulness and humble confidence is so completely the spirit of St. Philip, that your hour of suffering and anxiety is not so much its truest test, as it is its very natural and native element; as the beautiful phosphorescence of the sea can only be seen in agitated waters.

Your good Father will be near you in this, your trial; never, indeed, possibly more so, and with him those many Saints and servants of God whom you have made known, revered and invoked, by so many in this country.

And if my sincere affection, expressed to God and His Blessed Mother, in fervent prayer, and my poor blessing, can add a further drop to the abundance of better and holier consolations, you have them fully and cordially, daily repeated.

N. CARD. WISEMAN.

[5TH LETTER, 8TH GRADE.]

TO THE CHILDREN OF ST. ANNE'S HOME :

My Dear Little Great-Grandchildren—To-day is the feast of my saint, St. Wilfried, and I have asked him to let me send you his blessing. I have a great many things to do, and a great many cares on my mind, and I am sometimes inclined to be out of spirits. One of my ways of getting cheerful again is to think of you, my dear children, and of the way in which you are trying to love Jesus, and to be good, and to have hearts in you like St. Philip's heart. I have got gray hair, and you are quite, quite young and little. How much more time you will have to work for God than I have! How much good may you do in your life, if only you get St. Philip's sweet spirit into you! I love to think of it. I love to think of the after-years when, when you will affectionately remember St. Anne's Home, and all that the dear Mother of the Convent, and also Sister A. did for you. You will see what a blessing it all was. You will laugh and cry both together for joy, when you think of those funny refectory tables, and that snug dormitory, and that grand cupboard full of bonnets and umbrellas, which I always visit and admire so much. I hear nothing but good of you, my dear children; only you must not be proud. It is Jesus who makes you good. I love you very much, and always pray for you. You are a joy and a treasure to me, my dear children. Yours affectionately in Jesus and Mary.

F. W. FABER.

[6TH LETTER, 8TH GRADE.]

Dear Friend—On St. Augustine's day, I enter a monastery; what my happiness is at this prospect I can hardly describe to you. Though troubles, trials and outward persecutions, and the most distressing calumnies are all around me, and though I have shrunk from the invidious task which holy obedience has now laid upon me, yet nothing seems to disturb my inward peace. To be sure, the blue sky, and the green fields, and the river side, and the gray gables, and the idolatry of Elton are far other than the smoke, and the dense streets, and the denser mass of unbelief and utterly abandoned souls, and the stifling sick-rooms, and the hooting and pelting of Birmingham, yet the last is more to my mind *now*; and I hope God may bless us and quicken our love for these poor English artisans more and more.

You must at any rate come and see me; and I hope you will find Brother Wilfried walking the smoky lanes of Birmingham, with the boys cutting jokes on his habit, a being not a whit less gay than the Frederick Faber of the Lakes; and a great deal more boyish, for all that his dear, angry friends have persecuted him into gray hairs.

FABER.

[7TH LETTER, 8TH GRADE.]

ELLISLAND, January 11th, 1791.

My Lady—Nothing less than the unlucky accident of having broken my right arm could have prevented me, the moment I received your ladyship's elegant present

by Mrs. Miller, from returning you my warmest and most grateful acknowledgments. I assure your ladyship, I shall set it apart—the symbols of religion shall only be more sacred. In the moment of poetic composition, the box shall be my inspiring genius. When I would breathe the comprehensive wish of benevolence for the happiness of others, I shall recollect your ladyship; when I would interest my fancy in the distresses incident to humanity, I shall remember the unfortunate Mary.

R. B.

[8TH LETTER, 8TH GRADE.]

My Dearest Brother in Jesus Christ—Antonio is ill in bed, and can do nothing for us. Send me immediately Munahpaul Antonio, the Parava, to act as servant to us. Write to me, I beseech you, and tell me whether those poor afflicted people are well treated. My anxiety for them accompanies me everywhere and leaves me no rest, and the only thing that comforts me is to have news, from time to time, news of how they are going on.

As soon as I get to the Rajah of Travancore, I will take care to have orders dispatched by him, and I will send them to you, commanding all the adigares throughout the country to treat the Christians well. Pray to God for me, and tell all the children to remember to commend me to God in their prayers. I have addressed a bill of exchange to Manuel da Cruz, on account of which he will give you one hundred fanams to pay for the in-

struction of the children. I send it to you with this letter. May our Lord ever assist you with his help and favor! Your most affectionate brother in Jesus Christ,

FRANCIS.

[9TH LETTER, 8TH GRADE.]

ST. CHARLES BOROMEO, MILAN:

Most Illustrious and Reverend Monsignore—I have received the document you sent me by the Abate Agostini, relating to the affairs of St. Simone. Our F. Giovanini Paolo will be able to tell your most illustrious Lordship what we have decided with him; and if this be confirmed by the deputies there, you will learn that we would gladly come to labor in the service of God at Milan, and wherever else it may please His divine Majesty to call us; although it did not appear to us prudent to take so great a step all at once until our affairs here in Rome are settled and established. And further as I have not as yet had any opportunity of serving your most illustrious Lordship, let me now assure you that I am both now and always most ready to do so, and that I shall strive to have my part by my prayers in the good which the Lord God is doing in your city by your hand, beseeching Him to further it to His honor and glory. I humbly kiss your hand, and beg your blessing for myself, and for this our little Congregation. Your most humble,

PHILIP NERI.

ROME, May 13th, 1578.

[10TH LETTER, 8TH GRADE.]

LORENZO DE CEPEDA (Brother of the Saint):

The Grace of Christ be with You—This relation of ours is quite tiresome; thus we must pass our time. But though it is proper we should be entirely separated from the world, yet we must not altogether give up attending to the civilities of life. Believe me, however, that during all the time I have been here, I have not been able to write to the Sisters, I mean to every one in particular, though some earnestly wish me to do so. But, please God, I will speak to them without fail next Thursday. I will leave a short little note for you, that she who brings the money may take the letter also, together with the money.

I enjoy better health here. The best thing you can do is to avoid the company of those persons of whom you speak. It is better your melancholy should discharge itself in this way (for it is nothing else) than in another, which might bring still greater inconveniences. I was delighted to hear that Avila was not dead, for he is a good man. God granted him a favor, in allowing his illness to come upon him in such a place, where such great care was taken of him.

I am not surprised at your trouble; but I *am* surprised to see you so very desirous of serving God, and yet that you find such a light cross so very heavy. You will soon say, "You wish it were lighter, in order to be the better able to serve our Lord." O brother! we know not what we ask. All such desires show a little self-love.

Do not wonder at wishing to change your cross, for your age demands this. In spite of this imperfection, do not imagine that every one is as exact as you are in fulfilling their duties. Let us praise God that you have not other faults. I sometimes wish to have Teresa here, especially when we are walking in the garden; may God make you both saints. Give my respects to Pedro de Ahumada. Yesterday was the feast of St. Ann; I did not forget you, knowing how devoted you are to her, and that you will build a church, if you have not already done so, in her honor. The thought gives me great pleasure.

Your servant,

TERESA DE JESUS.

[LETTERS OF FENELON.]

To a Friend—I am always united in heart to you and your dear family; never doubt it. We are near together, though we do not see each other; whilst many people are far apart, though they live in the same room. God unites all, and annihilates distance to those whose hearts unite in him. He is the common centre, where hearts meet from all parts of the world. I cannot help feeling the privation of not seeing you. But we must submit to this with patience, while it pleases God that it shall be so, even if it should be till death. Content yourself with the performance of your own duties. For the rest, be composed and self-collected, diligent in regulating your own affairs, and patient under domestic trials.

As for Madam—I pray God that she may not regard

those things that are behind, but press forward in the right path. I pray that God may bless all your family, and that they may belong to him.

FENELON.

CONTEMPLATION OF OUR DEFECTS—There is a very subtle illusion in your disquietude ; for you appear to be occupied with what is due to God and his glory, but at the bottom you are really full of yourself. You wish that God should be glorified, but it is by your own perfection ; and by this means, you enter into all the refinement and sinuosities of self-love. This is merely an ingenious contrivance for thinking of yourself. The true use to be made of all the imperfections, of which you are conscious, is neither to justify nor to condemn them, but to present them before God, conforming your will to his, and remaining in peace, for peace is the divine order, in whatever state we may be.

FENELON.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP—We ought to receive, without any desire to choose for ourselves, whatever God gives us. It is just that His will and not ours should be done, and that without any reserve it should become ours ; and then this world would be like heaven. This is a far greater happiness than to see and converse with our friends, or to receive the consolation that they can afford.

How intimately are we united, when we truly meet in the love and presence of God. How well do we speak,

when our wills and our thoughts are full of Him, who is all in all. Do you then desire true friends? Seek them only at the source of eternal friendships. Do you wish to hold intercourse with them? Listen in silence to Him who is the world, the life, and the soul of all those who speak the truth and who live in uprightness. You will find in God not only all that you want, but all that is so imperfectly manifested by those in whom you trust.

You cannot do too much to correct your natural impetuosity and habit of following your love of activity. To be silent, to suffer, to judge no one without actual necessity, and to listen to the voice of God within you—this will be like a continual prayer and sacrifice of self.

FENELON.

IMPERFECTION OF OUR FELLOW-CREATURES—I am very sorry for the imperfections you find in human beings; but we must learn to expect but little from them; this is the only security against disappointment. We must receive from them what they are able to give us, as from trees the fruits that they yield. God bears with imperfect beings, even when they resist his goodness. We ought to imitate this merciful patience and endurance. It is only imperfection that complains of what is imperfect. The more perfect we are, the more gentle and quiet we become towards the defects of others.

Do not attend to those, who, under the dominion of prejudice, erect themselves into a tribunal of justice. If anything can cure them, it is to leave them to themselves,

and go on in your own path, with the simplicity and meekness of a child.

FENELON.

[LETTERS OF ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.]

TO THE ABBE—(With his own Portrait).

My Dearest Brother—You ask if my heart will not cleave to yours always and forever? And I answer, dear brother, it is the maxim of three great lovers, all three saints, all three doctors of the Church, all three steadfast friends, all three great masters in moral theology, namely, St. Ambrose, St. Jerome and St. Augustine, “a friendship which can diminish was never truly one.” There, my dear brother! there is a sacred oracle to tell you that our friendship is eternal and invariable, inasmuch as it is true and holy, founded on truth, not vanity, on the mutual communication of spiritual gifts not worldly interests; and thus to love, and to be capable of ceasing to love you, are two incompatible things.

The friendships of this world are worldly; the world passes away, and so do its friendships; but ours is of God, in God, for God.

I send you the likeness of the earthly man, I cannot refuse you anything you ask. I am told that I have never been well painted, but I think it matters very little. I have borrowed this picture for you; I have none of my own. Alas! if the likeness of my creator were but graven on my mind, you might delight in that!

FRANCIS.

My Dear Brother—I close the year with giving myself the pleasure of wishing you all good for that which is coming. These mortal years pass away, dear brother; their months melt into weeks, weeks into days, days into hours, hours into moments, and after all, these moments are all that we can really call our own! Even these we only possess as they pass away, setting forth how swiftly we too are passing away; a fact which might be willingly accepted if we consider how full of sorrow this life is, and how, when it is ended, it will be merged in that blessed Eternity which God, in His merciful goodness, has prepared for us, and to which our hearts continually tend, not through our own natural instincts, but through his gracious drawing.

Dear brother, I never dwell upon the thought of eternity without great delight, and this because I cannot do so without feeling that my soul would not be able to reach after so mighty a thought, were there not some true affinity between them. There must be some correspondence between the soul and that to which it tends, and when my longings fix themselves upon eternity, my satisfaction becomes exceeding, because I know that we never long intensely save for that which God wills us to attain. Therefore, my longing is a proof that I may attain that eternal life; what more need I save to hope for it? And that hope is confirmed to me through my knowledge of the Infinite Goodness of Him. Who would not have created a soul capable of meditating upon and longing after eternity, without giving it the means whereby to attain

thereto. So, dear brother, we find ourselves at the foot of the Crucifix, which is the ladder by means of which we pass over these temporal seasons to the eternal years. Well then, I wish for your dear self, that the coming year may be followed by others here, and that they may all be well spent in winning eternity. May you live long in holiness and happiness among those who love you in this brief life; and then live forever in that unchangeable blessedness to which we look. This is what my heart asks for you, pouring itself out with the confidence which rises from our deep affection, and makes me ever yours, etc.

Your brother,

FRANCIS.

December 14th, 1606.

Dear Friend—I am very glad to hear that you are growing in the love of our Lord, as M. de N—— tells me is the case, though he only spoke generally, mentioning no details save that you wish to become a Religious. The wish is a good one, doubtless, but you must not let it disturb you, as for the present it cannot be carried out. If our Saviour wills that it should be fulfilled, He will bring it about by means of His own, which as yet we know not. But meanwhile do the work which concerns you at the present moment, that is to say, go on quietly with your spiritual exercises; give yourself up many times each day, both heart and mind, into God's hands, commending your work heartily to Him; consider what daily opportunities you have of serving His Divine Majesty, whether by your own advance in holiness, or by promoting

that of your neighbor, and make a faithful use of all such. You will profit greatly, my daughter, by this practice in the love of God. I know that you grieve sorely at being forsaken by your father; but you must say with your heart, as well as with your lips, "When my father and my mother forsake me, the Lord taketh me up." Doubtless it is a cross, my child, to be thus forsaken of men, but it is a very holy cross, and one most specially calculated to win the love of God. You must be very brave in the strength of this blessed love, and trust wholly in the assurance we have that our Heavenly Bridegroom never fails those whose hope is in Him.

I send you a little cross, in the midst of which the martyr, Saint Thekla, is represented, to encourage you in suffering willingly for our Lord. It is not a return for your beautiful gift, but only a remembrance of the affectionate love which I bear through our Lord for your soul. I pray you commend me often to him, as your most humble and faithful in our Holy Cross, etc.

FRANCIS DE SALES.

My Dear Child—Well, my dearest child, they have just told me that your dear sister is gone, leaving us here below with our natural grief, the grief which must come upon those who are left behind in such separations. God knows, my dearest child, I have no mind to tell you not weep; no, indeed, it is but right and reasonable that you should weep a little—only a little, dear child—through the

true love you bore her, even as our Dear Master wept a little over his friend Lazarus; but not to excess, as they are wont to do, who, fixing all their thoughts upon this miserable life, forget that we, too, are hastening towards that eternity where we hope to rejoin our blessed dead, never more to part. We cannot hinder our poor earthly hearts from feeling earthly sorrow in the separation from those who were the delight of our life, but, nevertheless, we must not forget our solemn resolution to unite our will wholly to that of God.

How blessed your dear sister is to have seen the hour of her departure come so gradually, and to have been able to make such fit preparation to meet it well. Let us adore God's Providence in this, and say, "Blessed art Thou, for all that Thou willest is good." Oh, my dear child, how lovingly our hearts ought to receive all these little sorrows—hearts which forsooth, should be fixed and stayed on Heaven rather than earth! I shall pray for her soul, and that all who mourn her may be comforted.

FRANCIS DE SALES.

[TO ALL THE FAITHFUL OF CHRIST.]

Let us love God, and let us adore Him with a pure heart and a pure mind.

To all Christians, religious, priests, laymen, and women, and to all who dwell in the world, oh, how blessed and happy are they who love God, and who act as our Lord commands in the Gospel: "Thou shalt love the Lord

thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and thy neighbor as thyself." Let us, therefore, love God, and adore him with a pure heart and mind, for this is what He seeks above all things when He says: "The true adorers shall adore God the Father in spirit and in truth." All who adore Him ought to adore Him in spirit and in truth. Farewell in the Lord.

FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

[RURAL LETTER.]

Do you remember, my dear Doctor, in one of the Elizabethan dramas (I forget which), the description of the contention between the nightingale and the page's lute? Did you ever remark how a bird, sitting silent in a tree, will trill out at the first note, which breaks the stillness, as if it had waited for that signal to begin? Have you noticed the emulation of pigs in a pasture—how the galoping by of a horse in the road sets them off for a race to the limits of the cross fence?

I have been sitting here with my feet upon the autumn leaves, portfolio on knee, for an hour. The shadow of the bridge cuts a line across my breast, leaving my thinking machinery in shadow, while the former portion of me mellows in the sun; the air is as still as if we had suddenly ceased to hear the growing of the grain, and the brook runs leaf-shod over the pebbles, like a child frightened by the silence into a whisper. You would say this was the very mark and fashion of an hour for the silent sympathy of letter-writing. Yet here have I sat with the temptation of an unblotted sheet before me, and my

heart and thought full and ready ; and by my steady gazing in the brook, you would fancy I had taken the sun's function to myself, and was sitting idle to shine. All at once from the open window of the cottage poured a passionate outbreak of Beethoven's music (played by the beloved hand), and with a kind of fear that I should overtake it, and a resistless desire (which, I dare say, you have felt in hearing music) to appropriate such angelic utterance to the expression of my own feelings, I forthwith started into a scribble, and have filled my first page as you see without drawing nib. If turning over the leaf breaks not the charm, you are likely to have an answer writ to your last before the shadow on my breast creeps two buttons downward.

N. PARKER WILLIS.



CLOSING REMARKS.

We have sought information on the subject of letter-writing from many sources, yet we repeat: "No power can be cultivated but by the exercise of that power." The teacher must do all the work within her sphere to draw out the child's ideas, then to approve or disapprove; to point out wherein expressions are not suitable; to suggest another word here and a better word there; to show the learner the effect such an expression would be likely to produce on the recipient of her letter; to suggest that the unpleasant part of a letter of advice or reproof, would be better worded another way, and let the pupil try to make the unpleasantness prove itself as coming from a loving and interested heart. Where should the parents expect to have his child taught to "love, honor and obey," if not in schools conducted by religious teachers, and yet we know that the letters of many of our pupils are far from portraying the feelings of tender, loving hearts. Are we in any way to blame for this? After our pupils have left us, and in many cases parted from the "loved ones at home," does the lonely mother receive the comfort she has a right to expect in the frequent, the tenderly-affectionate letters of her child, who is her one earthly

thought? Has it not happened that the child has gone forth loaded with "graduating honors," while she is forced to acknowledge, "I have written home but once since I left there, now over a year; I really do not know what to say?" Thus is many a fond parent deprived of the joy that a child's loving, grateful letter only can bring; thus does many a soul pass from an earthly pilgrimage without giving her share of happiness to the dear ones that love her. Little use is excellence in other departments of knowledge if the young lady is unable to write letters of courtesy or of business. "The letter bespeaks the man." Ah! yes! and the woman too. See the letters we have selected for our little book; note the grace, the ease, the naturalness found in the letters of Mme. de Sevigne; the life and soul to be seen in those of Eugenie de Guerin; the intellect evident in every line of Mme. Swetchine. What is it that does more to make the letters of St. Francis de Sales sweet and consoling than the thorough knowledge they show of the human heart so filled with love of self? How delicately he touches every chord; how sweetly he teaches us that "God is love." How becoming are letters to the delicate pen of Fenelon, and how full of devotion to the Mother of Jesus do we find the incomparable letters of our much-loved Faber. Yes, our letters, more than any other work of our lives, show what we are. Let us be all that we should be, and then let our letters reflect our true character. In many boarding schools it is customary to preserve letters written by pupils containing their first impressions of the institution. Their ideas

of the Sisters, of the pupils, of the various apartments, the daily routine; their thoughts on entering the chapel for the first time; the duties they found pleasant and those that were irksome; their longings for home; what they missed most; the joy brought by the first letter from home; the days to which they looked forward, and many, many other items of which their hearts were full, and which were surely of interest to those at home. These letters are placed in a folio and the pupil who wishes to see what she wrote a year ago may obtain the favor from proper authority. If she wishes to take a copy for her own recreation she may do so. What more interesting scrap-book can there be than this? We wish all our schools were provided with such. The pupils first letter shows what her character was when she left home; her last letter, the effects of school life upon her.

We have selected sayings of eminent writers concerning the appropriate use of words; we shall now finish our little book by further extracts, not the least of which are a few of the testimonials given to the letters of Eugenie de Guerin.

EXTRACTS.

"Let us not forget, and surely we know it from our own experience, that the human heart has a generous portion of vanity and sensitiveness.

"We can understand how a letter written with the feeling that the more we say, the more we shall please our correspondent is a relaxation for the mind and a joy to the heart.

"A sense of fitness will prompt us when we wish to ask a favor, to select a day when our correspondent is gladdened by good news.

"A sense of fitness will not permit us to delay a letter of condolence until after the day of mourning, when, instead of consoling our correspondent, we re-awaken his sorrow.

"A sense of fitness will not permit us to be unmindful of an anniversary or birthday, and will prompt us to send our letter of congratulation at the most favorable time.

"A sense of fitness will warn us of the trouble of a friend, and impel us to send him an affectionate word when he is feeling abandoned.

"A sense of fitness will prompt us when we have to reprove, to wait until calm is restored to the soul of the cul-

pruit, and remorse has prepared it for the lesson we wish to convey.

"What qualities does fitness suppose? Fitness requires tact, a habit of reflection, a knowledge of conventionalities. It supposes a prompt and energetic will, a loving heart; it seizes the *occasion* and never allows it to escape."—*Author of "Golden Sands."*

Fitness also requires that we be choice in our use of words. Hear what Matthews says on this subject:

"In every relation of life, at every movement of our active being, in everything we think or do, it is on the meaning and inflection of a *word* that the direction of our thoughts, and the expression of our will turn. The soundness of our reasonings, the clearness of our belief and of our judgment, the influence we exert upon others, and the manner in which we are impressed by our fellow-men, all, depend upon a knowledge of the value of words."

The works of Homer, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare and Goethe, exist in the words as the mind in conjunction with the body. Separation is death. Alter the melody ever so skillfully and you change the effect. You cannot translate a sound; you cannot give an elegant version of melody.

It has been justly said that no man can learn from or communicate to another more than the words they are familiar with either express or can be made to express. The deep degradation of the savage is due as much to the brutal poverty of his language as to other causes. Hence

the knowledge of words is not an elegant accomplishment only, not a luxury, *but a positive necessity of the civilized and cultivated man.*

Facts may be forgotten, learning grow common-place, startling truths dwindle into mere truisms, but a grand or beautiful style can never lose its freshness or its charm.

DeQuincy Concludes:

"The true scholar will manifest a partiality for neither part of the language, but will be governed in his choice of words by the theme he is handling.

"In language, as in the fine arts, there is but one way to attain to excellence, and that is by study of the most faultless models. As the air and manner of a gentleman can be acquired only by living constantly in good society, so grace and purity of expression must be attained by a familiar acquaintance with the standard authors.

"There are words which are sharper than drawn swords, which give more pain than a score of blows; and, again, there are words by which pain of soul is relieved, hidden grief removed, sympathy conveyed, counsel imparted and courage infused."

There is a whole class of words, and those among the most expressive in the language, of which the great majority are monosyllables. We refer to the interjections.

"It has been truly said that when a large assembly is animated by a common sentiment which demands instantaneous utterance, it can find that utterance only through interjections."

"Shakespeare's interjections exact a rare command of modulation, and cannot be rendered with any truth except by one who has mastered the whole play."—*Matthews*.

What can be more musical and more melancholy than the opening verse of the lines in which Byron bids adieu to his native land :

"Adieu! adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue,
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native land, good night!"

EUGENIE DE GUERIN.—"It is a remarkable proof of the impression made in France by this book that the prize given by the French Academy was awarded to it, and that it has gone through ten editions in less than two years. We have never read a more touching record of devoted piety, sisterly affection and love strong as death. Eugenie de Guerin is an Antigone of France, sublimed and ennobled by the Christian faith. Her journal is the outpouring of one of the purest and most saintly minds that ever existed upon earth."—*Edinburgh Review*.

"SIMPLICITY and good sense are here strangely blended, but the womanly heart endows every page with more or less of its sweet graces. Many pleasing examples might have been made as examples of the more universal kind

of sentiment, with which the Journal abounds."—*London Daily News*.

"MADAMOISELLE DE GUERIN'S JOURNAL was soon after her death printed for private circulation. On its appearance M. Sainte Beuve, the first of living French critics, welcomed it with a most cordial and appreciative notice. Other writers, both French and English, did the same. On its publication in a slightly altered form, at the earnest request of multitudes of her admirers, it passed through eight editions in sixteen months, and soon had its place in French literature by the favorable decision of the Academy. Since then it has steadily increased in popularity. We know of nothing in modern literature more cheering in its simplicity and tender grace than this record of the daily life within and about this old chateau in Languedoc, and this unconscious picture of the noble and devout maiden which it enshrines"—*Princeton Review*.



GENERAL REVIEW.

What is a margin?

What margins are used in writing letters?

What is a paragraph margin?

When do we begin a new margin?

What is the width of a paragraph-margin?

Should all the paragraphs allow the same space?

What do you understand by the heading of a letter?

What should the heading show?

What rules have you been taught for punctuating headings?

How much space should a heading occupy?

What point do we use after an abbreviation?

If an abbreviated word written in full requires a comma, do we use one also after the abbreviation?

What is a title?

How should titles be written?

When the last word of an address is abbreviated, do we use a period for the abbreviation, and another to show the close of the letter?

Where should the address within the letter be written?

What is the first thing in the body of a letter?

Give the rules for punctuating and capitalizing the greeting.

How many lines does the superscription of a letter usually require?

What can you say of the spaces before the beginning of the first line of the superscription and after the end of the line?

What should be the general character of letters of courtesy?

Why is it difficult to write such letters?

What letters come under this head?

Name letters classed under the head of business letters.

Why should these letters be clear and concise?

Give the character of farewell letters?

What forms the special character of anniversary and birthday letters?

What can you say of the length of these letters?

Name some appropriate accompaniments of Feast-day letters.

What occasions call for letters of condolence?

What should form the substance of such letters?

What can be said of the use of sealing wax at present?

How should the wax be stamped?

When are postal cards allowable?

What is the duty of a lady when writing to a stranger?

In business letters what should accompany our signatures?

What can you say of the postscript?

When should the city or post-town be underlined?

Of what use to the postal authorities are the words *urgent, immediate, in haste*?

What can you say of the date of a letter?

How should compliments be conveyed in letters?

What must we be careful to avoid in such letters?

What should be the character of letters of advice, and what are the usual difficulties in such letters?

What should a letter of request be?

How should such letters be answered?

Of what use is a good heart and thoughtfulness for others in such cases?

What are the principal difficulties in letters of congratulation?

In what case are letters of recommendation left unsealed?

When should letters of thanks be written and what should they convey?

What persons are requested to write letters of reproof?

How should we treat personal offences?

What can you say of persons ever noticing little slights?

When are the initials R. S. V. P. written, added to notes of invitation?

If the introduction of a letter consists of three or four lines, where is the body of the letter commenced?

How, in this case, is the salutation punctuated?

Do we paragraph and punctuate in letters as in other kinds of writing?

SYNONYMS.

"The great source of a loose style is the injudicious use of synonymous terms".—DR. BLAIR.

Answer—Reply. Every reply is an answer, though every answer is not a reply. An answer is given to a question; a reply is made to an accusation or an objection.

Bravery—Courage. Bravery is constitutional, courage is acquired. There is no merit in being brave, but much in being courageous.

Conduct—Behavior. Behavior respects our manner of acting on particular occasions; conduct refers to the general tenor of our actions.

Custom—Habit. Custom respects things which are done by the majority; habit those which are done by individuals. We speak of national customs, and of a man of indolent habits.

Duty—Obligation. Duty has to do with conscience, and arises from the natural relations of society.

Fear—Terror. We fear an approaching storm; the storm itself excites terror.

Fancy—Imagination. The fancy only brings things together in the mind; it regards but the outward appearance of things; the imagination creates.

Haste—Hurry. Haste implies an eager desire to accomplish; hurry, the same desire, accompanied with the fear of interruption.

A List—A Catalogue. A list contains no more than the names of things or persons to be recorded; a catalogue is a systematic list; it has a certain order which we do not find in a list.

Manners—Address. Manners are elegant or vulgar; an address is confident or awkward.

Negligence—Neglect. Negligence is the habit of leaving undone; Neglect is the act of leaving undone.

News—Tidings. Tidings is a species of news. We may be curious to hear news, but we are always anxious for tidings.

An Occasion—An Opportunity. We act as the occasion may require; we embrace or improve an opportunity.

A Picture—A Painting. Color is essential to a painting, though not to a picture.

A Pillar—A Column. A pillar is a supporting pile, a column is a round pillar. Pillars are always used in the sense of supporters.

Praise—Applause. A man is praised for his general conduct, and applauded for some particular action.

Robber—Thief. The robber attacks us openly. The thief enters our house in the dark and takes away by stealth.

Safety—Security. Those who are out of danger are in safety; those who are beyond the reach of danger are in security.

Shape—Form. The form includes length, breadth and thickness ; the shape is merely what we can see of the outside.

Talent—Genius. Great artists are geniuses ; great historians are men of talent. In genius the imagination is exercised, in talent the memory.

Temper—Humor. Temper is fixed ; humor is temporary. The best-tempered men are occasionally in an ill humor, and those of the worst temper have their moments of good humor.

Temple—Church. The gods of the ancients were worshipped in temples ; the God of Christians is worshipped in churches.

Vestige—Trace. Vestiges are scattered ; traces are followed.

Vice—Sin. Sin is an offence against the commands of God ; vice is an offence against morality.

Way—Road. Way is the general term, and road is the species of way.

Word—Term. We cannot stretch the meaning of words beyond certain bounds, *i. e.*, they cannot be made to have more or less than a certain meaning, and in this sense they are terms.

To Augur—To Forbode. An augury is founded upon outward appearances ; a foreboding is founded upon induction.

To Bestow—To Confer. The former is said of things given between persons in private life ; the latter, of things given from persons in authority to those below them in rank.

To Bring—To Fetch. To bring is to convey to ; fetch means to go and bring.

To Bury—To Inter. We bury in order to cover up ; we inter from a religious motive.

To Clothe—To Dress. To clothe is to cover the body to dress is to cover it in a certain manner.

To Calculate—To Reckon. The astronomer calculates ; so does the statesman ; the merchant reckons his losses or gains.

To Do—To Make. We cannot make without doing, though we may do without making.

To Divide—To Separate. To divide is to cut into parts ; to separate is to place those parts at a distance from each other.

To Doubt—To Question. We may doubt without questioning, but we cannot question without doubting.

To Expect—To Hope. We may expect an occurrence which will give us pain, but it is not in human nature to hope for such an occurrence.

To Finish—To Conclude. In reading a book we may conclude when we come to the end of a chapter or a paragraph, but we finish when we come to the end of the last page.

To Give—To Grant. We grant what we have the power of withholding. To give is not necessarily coupled with such a condition.

To Gain—To Win. We gain with intention ; we win by chance.

To Have—To Possess. We are masters of what we possess, but not always of what we have.

To Help—To Assist. Help is wanted in labor, dangers, difficulties, etc.; assistance is required in the pursuit of some study or the performance of some work.

To Leave—To Quit. In leaving a place we go away from it; in quitting a place we go away from it with the intention of not returning, or, at any rate, not for some time.

To Punish—To Chastise. Chastisement always proceeds from a superior to an inferior in rank or condition; not so with punishment, which is a compensating principle and applies generally. Our own reflections are sometimes our severest punishments.

To Put—To Place. Placing is a mode of putting. A plant may be put into a flower pot and then placed in the green-house.

To Reprove—To Rebuke. Our anger prompts us to rebuke. The wish to convince another of his fault prompts us to reprove. For this reason rebukes are not so effectual or so convincing as reprooves.

To Ridicule—To Deride. Both these words include the idea of laughter, but the purposes of laughter differ in each. In ridiculing we laugh in order to correct. In deriding we laugh with a view of exposing.

To Try—To Attempt. When we try we are uncertain of the result; when we attempt it is always with intention.

To Worship—To Adore. There is no attitude peculiar to worship; it is included in the usual forms of

prayer and thanksgiving. In adoring we prostrate ourselves.

Ancient—Antique. An ancient temple is one built by the ancients; an antique temple is one built in the style of the ancients.

Clear—Distinct. Objects are clear when there is sufficient light to perceive their general form; they are distinct when we can discern their parts, or separate them from surrounding objects.

Entire—Complete. An entire work consists of a certain number of volumes; a complete work contains everything that can be said on the subject of which it treats.

Exterior—External. That which is outside, but yet forms part of a substance is its exterior; what is contiguous to the exterior is the external. The skin of a nut is its exterior, and the shell its external covering.

Extravagant—Profuse. We are extravagant in the cost of what we spend for ourselves; profuse in the quantity we spend upon others.

Frail—Brittle. Substances which are apt to break are frail; those which are apt in breaking to split into many irregular particles are brittle.

Great—Big. Great is applied to every species of dimension; so that big is a species of great. An animal, a bottle, a balloon, may be called big. Power, knowledge, strength are represented by great.

High—Tall. What is tall is high, but what is high is not always tall. We may say a high house, a high church,

etc., and a tall girl, a tall tree, or anything that may have attained considerable height by growing.

Lucky—Fortunate. A fortunate man obtains what he wishes and hopes to gain ; a lucky man gets what he may desire, but does not expect to gain.

Mute—Dumb. A dumb man has not the power to speak. A mute man either does not choose or is not allowed to speak.

New—Novel. What we get in exchange for the old is new ; what has never occurred before is novel.

Prevalent—Prevailing. What generally prevails is prevalent. What actually prevails is prevailing.

Strong—Robust. There is in robust the idea of roughness which strong does not contain. Soldiers and sailors are generally strong men. Ploughmen and laborers are robust.

Translucent—Transparent. Whatever admits light through it in such a way as to enable us to clearly distinguish objects placed on the other side of it is transparent. What merely admits the light, but does not enable us to distinguish objects through it is translucent.

Weak—Infirm. Weakness may proceed from various causes, and may exist at any period of life. Infirmity is the weakness of old age.

Weight—Heavy. Everything is weighty, since weight is the natural tendency which all bodies have to the center of the earth. Those bodies which have much weight are heavy.

Whole—Entire. That is entire which has not been

divided; that is whole which has suffered no diminution.

On—Upon. We say one thing is on another when the former comes in contact with the surface of the latter. We say the boy hangs his hat upon a peg and throws his ball on the floor.

Ability—Capacity. Capacity is the power of receiving and retaining knowledge with facility; ability is the power of applying knowledge to practical purposes.

Aversion—Antipathy. The former is a state of feeling the latter is a mental act.

Approval—Approbation. We may be anxious for the approbation of our friends, but we should be still more anxious for the approval of our conscience.

Burden—Load. We sink under a load; we are uncomfortable under a burden.

Chief—Head. Head is a natural distinction; chief is an acquired distinction.

Consent—Assent. Assent is given to a wish; consent to an act.

Cultivation—Culture. Culture applies to the soil; cultivation to what grows in it. The culture of the earth; the cultivation of corn.

Example—Instance. An example is a thing or person; an instance is something done.

Facility—Ease Ease denotes the state of a person or thing; facility refers to the doing of a thing. A practised hand performs with facility; we say a man lives at his ease, not at his facility.

Faith—Belief. The latter exists; the former acts. Belief is a passive faith, and faith an active belief.

Force—Strength. The latter expresses the quality of being strong; force is active, it is strength exerted.

Forgetfulness—Oblivion. Oblivion refers to things forgotten; forgetfulness to those who forget them.

Grief—Affliction. Grief signifies the heaviness of heart which is caused by calamity or misfortune. Affliction signifies a prostration of the feelings, and is the strongest terms we have to express the sufferings of the heart.

Inclination—Disposition. The latter regards the whole frame of mind; the former has reference to single acts.

Intellect—Understanding. Children have understanding; men have intellect.

Proposal—Proposition. A proposal is something offered to be done; a proposition is something submitted to our consideration.

Rashness—Temerity. The latter refers to the disposition; the former to the act.

Reason—Cause. Causes are for things; reasons for actions. Causes are hidden or evident; reasons are true or false.

Recovery—Restoration. Of these two words the former implies an act of our own; the latter, an act of another.

Reformation—Reform. Reformation is the act of reforming; reform is the state of being reformed.

Smell—Odor. Smell is active; odor passive.

Tyranny—Oppression. In the word tyrant the ideas

of haughtiness and imperious cruelty are comprised; oppressor is a more limited term, and is confined to one mode of tyranny.

Value—Worth. The worth of anything depends upon its real merits; its value is determined by the price. Worth is intrinsic; value depends upon circumstances. Worth is an essential, value an accidental property.

Veracity—Truth. The former regards persons; the latter regards things.

Handsome—Pretty. The former qualifies what is at once striking and noble; the latter of that which combines the qualities, small, regular, graceful and delicate. We admire what is handsome; we love what is pretty. A man may be handsome, a girl pretty.

Common—Ordinary. What is common is done by many persons; what is ordinary is done many times.

Pride—Vanity. The proud man is wrapped up in his own estimation, careless of the opinions of others. The vane man has little or no merit, and is greedy of praise at the same time that he is conscious of not deserving it.

Vacant—Empty. That which has nothing in it is empty; that which requires something in it is vacant.

Compunction—Remorse. The former expresses sorrow caused by minor offences; the latter conveys an idea of the excessive pain the soul feels at the sense of its crimes. A miser may feel compunction for his injustice; a murderer is agitated by remorse.

Moment—Instant. The former is a moving of time, however small; an instant is a point of time.

WORDS.

In all the grades the pupils should be particular in the use of words, and for this purpose we shall place before them the opinions of great minds and eminent writers on this subject. At the end of the chapters are questions that will call the pupil's attention to the points most needed, and in this way he may obtain an insight into the truth.

"Syllables govern the world."—*Coke*.

"How forcible are right words!"—*Job*.

"A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."—*Solomon*.

"Words are always things when coming from the lips of a master spirit, an instinct with his own individuality."—*Mathews*.

"Look at the 'winged words' of old Homer, into which he breathed the breath of his own spiritual life, how long have they kept on the wing."—*Mathews*.

"Cannon-shot are very harmless things when piled up for show; so are words when tiered up in the pages of a dictionary, with no mind to select and send them home to the mark. But let them receive the vitalizing touch of genius, and how they leap without life; with what tremendous energy they are endowed!"—*Mathews*.

"I had rather stand the shock of a basilisk, than the fury of a merciless pen."—*Mathews*.

"It has been said by one who was himself a consummate master of language that, if, in the recollection of any passage of Shakespeare, word shall escape your memory, you may hunt through the forty thousand words in the language, and not one shall fit the vacant place but that which the poet put there.

"You might as well think of pushing a brick out of a wall with your forefinger as attempt to remove a word out of any of the finished passages of Shakespeare.—*Coleridge*.

Emerson, in speaking of the intense vitality of Montaigne's words says that if you cut them they would bleed.

"Words must be fitted to a man's mouth!"—*Selden*.

"The world is satisfied with words; few care to dive beneath the surface."—*Pascal*.

"Words are the signs and symbols of things; and as in accounts, ciphers and symbols pass for real sums; so, in the course of human affairs, words and names pass for things themselves."—*Robert South*.

Words are mighty, words are living;
Serpents, with their venomous stings,
Or bright angels, crowding round us
With heaven's light upon their wing;
Every word has its own spirit,
True or false, that never dies;
Every word that man's lips have uttered
Echoes in God's skies."

"Not a word that goes from the lips into the air can ever die, until the atmosphere which wraps our huge globe in its embrace has passed away forever and the heavens are no more."—*Mathews*.

"In the commerce of speech use only coin of gold and silver. . . . Be profound with clear terms, and not with obscure terms."—*Joubert*.

"It is with words as with sunbeams, the more they are condensed, the deeper they burn."—*Southey*.

"The truth is, the words most potent in life and literature, in the mart, in the Senate, in the forum and at the fireside, are small words; the monosyllables which the half educated speaker and writer despises. All passionate expressions, the outpouring of the soul when moved to its depths is, for the most part, in monosyllables."—*Mathews*.

The early writers, the "pure wells of English undefiled," abound in small words. Shakespeare employs them in his finest passages, especially when he would paint a scene with a few masterly touches. Hear Macbeth:

Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood;
And his gashed stabs looked like a breach in Nature
For ruins wasteful entrance. There the murderers,
Steep'd in the colors of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breeched with gore.

—*Mathews*.

Are monosyllables passionless? Listen again to the "Thane of Cawdor:"

That is a step
 On which I must fall down or else o'erleap,
 For in my way it lies. Stars hide your fires,
 Let not light see my black and deep desires,
 The eye winks at the hand. Yet let that be,
 Which the eye fears, when it is done to see."
 Fond fool! six feet shall serve for all thy store,
 And he that cares for most shall find no more.

—Bishop Hall.

Though I am myself never at a loss for a word, Pitt not only has a word, but *the* word,—the very word—to express his meaning.

"I have known a word more gentle
 Than the breath of Summer air;
 In a listening heart it nestled,
 And it lived forever there.
 Not the beating of its prison,
 Stirred it ever, night or day,
 Only with the heart's last throbbing
 Could it ever fade away!"

"Nothing is more unaccountable than the spell that often lurks in a spoken word."—Hawthorne.

"She speaks poniards, and every word stabs."

—Shakespeare.

"Man is a dictionary, and human experience the great lexicographer."

"There is nothing which adds so much to the beauty as contrast. Where all men are giants there are no giants; where all is emphatic in style, there is no emphasis."

"The marvel of Shakespeare's diction is its immense suggestiveness—his power of radiating through new verbal combinations, or through single expressions, a life and meaning which they do not retain in their removal to dictionaries. When thought is so subtle, or the emotion so evanescent, or the imagination so remote, that it cannot be flashed upon the inward eye, it is hinted to the inward ear by some exquisite variation of tone. An American essayist on Shakespeare, Mr. Emerson, in speaking of the impossibility of acting or reciting his plays, refers to this magical suggestiveness in a sentence almost as remarkable as the thing it describes. The recitation, he says, begins; one golden word leaps out immortal from all this painted pedantry, and sweetly torments us with invitations to its own inaccessible homes! He who has not felt this witchery in Shakespeare's style has never read him. He may have looked at the words, but has never looked into them."—*Whipple*.

"The fact that words are never taken absolutely—that they are expressions, not simply of thoughts or feelings, but of natures,—that they are media for the emission and transpiration of character,—is one that cannot be too deeply pondered by young speakers and writers. Fluent young men who wonder that the words which they utter with such glibness and emphasis have so little weight with their hearers, should ask themselves whether their characters are such as to give weight to their words. As in engineering it is a rule that a cannon should be at least one hundred times heavier than its shot, so a man's

character should be a hundred times heavier than what he says. When a La Place or a Humboldt talks of the "universe," the word has quite another meaning than when it is used by plain John Smith, whose ideas have never extended beyond the town of Hull. So, when a man's friend gives him religious advice, and talks of "the solemn responsibilities of life, it makes a vast difference in the weight of the words whether they come from one who has been tried, and proved in the world's fiery furnace, and whose whole life has been a trip-hammer to drive home what he says, or from a callow youth, who porates of that which he feels not, and testifies to things which are not realities to his own consciousness. There is a hollow ring in the words of the cleverest man who talks of "trials and tribulations," which he has never felt.—*Mathews*.

"If there is a man on earth tormented by the cursed desire to get a whole book into a page, a whole page into a phrase, and this phrase into one word—that man is myself."—*Joubert*.

"Certainly the greatest and wisest conceptions that have ever issued from the mind of man, have been couched under, and delivered in, a few, close, home, and significant words."—*South*.

Voltaire has justly said that the adjectives are often the greatest enemies of the substantives, though they may agree in gender, number and case. An adjective is, indeed, an addition; but "an addition may be an

incumbrance, as even a dog finds out when a kettle is tied to his tail."—*Mathews*.

Over all there hung a cloud of fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper to the ear,
"The place is haunted!"—*Hood*.

Say plain things in a plain way, and then, when you have occasion to send a sharp arrow at your enemy, you will not find your quiver empty of shafts which you wasted before they were wanted.—*Mathews*.

"Much speech, much thought, may often be but seeming,
But in one truth might boundless ever lie."

"Not only the strongest thinkers, but the most powerful orators, have been distinguished rather for moderation than for exaggeration in expression."—*Mathews*.

"Often in words contemplated singly there are boundless stores of moral and historic truth, and no less of passion and imagination laid up."—*French*.

"The older the word, the profounder and more beautiful the meanings it will often be found to enclose; for words of late growth speak to the head, not to the heart, thoughts and feelings are too subtle for new words."—*Mathews*.

"Words are the instruments by which we form all our abstractions, by which we fashion and embody our ideas, and by which we are enabled to glide along a series of premises and conclusions with a rapidity so great as to

leave in the memory no trace of the successive steps of the process ; and we remain unconscious how much we owe to this potent auxiliary of the reasoning facility. In every process of reasoning, language enters as an essential element."—*Sears*.

"It is of the utmost consequence that strict accuracy should regulate our use of language, and that every one should acquire the power and the habit of expressing his thoughts with perspicuity and correctness."—*Sears*.

"Every workman in the exercise of his art should be provided with proper implements."—*Sears*.



QUESTIONS ON "WORDS."

1. What does Job say of words? Solomon?
2. When does Mathews say that words are things?
3. Tell what the same author says of the words of "old Homer."
4. Give his comparison of the cannon shot.
5. What does Coleridge say of the words of Shakespeare?
6. What does Emerson say of Montaigne's words?
7. Give Seldon's opinion of words.
8. What does Pascal say of them?
9. Repeat the lines quoted on this subject.
10. What does Mathews say of the lasting impression of words?
11. Repeat Southey's comparison.
12. What does Mathews say of monosyllables?
13. What words did the early writers prefer?
14. Repeat the lines quoted to prove the power of small words.
15. Give Hawthorn's thought of spoken words.
16. Repeat the quotation from Shakespeare which follows.
17. What effect has contrast on discourse?
18. What is the marvel of Shakespeare's diction?

19. What does Emerson say of Shakespeare?
 20. What does Mathews say of words in reference to characters?
 21. What does Joubert say of himself in regard to conciseness of style?
 22. What does South say of few, close, home and significant words?
 23. What reason does Mathews give for using plain words to express plain things?
 24. What does French say of words considered singly?
 25. What does Mathews say of new words?
 26. With what implements should a writer or speaker be provided?
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FORMS OF ADDRESS.

[TO THE POPE.]

- (1.) To our Most Holy Father, Pope Leo the Thirteenth,
(or Pope Leo XIII.)
 - (2.) Most Holy Father:
-

[TO A CARDINAL.]

- (1.) To His Eminence, Cardinal B——.
- (2.) To His Eminence, the Most Reverend Cardinal B.

I have the honor to remain,

Most Eminent Sir,

With profound respect,

Your obed't and humble serv't,

A—— B——.

[TO AN ARCHBISHOP.]

- (1.) Most Reverend Archbishop B——. (or)
- (2.) Most Reverend A—— B——, Archbishop of ——.

I have the honor to be,

Most Reverend Archbishop,

(Or, Most Reverend and Dear Sir,)

Your obedient servant,

A—— B——.

[TO A BISHOP.]

- (1.) Right Reverend Bishop B——, (or)
 (2.) Right Reverend A—— B——, Bishop of——.

I have the honor to remain,

Right Reverend Sir,

Your obedient servant,

A—— B——.

[TO A MITRED ABBOT.]

- (1.) Right Reverend Abbot B—— (name of abbey Post-office, County, State. Or)
 (2.) Right Reverend A. B. (initials of order), Abbot of ——.

I remain

Right Reverend Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

A—— B——. (or

- (3.) Begging your blessing, Right Reverend and dear
 Father,

Your dutiful son,

A—— B——.

[TO AN ADMINISTRATOR OF A VACANT SEE.]

- (a 1.) Very Reverend A—— B—— (with initials of office). Or,
 2. Very Reverend Father A—— B——,
 Administrator of ——
 (b) Very Reverend Sir.

[TO A VICAR GENERAL.]

- (a 1.) Very Reverend A—— B—— (with initials of office). Or,
 2. Very Reverend Vicar General B——. Or,
 3. Very Reverend A—— B——.
- (b 1.) Very Reverend and Dear Sir.
 2. Very Reverend Sir. Or,
 3. My Dear Vicar General (only if the writer belongs to the diocese). Or simply,
 4. Dear Sir.
-

[TO THE RECTOR OF A RELIGIOUS HOUSE, PROVINCIAL OF AN ORDER OR A PRIOR.]

- (a 1.) Very Reverend Father A—— B—— (initials of order). Rector (or Prior) of (name of House).
 Or, Provincial of (name of order, or, better, of the members of the Order taken collectively).

[TO DOCTORS OF DIVINITY, D. D., OR OF LAWS, LL. D.]

- (a 1.) Reverend A—— B——, D. D. (or LL. D.).
 2. Reverend Dr. A—— B——.
-

[TO A PRIEST SIMPLY.]

- (a 1.) Reverend A—— B——. Or,
 2. Reverend Father A—— B——. Or,
 3. Reverend Father B——.

- (b 1.) Reverend Sir. Or,
2. Reverend and Dear Sir. Or,
3. Reverend Doctor.
-

[TO THE SUPERIOR OF A RELIGIOUS ORDER OF WOMEN.]

- .) Mother (name in religion, e. g., Elizabeth). Or,
. Mother (name in religion, unless she preserves, as
in some orders, her family name), Superior of
e. g., (Sisters of Charity.)



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ABBREVIATIONS.

<i>A. A. G.</i> Assistant Adj. Gen.	<i>Insp. Gen.</i> Inspector General.
<i>A. C. G. S.</i> Assistant C. G. S.	<i>Int.</i> Interpreter.
<i>Adj. Gen.</i> Adjutant General.	<i>J. A.</i> Judge Advocate.
<i>Adm. or Adml.</i> Admiral.	<i>J. A. G.</i> Judge Advocate General.
<i>A. Eng.</i> Assistant Engineer.	<i>Lieut.</i> Lieutenant.
<i>Agt.</i> Agent.	<i>1st Lieut.</i> First Lieutenant.
<i>A. I. G.</i> Assistant Insp. Gen.	<i>2d Lieut.</i> Second Lieutenant.
<i>A. P. M.</i> Assistant Paym'ter.	<i>Lt. Col.</i> Lieutenant Colonel.
<i>A. Q. M.</i> Assistant Qrtmastr.	<i>Lt. Com.</i> Lieutenant Com'er.
<i>Assr. Surg.</i> Assistant Surgeon.	<i>Lt. Gen.</i> Lieutenant General.
<i>Brig. Gen.</i> Brigadier General.	<i>Maj. Gen.</i> Major General.
<i>C. Consul.</i>	<i>Mar.</i> Marshal.
<i>C. A.</i> Commercial Agent.	<i>Mos.</i> Master.
<i>Cadet. Eng.</i> Cadent Engineer	<i>Med. Dr.</i> Medical Director.
<i>Capt.</i> Captain.	<i>Med. I sp.</i> Medical Inspector.
<i>C. C.</i> Consular Clerk.	<i>Mid.</i> Midshipman.
<i>C. G.</i> Consul General.	<i>Min. Plen.</i> Minister Plenipotentiary.
<i>C. G. S.</i> Commissary Gen. of Subsistance.	<i>Min. Res.</i> Minister Resident.
<i>Chap.</i> Chaplain.	<i>M. R & C. G.</i> Minister Resident and Consul General.
<i>Chf. Con.</i> Chief of Construction.	<i>Nav.</i> Navigator.
<i>Chf. E.</i> Chief of Engineers.	<i>Nav. Con.</i> Naval Constructor.
<i>Chf. Med. Pur.</i> Chief Medical Purveyor.	<i>P. A. P. M.</i> Passed Assistant Paymaster.
<i>Chf. Ord.</i> Chief of Ordnance.	<i>P. A. Surg.</i> Passed Assistant Surgeon.
<i>Col.</i> Colonel.	<i>Pay. Dir.</i> Pay Director.
<i>Com.</i> Commander.	<i>Pay. Insp.</i> Pay Inspector.
<i>Comdt.</i> Commandant.	<i>P. L.</i> Port Laureate (Eng).
<i>Commo.</i> Commodore.	<i>P. M.</i> Paymaster.
<i>Com. Agt.</i> Consular Agent.	<i>P. M. G.</i> Paymaster General.
<i>C. S.</i> Commissary of Sub'nce.	<i>Q. M. G.</i> Quartermaster Gen.
<i>C. S. O.</i> Chief Signal Officer.	<i>R. Adml.</i> Rear Admiral.
<i>D. C.</i> Deputy Consul.	<i>Rt. Rev.</i> Right Reverend.
<i>E. E. & M. P.</i> Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary.	<i>Sec. Leg.</i> Sec'tary of Legation.
<i>Eng. - in - Chf.</i> Engineer - in - Chief.	<i>Surg.</i> Surgeon.
<i>Ens.</i> Ensign.	<i>Surg. Gen.</i> Surgeon General.
<i>Gen.</i> General.	<i>V. Adml.</i> Vice Admiral.
	<i>V. C. G.</i> Vice Consul General.